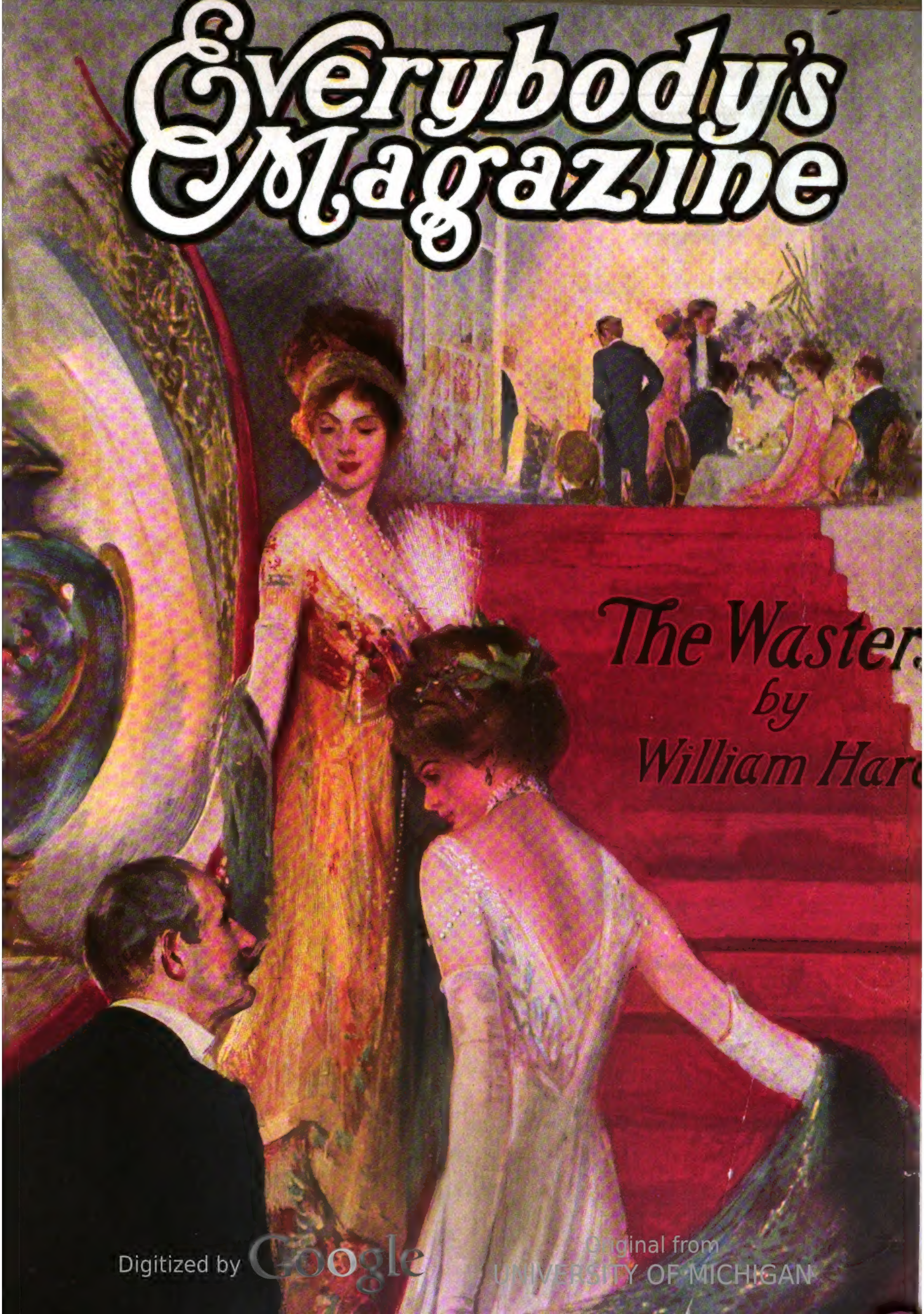
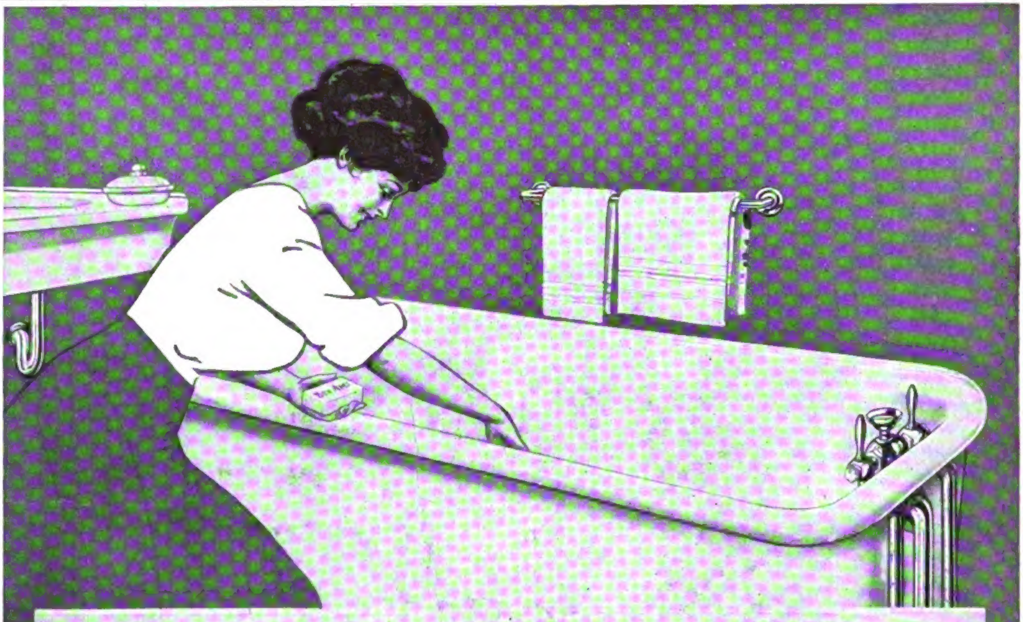
Everybody's Magazine


The Waster
by
William Har



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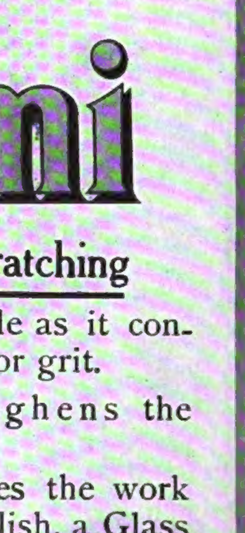

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"Hasn't scratched yet"

December

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FRANK J. CANNON, EX-SENATOR FROM UTAH:

"I propose to show that the leaders of the Mormon church have broken their covenant with the nation: that they have abused the confidence of the Gentiles of Utah, and betrayed the trust of the people under their power."

Everybody's Magazine

VOL XXIII DECEMBER, 1910 No. 6

UNDER THE PROPHET IN UTAH

THE NATIONAL MENACE OF A POLITICAL PRIESTCRAFT

By FRANK J. CANNON

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Editor's Note The outside world has waited many years to hear the truth about the Mormons. Here it is, in the series that begins in the following pages—told with sympathy, with affection, by a man who steadfastly defended and fought for the Mormon people when their present leaders were keeping themselves carefully inconspicuous. The Mormon system of religious communism has long been known as one of the most interesting social experiments of modern civilization; here is an intimate study of it, not only in its success but in the failure that has come upon it from the selfish ambitions of its leaders. The power of the Mormon hierarchy has been the theme of much imaginative fiction; but here is a story of church tyranny and misgovernment in the name of God that outrages the credibilities of art. That such a story could come out of modern America—that such conditions could be possible in the democracy to-day—is an amazement that staggers belief.

It is the story of the establishment of an absolute throne and dynasty by one American citizen over half a million others.

And it is the story of the absolute rule of this one man, Joseph F. Smith, the Mormon Prophet, a religious fanatic of small and bitter mind, giving commandments of perfidy as the divinely ordained "mouthpiece of the Lord"—demanding unquestioning obedience in all things and enforcing the demand by his religious, political, and financial control of the faith, the votes, and the property of his fellow-citizens—living, like the Grand Turk, with five wives, openly, against the temporal law of the state, against the spiritual law of his "Kingdom of God," and in violation of his own solemn covenant to the country—secretly preaching a proscribed doctrine of polygamy as "necessary to salvation," but publicly denying this teaching so that he may escape responsibility for the sufferings of the "plural wives" and their unfortunate children, who have been betrayed by the authority of his dogma—and, through it all, protected from the anger of civilization by his political and financial partnership with the great "business interests" that govern and exploit this nation, and his "Kingdom," for their own gain and his.

To him the Mormon people pay a yearly tribute of more than two million dollars in tithes; and he uses that income, to his own ends, without an accounting. He is president of the Utah branch of the sugar trust and of the local incorporations of the salt trust; and he supports the exactions of monopoly by his financial absolutism, while he defends them from competition by his

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religious power of interdict and excommunication. He is president of a system of "company stores" from which the faithful buy their merchandise; of a wagon and machine company from which the Mormon farmers purchase their vehicles and implements; of life-insurance and fire-insurance companies, of banking institutions, of a railroad, of a knitting company, of newspapers —even a beach resort company and a dramatic association—which the Mormon people are required by their Church to patronize, and through which they are exploited, commercially and financially, for the sole profit of the sovereign of Utah and his religious court.

The man who is to set forth this extraordinary despotism, the Honorable Frank J. Cannon, is the son of George Q. Cannon of Utah, First Councillor of the Mormon Church from 1880 to 1901, whose diplomacy saved the Mormon communism from destruction by the United States Government, and whose influence lifted the curse of polygamy from the Mormon faith. Under the elder Cannon's leadership Utah obtained the right of statehood; and his financial policies were establishing the Mormon people in industrial prosperity when he died.

In all these achievements the son shared with his father, and in some of them—notably in the obtaining of Utah's statehood—he had even a larger part than George Q. Cannon himself. When the Mormon communities, in 1888, were being crushed by proscription and confiscation and the righteous bigotries of Federal officials, Frank J. Cannon went to Washington, alone—almost from the doors of a Federal prison—and, by the eloquence of his plea for his people, obtained from President Cleveland a mercy for the Mormons that all the diplomacies of the Church's politicians had been unable to procure. Again, in 1890, when the Mormons were threatened with a general disfranchisement by means of a test oath, he returned to Washington and saved them, with the aid of James G. Blaine, on the promise that the doctrine and practice of polygamy were to be abandoned by the Mormon Church. And he assisted in the promulgation and acceptance of the famous "manifesto" of 1890, by which the Mormon Prophet, as the result of a "divine revelation," withdrew the doctrine of polygamy from the practice of the faith.

He organized the Republican party in Utah, and led it in the first campaigns that divided the people of the territory on the lines of national issues and freed them from the factions of a religious dispute. He delivered to Washington the pledges of the Mormon leaders by which the emancipation of their people from hierarchical domination was promised and the right of statehood finally obtained. He was elected the first United States Senator from Utah, against the unwilling candidacy of his own father, when the intrigues of the Mormon priests pitted the father against the son and violated the Church's promise of non-interference in politics almost as soon as it had been given.

After his father's death, when these pledges began to be openly violated, Frank J. Cannon directed his attack particularly against Joseph F. Smith, the new president of the Church, who was principally responsible for the Church's breach of public faith. Through the columns of the *Salt Lake Tribune* he exposed the treasonable return to the practice of polygamy which Joseph F. Smith had secretly authorized and encouraged. He opposed the election of Apostle Reed Smoot to the United States Senate, as a violation of the statehood pledges. He criticised the financial absolutism of the Mormon Prophet, which Smith was establishing in partnership with "the Plunderbund." He was finally excommunicated and ostracized by his father's successors in power for championing the political and social liberties of the Mormon people whom he had helped to save from destruction and whose statehood sovereignty he had so largely obtained.

When the partnership of the Church and "the interests" prevented the expulsion of Apostle Smoot from the Senate, Senator Cannon withdrew from Utah, convinced that nothing could be done for the Mormons so long as the national administration sustained the sovereignty of the Mormon kingdom as a coördinate power in this Republic. For the last few years he has been a newspaper editor in Denver, Colorado—on the *Denver Times* and the *Rocky Mountain News*—helping the reform movement in Colorado against the corporation control of that state, and waiting for the opportunity to renew his long fight for the Mormon people.

In the following articles he returns to that fight. In fulfillment of a promise made before he left Utah—and seeing now, in the new "insurgency," the hope of freeing Utah from slavery to "the system"—he here addresses himself to the task of exposing the treasons and tyrannies of the Mormon Prophet and the consequent miseries among his people; so that, whenever the nation may be ready to act for the relief of Utah, the public may be fully informed of the need of action and of the best method of reaching a reform.

The story opens quietly, with the private truth, now for the first time made public, of the confidential negotiations in Washington and the secret conclaves in Salt Lake City which led to the granting of Utah's statehood. The story that ex-Senator Cannon has to tell is one of a tremendous breach of contract. And in order to set in the proper perspective the enormity of the Church leaders' treachery, he begins with an account of the miseries of persecution and proscription from which the Mormon leaders escaped by making those promises to the nation that have since been broken so shamelessly.

This is a story told from the "inside." For the first time in the history of the Church, there has arrived a man who has the knowledge and the inclination to explain it. He does this fearlessly, as a duty, and without any apologies, as a public right. And he relates a story that, even aside from its vitally important and dramatic facts, is full of the most astonishing curiosities of human character and of dramatic situations that are almost medieval in their religious aspects. He goes from interviews with Cleveland or Blaine to discuss American politics with men who believe themselves in direct communication with God—who talk and act like the patriarchs of the Old Testament—who accept their own thoughts as the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and deliver their personal decisions, reverently, as the will of the Lord. He shows men and women ready to suffer any martyrdom in defense of a doctrine of polygamy that is a continual unhappiness and cross upon them. He depicts the social life of the most peculiar sect that has ever lived in a Western civilization. He writes—unconsciously, and for the first time that it has ever been written—the naïve, colossal drama of modern Mormonism.

FOREWORD:

ON the fourth day of January, 1896, the territory of Utah was admitted to statehood and the proscribed among its people were freed to the liberties of American citizenship, upon the solemn covenant of the leaders of the Mormon Church that they and their followers would live, thereafter, according to the laws and institutions of the nation of which they were allowed to become a part. And that gracious settlement of upward of forty years of conflict was negotiated through responsible mediators, was endorsed by the good faith of the non-Mormons of Utah, and was sealed by a treaty convention in which the high contracting parties were the American Republic and the "Kingdom of God on Earth."

I propose, in this narrative, to show that the leaders of the Mormon Church have broken their covenant with the nation; that they have abused the confidence of the Gentiles of Utah, and betrayed the trust of the people under their power, by using that power to prevent the State of Utah from becoming what it had engaged to become. I propose to show that the people of Utah, upraised to freedom by the magnanimity of the nation, are being made to appear traitorous to the generosity that saved them; that the Mormons of Utah are being falsely misled into the peculiar dangers from which they thought they had forever escaped; that the unity, the solidarity, the loyalty of these fervent people is being turned as a weapon of offense against the whole country, for the greater profit of the leaders and the aggrandizement of their power. I undertake, in fact, in this narrative, to expose and to demonstrate what I do believe to be one of the most direful conspiracies of treachery in the history of the United States.

Not that I have anything in my heart against the Mormon people! Heaven forbid! I know them to be great in their virtues, wholesome in their relations, capable of a heroic fortitude, living by the tenderest sentiments of fraternity, as gentle as the Quakers, as staunch as the Jews.

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JOSEPH SMITH, THE MORMON PROPHET AND FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

I think of them as a man among strangers thinks of the dearness of his home. I am bound to them in affection by all the ties of life. The smiles of neighborliness, the greetings of friends, all the familiar devotion of brothers and sisters, the love of the parents who held me in their arms—by these I know them as my own people, and by these I love them as a good people, as a strong people, as a people worthy to be strong and fit to be loved.

But it is even through their virtue and by their very strength that they are being betrayed. A human devotion—the like of which has rarely lived among the citizens of any modern state—is being directed as an instrument of subjugation against others and held as a means of oppression upon the Mormons themselves. Noble when they were weak, they are being led to ignoble purpose now that they have become strong. Praying for justice when they had no power, now that they have gained power it is being abused to ends of injustice. Their leaders, reaching for the fleshpots for which these simple-hearted devotees have never sighed, have allied themselves with all the predaceous "interests" of the country and now use the superhuman power of a religious tyranny to increase the dividends of a national plunder.

In the long years of misery when the Mormons of Utah were proscribed and hunted because they refused to abandon what was to them, at that time, a divine revelation and a confirmed article of faith, I sat many times in the gallery of the Senate in Washington, and heard discussed new measures of destruction against these victims of their own fidelity, and felt the dome above me impending like a brazen weight of national resentment upon all our heads. When, a few years later, I stood before the President's desk in the Senate chamber, to take my oath of office as the representative of the freed people of Utah in the councils of the nation, I raised my eyes to my old seat of terror in the gallery, and pledged myself, in that remembrance, never to vote nor speak for anything but the largest measure of justice that my soul was big enough to comprehend. By such engagement I write now, bound in a double debt of obligation to the

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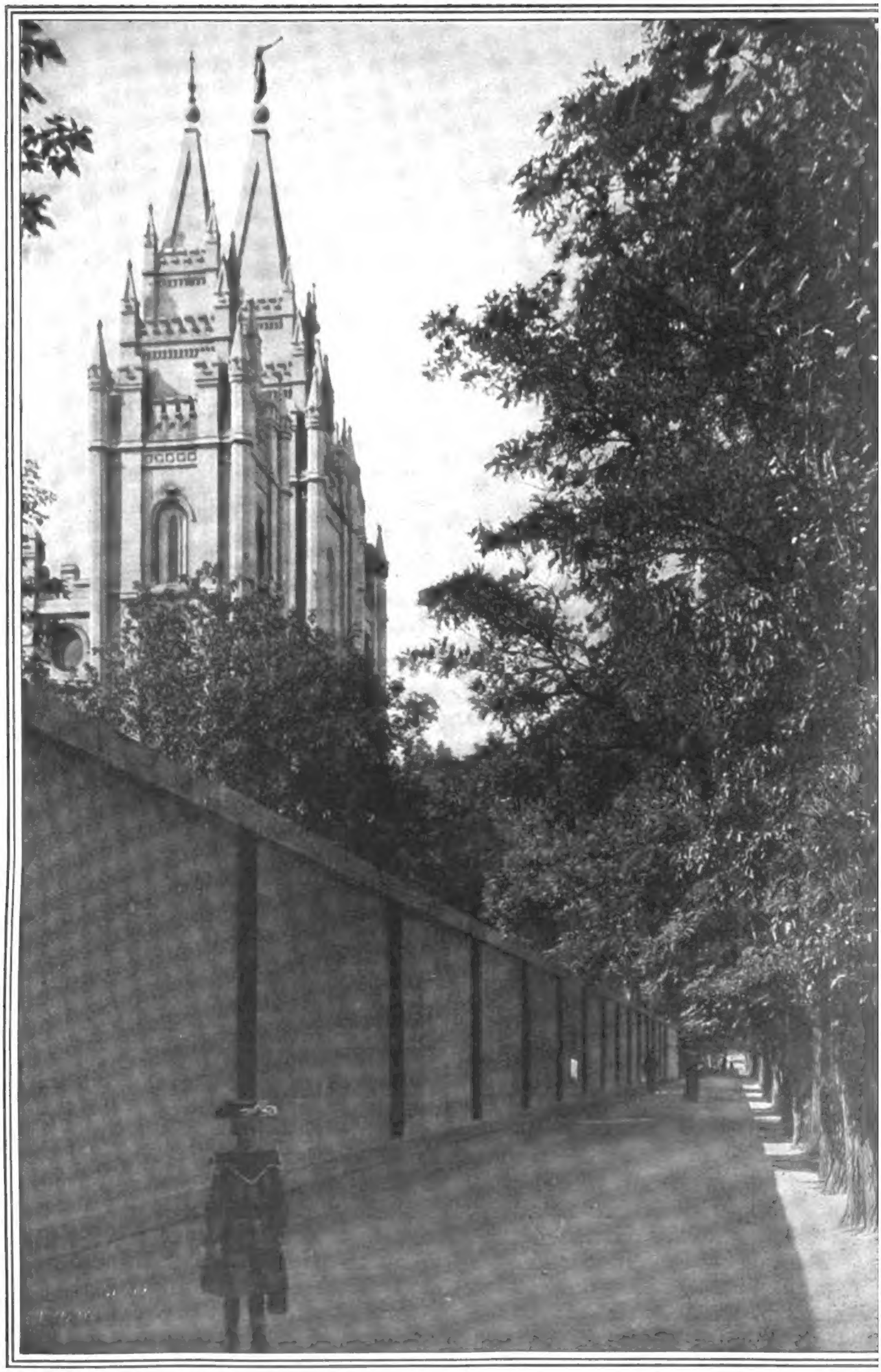
BRIGHAM YOUNG, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH AND COLONIZER OF THE AMERICAN DESERT.



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THE EAST SIDE OF TEMPLE BLOCK, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

"It would be a cruel waste of human effort," said George Q. Cannon, "if, after having attained comfort these valleys—established our schools of art and science—we should now be destroyed as a communit nation whose magnanimity then saved us, and to the people whom I humbly helped to save.

CHAPTER I

IN THE DAYS OF THE RAID

About ten o'clock one night in the spring of 1888 I set out secretly from Salt Lake City on a nine-mile drive to Bountiful to meet my father, who was concealed "on the underground" among friends; and that night drive, with its haste and its apprehension, was so of a piece with the times that I can hardly separate it from them in my memory. We were all being carried along in an uncontrollable sweep of tragic events. In a sort of blindness, like the night, unable to see the nearest fork of the road ahead of us, we were being driven to a future that held we knew not what.

I was with my brother Abraham (soon to become an apostle of the Mormon Church), who had himself been in prison and was still in danger of arrest. And there is something typical of those days in the recollection I have of him in the carriage: silent, self-contained, and—when he talked—discussing trivialities in the calmest way in the world. The whole district was picketed with deputy marshals; we did not know that we were not being followed; we had always the sense of evading patrols in an enemy's country. But this feeling was so old with us that it had become a thing of no regard.

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FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, COUNCILLOR ANTON H. LUND, AND COUNCILLOR JOHN R. WINDER.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, THE MORMON PROPHET, TO-DAY RULES LIKE A SULTAN OVER HALF A MILLION PEOPLE.

There was something even more typical in the personality of our driver—a giant of a man named Charles Wilcken—a veteran of the German army who had been decorated with the Iron Cross for bravery on the field of battle. He had come to Utah with General Johnston's forces in 1858, and had left the military service to attach himself to Brigham Young. After Young's death, my father had succeeded to the first place in his affections. He was an elder of the Church; he had been an aristocrat in his own country; but he forgot his every personal interest in his loyalty to his leaders, and he stood at all times ready to defend them with his life—as a hundred thousand others did!—for though the Mormons did not resist the processes of law for themselves, except by evasion, they were prepared to protect their leaders, if necessary, by force of arms.

With Wilcken holding the reins on a pair of fast horses at full speed, we whirled past the old adobe wall (which the Mormons had built to defend their city from the Indians) and came out into the purple night of Utah, with its frosty starlight and its black hills—a desert night, a mountain night, a night so vast in its height of space and breadth of distance that it seemed natural it should inspire the people that breathed it with freedom's ideals of freedom and all the sublimities of an eternal faith. And those people——!

A more despairing situation than theirs, at that hour, has never been faced by an American community. Practically every Mormon man of any distinction was in prison, or had just served his term, or had escaped into exile. Hundreds of Mormon women had left their homes and their children to flee from the officers of law; many had been behind prison-bars for refusing to answer the questions put to them in court; more were concealed, like outlaws, in the houses of friends. Husbands and wives, separated by the necessities of flight, had died apart, miserably. Old men were coming out of prison, broken in health. A young plural wife whom I knew—a mere girl, of good breeding, of gentle life—seeking refuge in the mountains to save her husband from a charge of "unlawful cohabitation," had had her infant die in her arms on the road; and she had been compelled to bury the child, wrapped in her shawl, under a rock, in a grave that she scratched in the soil with a stick. In our day! In a civilized state!

By Act of Congress, all the Church property in excess of $50,000 had been seized by the United States marshal, and the community faced the total loss of its common fund. Because of some evasions that had been attempted by the Church authorities—and the suspicion of more such—the marshal had taken everything that he could in any way assume to belong to the Church. Among the Mormons there was an unconquerable spirit of sanctified lawlessness, and among the non-Mormons an equally indomitable determination to vindicate the law. Both were, for the most part, sincere. Both were resolute. And both were standing in fear of a fatal conflict, which any act of violence might begin.

Moreover, the Mormons were being slowly but surely deprived of all civil rights. All polygamists had been disfranchised by the bill of 1882, and all the women of Utah by the bill of 1887. The governor of the territory was appointed by Federal authority, so was the marshal, so were the judges, so were the United States commissioners who had coördinate jurisdiction with magistrates and justices of the peace, so were the election commissioners. But the Mormons still controlled the legislature, and though the governor could veto all legislation, he could initiate none. For this reason it had been frequently proposed that the President should appoint a legislative council to take the place of the elected legislature; and bills were being talked of in Congress to effect a complete disfranchisement of the whole body of the Mormon people by means of a test oath.

I did not then believe, and I do not now, that the practice of polygamy was a thing which the American nation could condone. But I knew that our people believed in it as a practice ordained, by a revelation from God, for the salvation of the world. It was to them an article of faith as sacred as any for which the martyrs of any religion ever died; and it seemed that the nation, in its resolve to vindicate the supremacy of civil government, was determined to put them to the point of martyrdom.

It was with this prospect before us that we drove, that night, up the Salt Lake Valley, across a corner of the desert, to the little town of Bountiful; and as soon as we arrived among the houses of the settlement, a man stepped out into the road from the shadows and stopped us. Wilcken spoke to him. He recognized us, and let us pass. As we turned into the farm where my father was concealed, I saw men lurking here and there, on guard, about the grounds. The house was an old-fashioned adobe farmhouse; the windows were all dark; we entered through the kitchen. And I entered, let me say, with the sense that I was about to come before one of the most able among men.

To those who knew George Q. Cannon I do not need to justify that feeling. He was the man upon whose sagacity the fate of the Mormons at that moment depended. He was the First Councillor of the Church, and had been so for years. For ten years in Congress he had fought and defeated the proscriptive legislation that had been attempted against his people; and Senator Hoar had said of him, "No man in Congress ever served a territory more ably." He had been the intimate friend of Randall and Blaine. As a missionary in England he had impressed Dickens, who wrote of him in "An Uncommercial Traveller." The Honorable James Bryce had said of him: "He was one of the ablest Americans I ever met."

An Englishman, well-educated, a linguist, an impressive orator, a persuasive writer, he had lived a life that was one long, incredible adventure of romance and almost miraculous achievement. As a youth he had been sent by the Mormon leaders to California to wash out gold for the struggling community; and he had sent back to Utah all the proceeds of his labor, living himself upon the crudest necessaries of life. As a young man he had gone as a Mormon missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, and, finding himself unable to convert the whites, he had gone among the natives—starving, a ragged wanderer—and by simple force of personality he had made himself a power among them; so that in later years Napella, the famous native leader, journeyed to Utah to consult with him upon the affairs of that distressed state, and Queen Liliuokalani, deposed and in exile, appealed to him for advice. He had edited and published a Mormon newspaper in San Francisco; and he had long successfully directed the affairs of the publishing house in Salt Lake City which he owned. He was a railroad builder, a banker, a developer of mines, a financier of a score of interests. He combined the activities of a statesman, a missionary, and a man of business, and seemed equally successful in all.

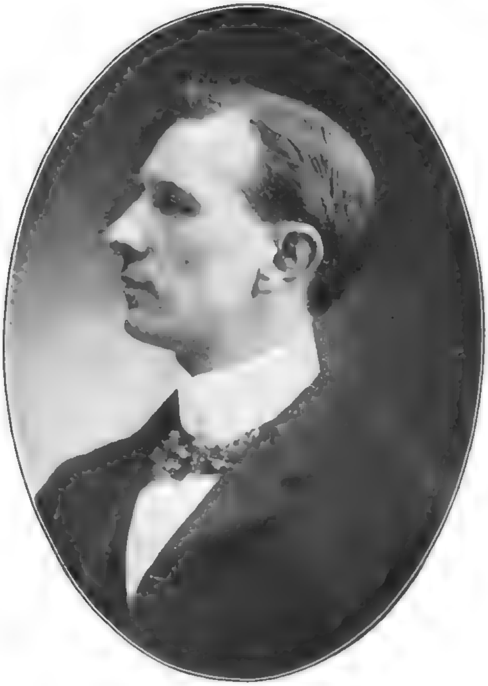
But none of these things—nor all of them—contained the total of the man himself. He was greater than his work. He achieved by the force of a personality that was more impressive than its achievements. If he had been royalty, he could not have been surrounded with a greater deference than he commanded among our people. A feeling of responsibility for those dependent on him, such as a king might feel, added to a sense of divine guidance that gave him the dignity of inspiration, had made him majestical in his simple presence; and even among those who laughed at divine inspiration and scorned Mormonism as the Uitlander scorned the faith of the Boer, his sagacity and his diplomacy and his power to read and handle men made him as fearfully admired as any Oom Paul in the Transvaal.

When I entered the low-ceilinged, lamplit room in which he sat, he rose to meet me, and all rose with him like a court. He embraced me without effusion, looking at me silently with his wise blue eyes that always seemed to read in my face whatever I had become in my absence from his regard.

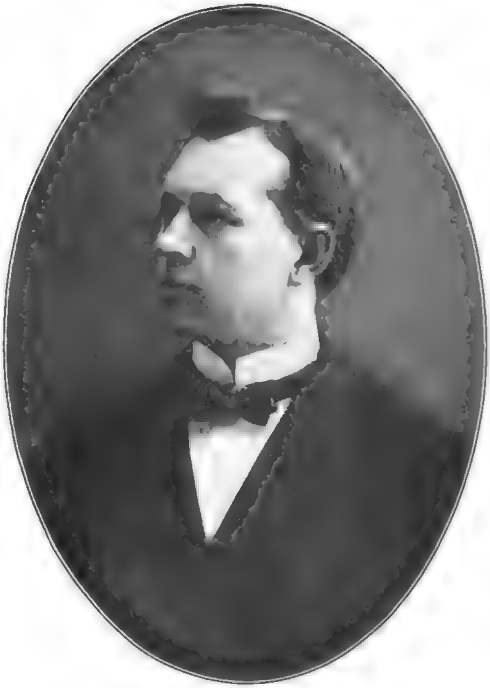
He had a countenance that at no time bore any of the marks of the passions of men; and it showed, now, no shadow of the tribulations of that troubled day. His expression was one of resolute, stern contentment with all things—carrying the composure of spirit which he wished his people to have.

At a characteristic motion of the hand from him, the others left us. We sat down in the "horsehair" chairs of a well-to-do farmer's parlor—furnished in black walnut, with the usual organ against one wall, and the usual marble-topped bureau against the other. I remember the "store" carpet, the mortuary hair-wreaths on the walls, the walnut-framed lithographs of the Church authorities and of the angel Moroni with "the gold plates"; and none of these seems ludicrous to me to remember. They express, to me, some of the homely and devout simplicity of the people whose community life this man was to save.

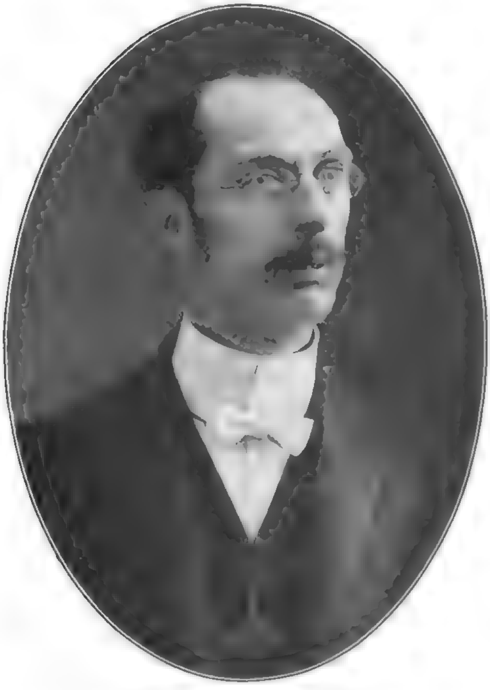
He talked a few minutes, affectionately, about family matters, and then—straightening his shoulders to the burden of more gravity—he said: "I have sent for you, my son, to see if you cannot find some way to help us in our difficulties. I have made it a matter of prayer, and I have been led to urge you to activity. You have never performed a Mission for the Church, and I have sometimes wondered if you cared anything about your religion. You have never obeyed the celestial covenant,



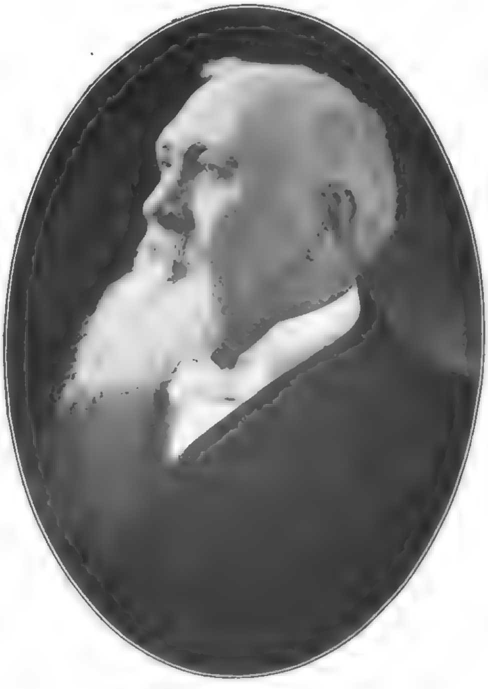
APOSTLE HYRUM M. SMITH.



APOSTLE JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR.



APOSTLE GEORGE A. SMITH.



COUNCILLOR JOHN HENRY SMITH

Four of the Smith dynasty, which the Mormon prophet
believes is divinely appointed to rule over all the world.

and you have kept yourself aloof from the duties of the priesthood, but it may have been a providential overruling. I have talked with some of the brethren, and we feel that if relief does not soon appear our community will be scattered and the great work crushed. The Lord can rescue us, but we must put forth our own efforts. Can you see any light?"

I replied that I had already been in Washington twice, on my own initiative, conferring with some of his Congressional friends. "I am still," I said, "of the opinion I expressed to you and President Taylor four years ago. Plural marriage must be abandoned or our friends in Washington will not defend us."

Four years before, when I had offered that opinion, President Taylor had cried out: "No! Plural marriage is the will of God! It's apostasy to question it!" And I paused now with the expectation that my father would say something of this sort. But, as I was afterward to observe, it was part of his diplomacy, in conference, to pass the obvious opportunity of replying and to remain silent when he was expected to speak, so that he might not be in the position of following the lead of his opponent's argument, but rather, by waiting his own time, be able to direct the conversation to his own purposes. He listened to me, silently, his eyes fixed on my face.

"Senator Vest, of Missouri," I went on, "has always been a strong opponent of what he considered unconstitutional legislation against us, but he tells me he'll no longer oppose proscription if we continue in an attitude of defiance. He says you're putting yourself beyond assistance by organized rebellion against the administration of the statutes." And I continued with instances of others among his friends who had spoken to the same purpose.

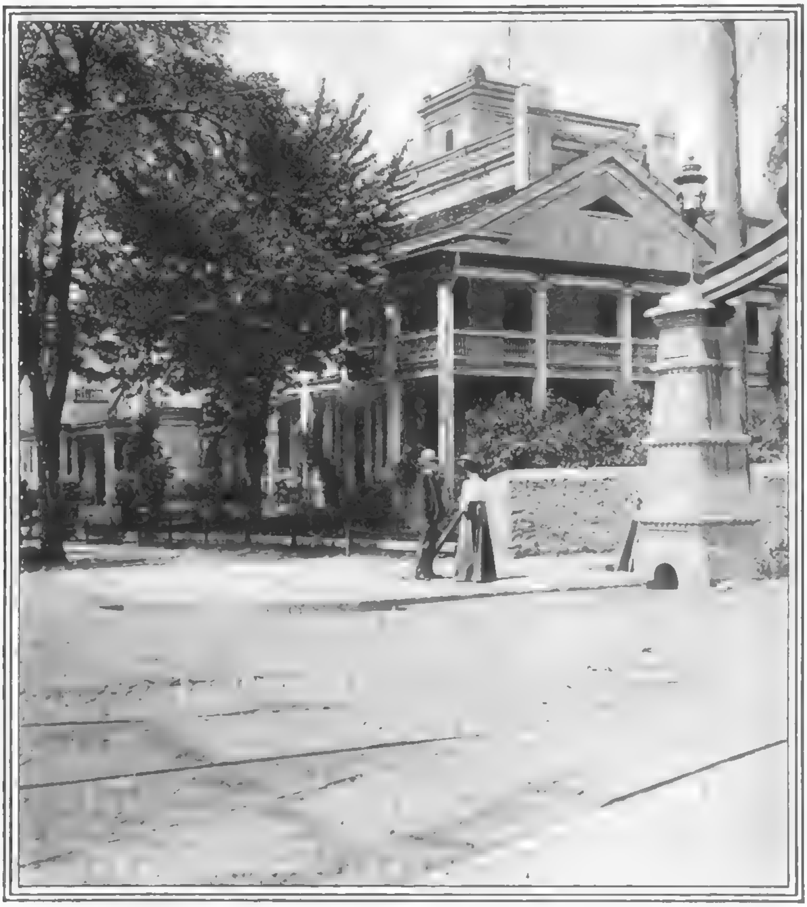
When I had done, he took what I had said with a gesture that at once accepted and for the moment dismissed it; and he proceeded to a larger consideration of the situation, in words which I cannot pretend to recall, but to an effect which I wish to outline—because it not only accounts for the preservation of the Mormon people from all their dangers, but contains a reason why the world might have wished to see them preserved.

The Mormons at this time had never written a line on social reform—except as the so-called "revelations" established a new social order—but they had practiced whole volumes. Their community was founded on the three principles of coöperation, contribution, and arbitration. By coöperation of effort they had realized that dream of the Socialists, "equality of opportunity"—not equality of individual capacity, which the accidents of nature prevent, but an equal opportunity for each individual to develop himself to the last reach of his power. By contribution—by requiring each man to give one tenth of his income to a common fund—they had attained the desired end of modern civilization, the abolition of poverty, and had adjusted the straps of the community burden to the strength of the individual to bear it. By arbitration, they had effected the settlement of every dispute of every kind without litigation; for their High Councils decided all sorts of personal or neighborhood disputes without expense of money to the disputants. The "storehouse of the Lord" had been kept open to fill every need of the poor among God's people," and opportunities for self-help had been created out of the common fund, so that neither unwilling idleness nor privation might mar the growth of the community or the progress of the individual.

But Joseph Smith had gone farther. Daring to believe himself the earthly representative of Omnipotence, whose duty it was to see that all had the rights to which he thought them entitled, and assuming that a woman's chief right was that of wifehood and maternity, he had instituted the practice of plural marriage, as a "Prophet of God," on the authority of a direct revelation from the Almighty. It was upon this rock that the whole enterprise, the whole experiment in religious communism, now threatened to split. Not that polygamy was so large an incident in the life of the community—for only a small proportion of the Mormons were living in plural marriage. And not that this practice was the cardinal sin of Mormonism—for among intelligent men, then as now, the great objection to the Church was its assumption of a divine authority to hold the "temporal power," to dictate in politics, to command action and to acquit of responsibility. But polygamy was the offense against civilization which the opponents of Mormonism could always cite in order to direct against the Church the concentrated antagonism of the governments of the Western world. And my father, in authorizing me to proceed to Washington as a sort of ambassador of the Church, evidently wished to impress upon me the larger importance of the value of the social experiment which the Mormons had, to this time, so successfully advanced.

"It would be a cruel waste of human effort," he said, "if, after having attained comfort in these valleys—established our schools of art and science—developed our country and founded our industries, we should now be destroyed as a community and the value of our experience lost to the world. We have a *right* to survive. We have a *duty* to survive. It would be to the profit of the nation that we *should* survive."

But in order to survive, it was necessary to obtain some immediate mitigation of the enforcement of the laws against us. The manner in which they were being enforced was making compromise impossible, and the men who administered them stood in the way of our getting a favorable hearing from the powers of government that alone could authorize a compromise. It was necessary to break this circle; and my father went over the names of the men in Washington who might help us. I could marvel at his understanding of these men and their motives, but we came to



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"BEEHIVE HOUSE," ONE OF THE FAMOUS RESIDENCES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG AND NOW THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

no plan of action until I spoke of what had been with me a sort of forlorn hope that I might appeal to President Cleveland himself.

My father said thoughtfully: "What influence could you, a Republican, have with him? It's true that your youth may make an appeal—and the fact that you're pleading for your relatives, while not yourself a polygamist. But he would immediately ask us to abandon plural marriage, and that is established by a revelation from God which we cannot disregard. Even if the Prophet directed us, as a revelation from God, to abandon polygamy, still the nation would have further cause for quarrel because of the Church's temporal rule. No. I can make no promise. I can authorize no pledge. It must be for the Prophet of God to say what is the will of the Lord. You must see President Woodruff, and after he has asked for the will of the Lord I shall be content with his instruction."

Now, I do not wish to say—though I did then believe it—that the First Councillor of the Mormon Church was prepared to have the doctrine of plural marriage abandoned in order to have the people saved. It is impossible to predicate the thoughts of a man so diplomatic, so astute, and at the same time so deeply religious, and so credulous of all the miracles of faith. He *did* believe in Divine guidance. He *was* sincere in his submission to the "revelations" of the Prophet. But, in the complexity of the mind of man, even such a faith may be complicated with the strategies of foresight, and the priest who bows devoutly to the oracle may yet, even unconsciously, direct the oracle to the utterance of his desire. And if my father was—as I suspected—considering a recession from plural marriage, he had as justification the basic "revelation," given through "Joseph the Prophet," commanding that the people should hold themselves in subjection to the government under which they lived, "until He shall come Whose right it is to rule."

We talked till midnight, in the quiet glow of the farmer's lamplight, discussing possibilities, considering policies, weighing men; and then we parted—he to betake himself to whatever secure place of hiding he had found, and I to return to Ogden, where I was then editing a newspaper. I was only twenty-nine years old, and the responsibility of the undertaking that had been entrusted to me weighed on my mind. I waited for a summons to confer with President Woodruff, but none came. Instead, my brother brought me word from the President that I must be "guided by the spirit of the Lord"; and finally my father sent me orders to consult the Second Councillor, Joseph F. Smith.

Joseph F. Smith! Since the death of the founder of the Mormon Church there have been three men preëminent in its history: Brigham Young, who led the people across the desert into the Salt Lake Valley and established them in prosperity there; George Q. Cannon, who directed their policies and secured their national rights; and Joseph F. Smith, who to-day rules over that prosperity and markets those political rights, like a Sultan. Of all these, Smith is, to the nation now, of most importance—and sinisterly so.

No Mormon in those years, I think, had more hate than Smith for the United States Government; and surely none had better reasons to give himself for hate. He had the bitter recollection of the assassination of his father and his uncle in the jail of Carthage, Illinois; he could remember the journey that he had made with his widowed mother across the Mississippi, across Iowa, across the Missouri, and across the unknown and desert West, in ox teams, half starved, unarmed, persecuted by civilization and at the mercy of savages; he could remember all the toils and hardships of pioneer days "in the Valley"; he had seen the army of '58 arrive to complete, as he believed, the final destruction of our people; he had suffered from all the proscriptive legislation of "the raid," been outlawed, been in exile, been in hiding, hunted like a thief. He had been taught, and he firmly believed, that the Smiths had been divinely appointed to rule, in the name of God, over all mankind. He believed that he—ordained a ruler over this world before ever the world was—had been persecuted by the hate and wickedness of men. He believed it literally; he preached it literally; he still believes and still preaches it.

I did not then sympathize with this point of view, any more than I do now; but I did sympathize with him in the hardships that he had already endured

From a stereograph, copyright, 1904,
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AN AVENUE OF POPLARS, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

and in the trials that he was still enduring—in common with the rest of us. The bond of community persecution intensified my loyalty. I felt for him almost as I felt for my own father. I went to him with the young man's trust in age made wise by suffering.

I had been directed to call on him in the President's offices, in Salt Lake City, where he was concealed, for the moment, under the name of "Mack"—the name that he used "on the underground"—and I went with my brother, late at night, to see him there. The President's offices were at that time in a little one-story plastered house that had been built by Brigham Young between two of his famous residences, the "Beehive House" and the "Lion House" (in which some twelve or fourteen of his wives had lived). The three houses were within the enclosure of a high cobblestone wall built by Brigham Young; and at night the great gate of the wall was shut and locked. We hammered discreetly on its panels of mountain pine, until a guard answered our knocking, recognized our voices, and admitted us.

"He's in there," he said, pointing to the darkened windows of the offices—toward which he led us.

He unlocked the front door—having evidently locked it when he went to the gate—and he explained to a waiting attendant: "These brethren have an appointment. They wish to see Brother Mack."

The attendant led us down a dimly lighted hall, through the public offices of the President into a rear room, a sort of retiring room, carpeted, furnished with bookcases, chairs, a table. The window blinds had all been carefully drawn.

Joseph F. Smith was waiting for us—a tall, lean, long-bearded man of a commanding figure—standing as if our arrival had stopped him in some anxious pacing of the carpet. He greeted us with the air of one who is hurried, and sat down tentatively; and as soon as we spoke of my trip to Washington, he broke out:

"These scoundrels here must be removed if there's any way to do it. They're trying to repeat the persecutions of Missouri and Illinois. They want to despoil us of our heritage—of our families. I'm sick of being hunted like a wild beast. I've done no harm to them or theirs. Why can't they leave us alone to live our religion and obey the commandments of God and build up Zion?" He had begun to stride up and down the floor again, in a sort of driven and angry helplessness. "I thought Cleveland would stop this damnable raid and make them leave us in peace—but he's as bad as the rest. Can't they see that these carpetbaggers are only trying to rob us? Make them see *that*. The hounds! Sometimes it seems to me that the Lord is letting these iniquities go on so that the nation may perish in its sins all the sooner!"

He sneered at John W. Young, who had gone to Washington for the Church. (I had met Smith himself there, earlier in the year.) "I thought he'd accomplish something," he said, "with his fashionable home and his— He's using money enough! He's down there, taking things easy, while the rest of us are driven from pillar to post." He attacked the Federal authorities, Governor West, the "whole gang." He cried: "I love my wives and my children—whom the Lord gave me. I love them more than my life—more than anything in the world—except my religion! And here I am, fleeing from place to place, from the wrath of the wicked—and they're left in sorrow and suffering."

When he had worn out his first anger of revolt, I brought the conversation round to the question of polygamy, by asking him about a provisional constitution for statehood which the non-polygamous Mormons had recently adopted. It contained a clause making polygamy a misdemeanor. "I would have seen them all damned," he said, "before I would have yielded it, but I'm willing to try the experiment, if any good can come."

He had, I gathered, no aversion to "deceiving the wicked," but he was opposed to leading his people away from their loyalty to the doctrine of plural marriage, by conceding anything that might weaken their faith in it. And yet this impression may misrepresent him. He was too agitated, too exasperated, for any serious reflection on the situation.

My brother had gone—to keep some other engagement—and I stayed late, talking as long as Smith seemed to wish to talk. He rose at last and "blessed" me, his hands on my head, in a return to some larger trust in his religious authority; and I left him—with very doubtful and mixed emotions. His natural violence and his lack of discipline had been matters of common gossip among our people, and I had heard of them from childhood; but I had supposed that tribulations would, by this time, have matured him. There was something compelling in his unsoftened turbulence, but nothing encouraging for me as a messenger of conciliation. I felt that there would be no help come from him in my task, and I dropped him from my reckoning.

I had made up my mind to a plan that was almost as desperate as the conditions it sought to cure—a plan that was in some ways so absurd that I felt like keeping it concealed for fear of ridicule—and I went about my preparations for departure in a sort of hopeless hope. As the train drew out from Ogden, I looked back at the mountains from my car window, and saw again in the spectacle of their power, the pathos of our people—as if it were the nation of my worship that bulked there so huge above the people of my love—and I, puny in my little efforts, going out to plot an intercession, to appeal for a truce! It was almost as if I were the son of a Confederate leader journeying to Washington, on the eve of the Civil War, to attempt to stand between North and South and hold back their armies, single-handed.

These are the things a man does when he is young.

Continued on Page 99 of the Advertising Section

SON

By

ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

FATHER was a person who occasionally, just before bedtime, emerged from a place called "Down-town" and interrupted Son's mental activities by inviting the latter to ride on his shoulders. Now Son was by nature polite, and hated to disappoint, but if Father had only realized the horror . . . to look down and down at those dizzying stairs. . . .

"He will never be manly," said Father.

Yet the year before, when the doctor had intimated that it would be necessary to hurt him, Son had stiffened his little frame and had let him go ahead. And the dark held for him only delight. His little room, where he slept alone, was his great pride. The light out, the photograph of Hofmann's "Christ" over his head seemed to merge into the colored lithographs of Venice adorning the other walls, and above the blue waters, out of blue skies, looked down the Face. Son, half asleep, was wont to rouse himself from this ecstatic vision to make poetry, which he would repeat next morning to any one who could be got to listen. There was much of starry skies and silent night and the majesty of God in these lines, which were in blank verse—for Son was only six.

"He talk all de time outdoors," complained his nurse. "So much dat before he get home he ask for a glass of water already."

The family did not go to church, but Son got over this difficulty by holding service himself every Sunday morning. Baby attended regularly, but Mother found it out quite by chance when she heard "Onward, Christian Soldiers" taking its turn impartially with "When we fit for General Grant."

Father, who wielded a facile pen, had brought home a dummy copy of his new book. It contained, besides title page and table of contents, untold wealth of blank pages. This treasure fell to the lot of Son, who had previously used up every scrap of paper in the house. Even the rolls wrapped about ribbon had been fed out a sacrifice to his insatiable industry. Now, in his own room, he went to work, and every sheet was soon covered with drawings. These were in regular series, each ending with a colophon.

Occasionally, when Son had been brought down to the drawing-room, he was asked to exhibit his book. One day, on the knees of a distinguished musician, he explained it artlessly for nearly an hour. The visitor's arm stole round him, and the two heads bent in deep absorption over the paper. Son's clear voice, full of its subject, kept on and on, the words tumbling over each other in his eagerness.

"There's the fire-engine—and here are the ladders—and there the house is burning—and they're going up and up—and now they've put the fire out perkefly well."

The visitor left and Son sat down in a corner with some magazines. For a long time he paid no attention to the conversation of his family, but after a while an unusual note in Father's voice struck his unheeding ears and made him wriggle uneasily.

"What's the use?" Father was saying fretfully. "I'm not making a success of anything. Neither literature nor law. I believe I'll give it all up and go into farming. Or a ranch. How would you like to live on a ranch?"

Mother adjusted the ruffles of her pretty tea-gown. Son enjoyed the soft "frou-frou" made by the flowing sleeves when she moved her arms. He cast a glance at her, and it showed him her brow serene—as he had expected. Mother's brow was never furrowed—her equanimity was not disturbed by the problems of the men of her family. Son knew that.

"How absurd!" she was saying in her sweet voice. "A ranch! You know I hate riding. You are really tired out, dear. I'm glad the Merrills have given up their dinner. Besides, I have had the motor out all day, and I should really have been ashamed to order it around again. We'll dine quietly, and you shall go to bed early."

"The motor," he continued irritably. "We ought never to have bought it. Why, I can't get rid of the mortgage hanging over this house. If you would only let me explain the accounts to you——"

"I'm so stupid at figures," broke in Mother. Then she added, her voice rising a little: "But if I'm to live in New York with no way of getting about, we *will* go away. You've talked of nothing but expense every time we've had an evening at home for weeks."

A pink spot showed in either cheek, and tears—could it be possible that there were tears in Mother's eyes?

Son was not the only one troubled by this thought.

"Never mind," Father said in a voice that was—well, no—Son didn't think it was cheerful, exactly—"I suppose we shall get on as we are. Don't worry."

"I don't believe in worrying," said Mother.

That night Son did not see his pictures. What was a mortgage? And why must one have motors to get about? He fell asleep, and in his dream the mortgage, with big, dark wings, hovered over the house, making a noise like that of the ventilators the chimney expert had put on the roof, over the chimneys that wouldn't draw.

The next day was Thursday. Son had been taken away bodily from his pursuits to be made ready for school. School was an innovation in his life, and although his teacher had often remarked upon his improvement ("When she kisses the top of my head," he recounted at home) this was only part compensation for the loss of time involved.

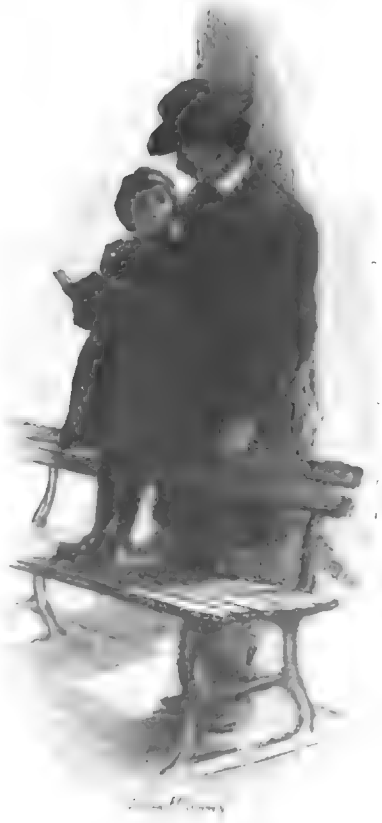
After school he had to rest, after lunch to go out. On coming in, he was dressed for supper. After supper he seized upon a chance volume belonging to Baby and began to sound letters.

"Only one more paragraph," admonished Mother, who had come in. She felt quite weary at sight of his struggles.

Son stopped obediently and came over. Something was working in his mind. "Mother," he began.

But Mother was watching Baby. She preferred this occupation to answering questions. Son could understand that. He had the gentleman's chivalric adoration of the little lacy thing, with her curls, her red cheeks, her dancing feet. He loved to see her dark eyes flash when she said, "Don't do dat, Sonny!" Even when she grabbed his pencil or snatched his paper away, he looked down on her with eyes of love.

Well—there was still the old geography Mother had used when she was a little girl, to her scant profit. Son got it out. Father could be diverted from thoughts of shoulder-riding, and from him, if not from Mother, it was possible to elicit geographical information. This was sometimes given in a voice that sounded so loud and decided to Son that it quite paralyzed him, and he was expected to remember a great many things all at once that Father had known all his life. But he would thaw out when he was undressing, and say everything over instead of unbuttoning his buttons.



"BUT THESE ARE DRAWINGS, AND NOT IN MY LINE," SAID THE STRANGER. "I AM A POET," HE ADDED SOLEMNLY.

On this evening the geography had no charms for him. The Thought would come between. When Baby was tucked into her crib he tried again: "Mother."

Now Mother was systematic, and it was bedtime. So she hurried him off, promising to send Father up if he should come home early enough.

Son lay in bed listening. He knew that if Father came home he would hear the Thought. But Father had gone to the club to play squash, and did not get home until just in time to dress for dinner.

"He is asleep by this time," said Mother. "Do you know," she added, "the activity of that child's mind is such that it actually tires me."

The next morning, having been out until the small hours, Father and Mother slept late, and the Thought remained unspoken. Son came home from school and found that Mother was out for lunch, so he ate with Baby. Then he did the unheard-of thing. He put on his overcoat—but forgot all the buttons—tucked his book under his arm, and walked out of the house alone.

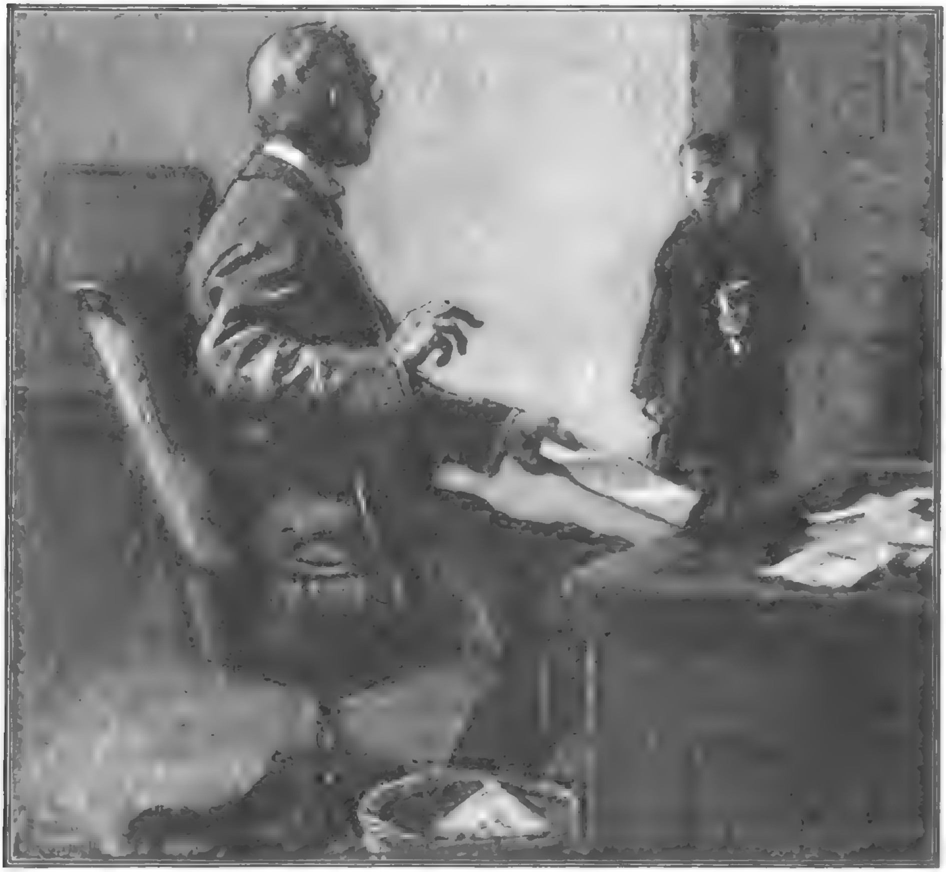
That he was doing wrong never occurred to him, not even when he was eluding his nurse. She was one of those persons to whom it was not worth while to try to explain. Therefore he eliminated her.

He had a few qualms as he crossed the avenues, missing unemotionally the accustomed hand which alternately jerked him forward and pulled him back. But he managed quite well by himself, owing to the politeness of the chauffeurs, who in all cases refrained from running him down. Once on Fifth Avenue, he felt in his pocket for his little pocketbook, which contained, besides a penny, a five-dollar gold piece given him by his great-aunt on her last visit.

Having been passed by two omnibuses, the drivers of which had failed to observe his signal, he boarded a third, the conductor accosting him as "Sonny" and lifting him in.

It was pleasant to be known by name, and Son felt quite at home. He had some difficulty in deciding which of the two coins he should present as his fare, for it was hard to part with either. Finally he determined to give up the gold piece, as it did not shine quite so beautifully as the penny. The conductor, after a curious glance at his passenger, received it without demur, then, to Son's great surprise, began to shower him with money. He put it into Son's pockets himself, until they bulged with it. Son's first impulse was to refuse it, as he had been instructed never to take money from strangers, but on second thought, under the circumstances, he decided to accept it. Then the conductor, while showing Son a little slit into which he must pop the last coin, a ten-cent piece, drew down upon himself the wrath of a passenger whose repeated button-pressings from the outside had failed to make the 'bus stop, and hastened back to his post.

The vehicle began to fill, and Son sat quietly observing his fellow-passengers. Once he rose to offer his seat to a lady, but the space vacated was almost imperceptible, and, besides, he had not noticed that a man was in the act of alighting. The lady sat down without having seen Son, so he resumed his place. At the end of the route he made his descent somewhat doubtfully. The conductor appeared to be busy, so Son did not interrupt him.



THERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AXMINSTER RUG, MOTIONLESS, STOOD SON.

In the street he stood quite still, hugging his book under his arm. He was cheerful, but had not determined upon his next move. Then he decided to follow the downward moving crowd. It was a brisk day, and people walked in a springy and elastic fashion. Son imitated this. He even tried to whistle, an accomplishment so new that he did not make a success of it. At a street corner he perceived a small crowd, all male. His eyes did not travel farther than their legs, until some one, without comment, picked him up and swung him shoulderward. Higher than the derby hats, he could now look down upon the street preacher who was waving his arms and telling about heaven.

"But beloved," he shouted fervently, "be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years."

"I'll have plenty of time to do my work *then*," thought Son.

Work—he was forgetting. He had no more precious moments to spend. In response to his request, he was set gently on his feet, and made off—but without resuming his manly stride. Ten minutes later he arrested his small, perplexed footsteps at sight of another human being who was likewise walking without seeming to know his destination. Son was not dismayed by the length of this person's hair, nor by the dark and dreadful-looking hat pulled far down over his forehead, for under the hat gleamed a pair of prepossessing gray eyes. These presently fixed themselves upon Son before he had determined what mode of address to use in accosting the stranger.

"Fine day," said the stranger easily.

Son had not come all this distance to discuss the weather.

"I want to find a printing man," he said, "to print my book. Do you know any?"

The stranger began at Son's cap and let his eyes descend slowly, missing nothing from delicately shaped cropped head to small, squarely planted feet.

"I didn't button all the buttons," said Son apologetically, watching the eyes in their descent, "because, you see, they're so stiff. And it takes so much time."

"Of course it does," agreed the stranger. "Shall we find a secluded place where we can talk?"

Son did not know what a secluded place was, but he felt that it would be safe to go there, and put his mittened hand into that of his new acquaintance.

They walked through a labyrinth of crooked streets and finally came out on a big, sunny square, where there were trees and a few Italian children playing about a fountain. Nurse-maids who had not already taken their charges indoors walked with unusual alacrity behind their perambulators.

"See, here are benches," said Son's new companion. "Now show it to me."

"I think you could see better," Son answered gladly, "if you were nearer. I'll climb up on the bench."

He did, and the stranger, over Son's shoulder, took a brief survey of the contents of the book.

"But these are drawings, and not in my line," he said after a few pages. "I am a poet," he added solemnly.

"I make poetry, too," said Son, nothing daunted.

"The—I mean—— you *do?*" said the man. "Let's hear some."

There was a beautiful vibrating note in his voice which made Son quite willing to fold his hands and comply with this request.

He began, still standing on the bench and facing the other poet:

"Good-by, my bluebell!
  All winter long
Bluebell is resting
  While I sing my song.

"The snow is her blanket;
  When the leaves are gone
Bluebell is resting
  While I sing my song."

The man did not say anything for a moment. While Son waited, the poet's eyes traveled the dusty streets.

"Any more?" he asked then.

"Oh, yes," Son answered. "Lots and lots!"

"Out with it," encouraged the man.

Son continued in his clear voice:

"In the forest green and wild
  When just one bird is singing,
How pleasant it seems to you and me
  By the flowers gleaming."

"Have you been in the woods?" asked the man.

"No-o," Son admitted. "But that's the way I think they are. I made that when I was going down-town with Mother to buy my clothes."

"Do you write them down?" said the man.

Son smiled. "I can't write," he said. "I *know* them. I can't stay any longer," he added firmly.

"Just one more," pleaded the man.

"Then I'll say 'The Sun's Call,'" agreed Son, after a moment's deliberation:

"The first day of the summer
The sun arose to call the flowers.
He called them by name;
Come, daffodils, crocuses, violets, and daisies,
Come, sit in the wood's shade in glee.
No sooner he'd spoken, they came marching in form,
Marching so happily.

"The second day of the summer
The sun arose to call the birds.
He called them by name;
Come, bluebirds, come, robins and chickadees too,
Come, sit in the wood's shade and sing.
No sooner he'd spoken, they came marching by twos,
And sweetly they did sing."

"I'll take you to a printing man," said Son's new friend abruptly. "Come along."

Hand in hand they walked for many blocks in silence. Before an imposing-looking building they stopped.

"Take the elevator," said the man, "and ask for Mr. White. Perhaps he'll be kinder to you than he was to me," he added grimly.

Long after the big building had swallowed up Son the man stood outside, motionless except for his eyes, which were seeing visions.

Meanwhile Son was having difficulty with the elevator man, a person of no understanding.

"Aw, go home to your ma," said this individual. "You don't want Mr. White."

"Yes, I do," said Son, flushing. He was not accustomed to being circumvented except by his nurse, and to her piling up of reasons why he should not do what he wanted, he systematically turned a deaf ear—and went ahead.

Providentially, a grown-up passenger entered the elevator at this juncture and the discussion ended. The passenger getting out on the tenth floor, the man deposited Son on the eleventh, slid open the door, and closed it incuriously behind him.

The hour was somewhat late, and a burly Irishwoman was on her knees cleaning up the day's grime in the fireproof hall.

"Is Mr. White here?" said Son, a little timidly, for him.

"Sure and he is, you blessed lamb," was the hearty response. "Workin' after time, and busy as a bee. It's him that stays late every day. Shtepp this way." She bustled to her feet and opened the door with a soapy hand.

Son found himself in a big office full of typewriters, one or two of which were still clicking busily.

"I want to see Mr. White," he said to a young lady with her hat and coat on, who seemed to be just going out. The young lady was in a hurry, called him "dear," vaguely, waved her hand toward the inner offices, on which names were printed in big letters, and went her way.

Son stood still and spelled out three names. Then he began on a fourth. To his great joy it was WHITE. He stepped up boldly to a desk, where sat a young man, doing nothing.

"I want to go in there," he said.

"Mr. White's gone home," was the careless answer.

"No, he hasn't," said Son. "He's in there. The woman said so."

"Oh. Well, maybe he is," said the young man, not unkindly, "but he is busy. You must send in your name if you want him. Here, Tom! take this—this kid's name in to Mr. White."

Tom came up grinning. Son brightened. Here was a boy—many sizes larger than himself, to be sure—but a boy for all that.

"Name, please," said the boy, in a businesslike manner, producing a bit of yellow paper, and taking a pencil from behind his ear.

"Charles Warren," said Son distinctly.

The boy scrawled it down and knocked at the much-desired door, behind which he disappeared, shutting it with precision. In an instant he emerged, grinning again. He had lost a front tooth (playing baseball, Son supposed), but that in no way detracted from the geniality of his expression. Son admired him.

"He says," drawled the boy, "that MISTER Warren is to come in. 'Show him in at once!' he says."

Son's bosom swelled. Proudly he approached the door. "I can go alone," he said with dignity.

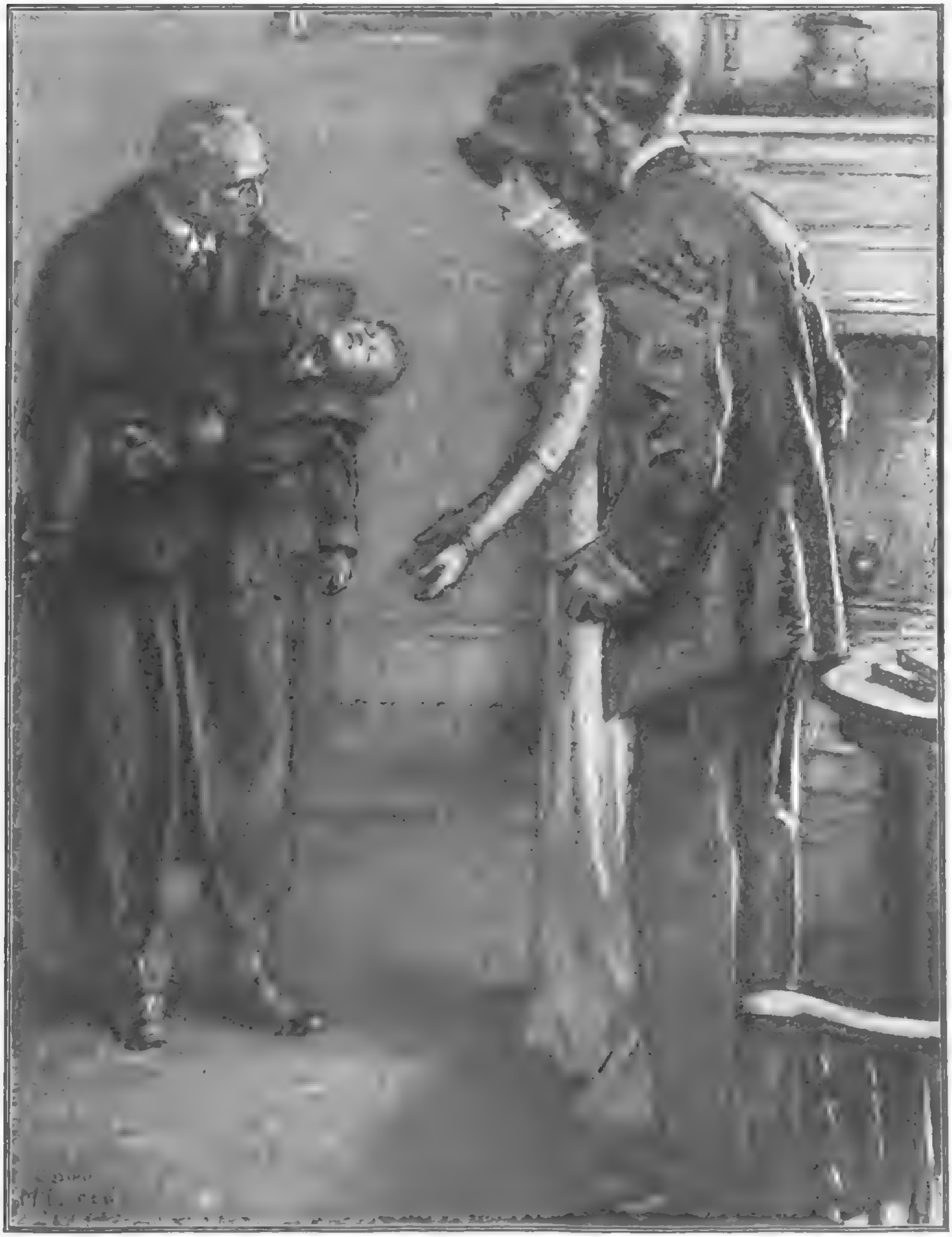
"Oh, all right, Mister Warren," said the boy, replacing his pencil and winking at some one behind.

Son opened the door and shut it again carefully, just as he had seen the office boy do. He saw three windows, and, beyond, the pink light of the winter sunset. He loved pink light, and had often wanted to write poetry about it, only no poetry could be so beautiful as the light itself. He had time to think of this, for the old gentleman at the desk had not yet lifted his eyes from the papers over which he was bending.

"Come in, Charley," said the old gentleman, hearing the click of the door. "I've been expecting a visit from you. On the whole, it's selling as well as we could expect at this time of year."

Receiving no reply, he at last raised his eyes. There, in the middle of his Axminster rug, motionless, stood Son.

"Bless my soul!" said the old gentleman. His quiet dignity had deserted him. He appeared thoroughly flustered. "I—you—there's some mistake. They told me——"



"IT MIGHT DISTURB HIM," HE BREATHED. "I'LL CARRY HIM UP MYSELF."

Son approached. The pink light was on his face, on the rug, even on the stern features of Chief Justice Shaw looking down from the wall. Verily they seemed to smile.

"Are you a printing-man?" inquired Son, standing beside the desk.

"I—yes, yes, I am, surely I am," said Mr. White. "What—can I do for you?"

"Please print my book," said Son. "I want lots of money."

Mr. White spent a long minute looking at Son. Everybody did that, so he was quite accustomed to it, and did not mind. He wrinkled his nose a little bit under the scrutiny, and then, remembering that his nurse had told him never to do it, straightened it out again.

"Money?" said Mr. White, finally seeming to recover his equanimity in some slight degree. "Now what for?"

Son knit his brows and tried to think it all out before speaking. Bits of fairy tales came back to him and hindered him in his expression.

"There's a great, big monster over the house," he said slowly. "No, not monster"—he corrected himself, "but I think it begins with 'M.' It has wings. I dreamed about it. But if we give it money, it will go away."

There was a moment's silence. A blue-veined hand, with a gold ring on it, stole out softly and drew Son so gently that he hardly noticed it, on to a welcoming knee. Then the hand deftly removed Son's overcoat, after which it drew off his mittens, and presently busied itself with opening a large gold watch.

"Do you want to see the jewels in it?" said Mr. White. "Look, how many! One—two—three—four—five—six—seven."

Son, for delicious uncounted moments, lost himself in contemplation of the delicate mechanism of the wheels. Then Mr. White said, as if continuing a conversation:

"An unpleasant monster it must have been, too. Or one would naturally not have dreamed of it. What did you say its name was?"

"Oh, *I* remember now," replied Son brightly. "It was a mortgage. Did you speak?" he added, looking up. But Mr. White did not appear to have said anything, so he continued: "And we might all have to go away—away from New York."

"On account of the mortgage?" said Mr. White quickly.

"N-o," said Son, "I don't *think* so. But Mother *couldn't* walk."

"Why not?"

"She couldn't," repeated Son, with conviction. "She has to have the motor. She would be so tired."

Then his eye fell on his book, which was lying beside his cap and mittens on the desk.

"Shall I show it to you?" he said eagerly.

"Presently," said Mr. White.

He was going to ask more questions. The pink light had all gone, and Son was beginning to feel empty in his stomach.

"Is your father tired, too?"

"I didn't say Mother *was* tired," explained Son patiently. "I said she *would* be tired. Father is tired sometimes. And he hasn't time to work as much as me."

"When do you work?"

Son laughed at this funny question. "In bed in the morning, before Mathilde comes in—and before lunch, after school—and after lunch till I go out—and—oh, a long time when I come in, before supper—and after supper, when Baby has gone to bed, because she bothers—she's so little."

"And in bed you dream of mortgages," said Mr. White.

"That was after I went to sleep," said Son. "*Before* I sleep, I make poetry."

Mr. White asked for the poetry, and Son, for the second time that day, repeated some of it, after which they went through the book from cover to cover. Some one came in and touched the electric button and went away again. It had grown quite dark.

"I've got to go home," said Son suddenly.

"I'll go, too, and talk to your father about the book," said Mr. White.

Son's head swam. For a moment he forgot money, mortgage, and motor, and saw his precious book multiplied by unknown quantities. There were many friends to whom he wished to give copies—among them the musician who was so full of comprehension, though he had no boy of his own; a friend of Mother's, who had taken it home to show her family and had returned it *by a messenger;* and Baby, who didn't understand—but that was no matter.

Together they fell miles in the elevator, and together were tucked into the great red motor that buzzed below and kept herself from freezing.

"You won't be cold?" said Mr. White solicitously, looking for Son among the furs.

"Oh, no!" cried a muffled voice delightedly. "Why! this is *lots* bigger than ours."

"It's to keep you from getting tired," said Mr. White.

"I'm never tired," answered Son.

Now this could not have been strictly true, else how did the lamps come to wink and wink so, and how did Son seem to be missing so much that he wanted to see, while every minute or two he knew that an arm was round him, cuddling him close, and in the intervening minutes knew nothing at all?

Son's disordered house presented a strange appearance, for the shades had not been drawn on the entrance floor, and the windows, with lights behind, were like eyes peering into the night. The bell was answered by the kitchen maid, without her apron on. Upstairs in the library sat Mother, clad in the dress she had been wearing when hastily summoned from her luncheon, her pretty hair disarranged under her hat, no veil on, and both hands over her eyes. Father was standing before the cold ashes of a past fire in an attitude of warming himself. They had just come in after the four longest hours of their lives. Neither was speaking.

Suddenly upon the threshold of this silent room appeared the erect figure of an old man, with a little child in his arms.

Mother lifted her eyes first, and every vestige of color left her face. Son's head drooped over Mr. White's arm; one little hand hung down in utter relaxation.

Father looked, and stifled a cry as he saw a warning finger.

"Hush!" whispered Mr. White.

Father and Mother, trembling, met each other's eyes. The reaction was too great. They came together, and clung tight, with closed eyes.

Then Mother disengaged herself, walked over, and mutely held out her arms. Mr. White shook his head. "It might disturb him," he breathed. "I'll carry him up myself."

It was a silent procession that climbed up to Son's little room, and still a silent one that made its way down again.

"Now I'm going to talk to *you,*" said Mr. White.

Father and Mother hung down their heads, like children expecting to be scolded. No one sat down.

"He came to me"—began Mr. White slowly. "No matter how. That's another story. He was carrying on his shoulders a mortgage, and what not—the whole burden of your imaginary difficulties. You, Charley—and you, too, Maud—piled it all on. You carried on your fruitless discussion before his sensitive ears. You made his heart beat faster at your silly words."

Father and Mother were listening now, no longer like children, but like prisoners arraigned at a bar of justice.

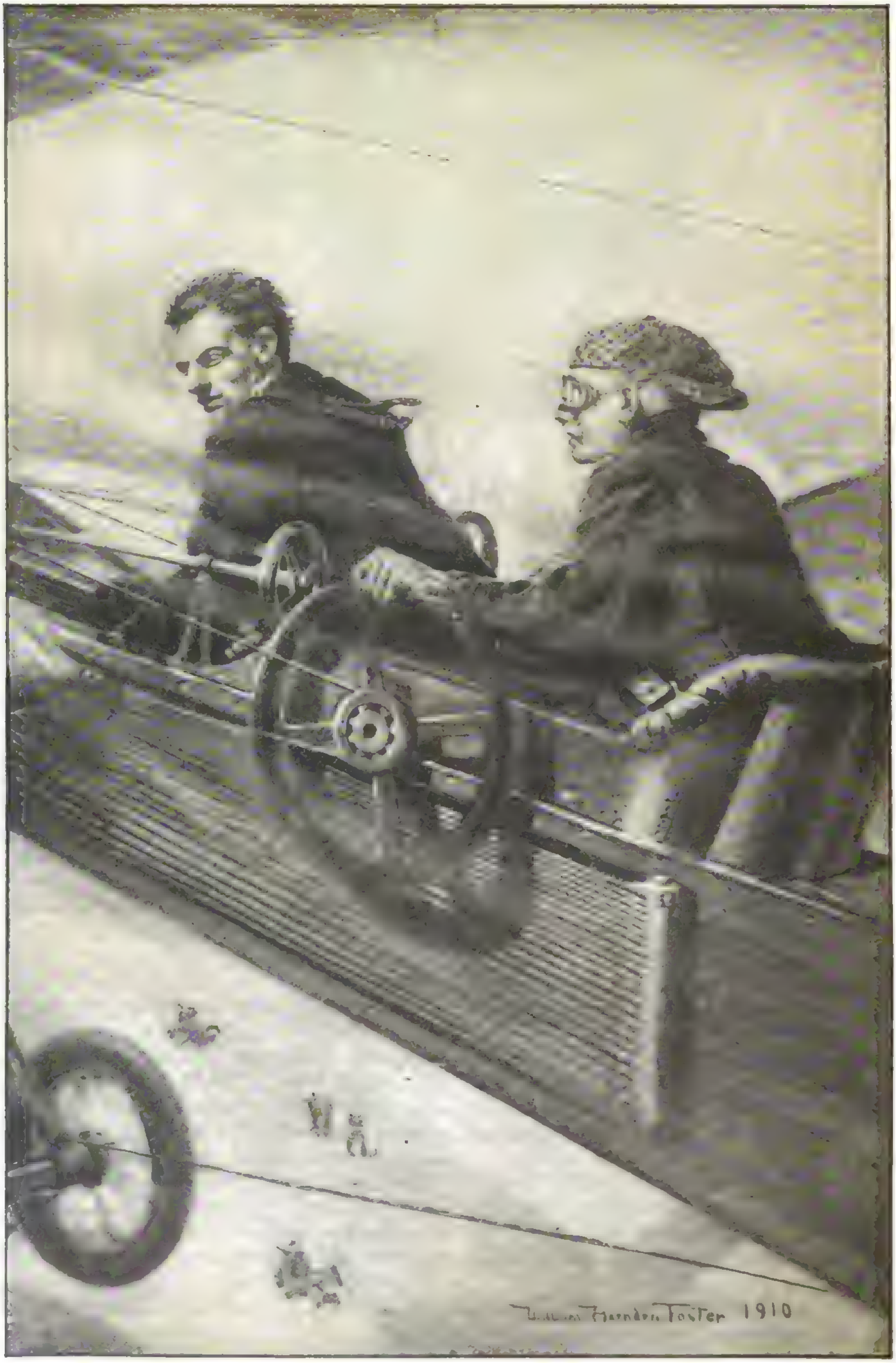
The judge looked sternly from one to the other, and his face did not soften.

"I have known you all your lives, you two, and that gives me the right to speak. Your father, Charley, my friend, gave you his abilities, every one of them—and what have you done with them? You've passed them on to your son, thank the Lord—but *that's all.* A little writing—a little law practice—a great deal of exercise—and a lot of grumbling. And you, Maud—you married him. Have you stimulated him? Have you tried to bring out what was in him? Or have you hung around his neck like a stone, with your laziness, your extravagance, your lack of interest in his career, and your craving for luxuries?

"Why, if I had a boy like that"—his voice trembled, as he turned toward Father—"I'd work my fingers to the bone if necessary, and with a song in my heart all day long. Since your marriage I've seen you only in the publishing line, Charley. I haven't been in your home, for from what I'd heard I felt that we'd have no meeting ground there. I haven't known your children. You never told me! The boy didn't count much. You passed him over lightly like everything else. Why, the very conductor, the loafer on the street, the office boy appreciate him more than you! When I think of it"—his voice trembling again—"He wanted money. Lots of it, mind you. He wanted his book printed. Because his Mother couldn't walk—she had to have a motor. Maud! Maud! If *I* were his mother, I'd be willing to walk till there were no shoes left on my feet, thanking my God all the time for the *luxury* of such a boy."

There was a deep silence after Mr. White had ceased. Mother was not crying. She had lifted her head, and Father, looking at her, saw a resemblance to Son. Then she smiled, and the tension snapped.

The judge had suspended sentence, and was standing between his prisoners, a hand on the shoulder of each.


William Harnden Foster 1910

AND THEN THERE PASSED A VAGUE BLUR, WHICH WAS TREES, AND A WHITE STREAK, WHICH WAS A ROAD. WE WERE FLYING, BY JOVE.

ON THE BACK OF THE DRAGON

By

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "CAYBIGAN," "THE TURNING OF GOOSIE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

IT was in France, at Mourmelon, where aviators are hatched and bred, where, of a blue day, as many as ten man-birds will be whizzing and darting and circling and swooping, that I decided flying was a scrumptious thing, and that I wanted to fly. So I made love to the master-pilot of the Farman School, to doughty Maurice Herbster, who looks like President Taft; and he said: "Yes, I will take you on a little promenade to-morrow." To-morrow came, and with it a baby cyclone which ripped up the Farman sheds, reduced eight biplanes to the kindling and piano-wire whence they had come, and left only the beginners' "taxi-cab," which, as Maurice Herbster explained, was not of a power to take him (who looks like President Taft) and me (who bulk, perhaps, a bit like ex-President Roosevelt) unto heights sufficient to get "*les impressions.*"

So I reflected that a biplane looks like a biplane, while a monoplane looks like a bird; and, promptly deserting the Farman camp, began snooping about the Antoinette and its master-pilot, Charles Wachter. He was an Alsatian, with calm green eyes and the baked skin of a sailor; somewhat older than the average aviator, and very resolute. To my question he answered: "Yes, I will take you on a turn or two, to-morrow." That afternoon I saw him parachute down from a high flight. The descent had been a bit late; the big monoplane came charging along the earth toward the crowd and the sheds with the evident intention of annihilating both. There was a yell. He rose on the back of his monster like a circus-rider, and, springing to the ground, seized one of the outspread wings, breaking the mad advance with the drag of his own body. He succeeded. The animal lurched, faltered, and came to a final stand two inches from a shed, and with a woman almost beneath its cranelike paw. But Charles Wachter was torn and strained, and could not take me up to-morrow.*

To-morrow there came to the Antoinette sheds, called telegraphically from Paris, a new master-pilot; and to him I transferred my ingenuous adoration. He was a Dutch boy from The Hague, with a smooth pink skin and clear blue eyes and an air of being sixteen; though, with a smile and a blush, he confessed to twenty-six. He had gone into aviation because, having a little fortune of a hundred thousand francs, which wasn't enough to give him the style of life he wished, he had decided to do something with it. At the time I accosted him, he had already done something with seventy-nine thousand five hundred francs and some centimes of it. He had spent them. For the Antoinette is designed by an engineer who is an artist of soul, and hence makes it so beautiful to the smallest detail that the slightest shock to one of said smallest details takes one inexorably to the most skilled of cabinet-makers and the least generous of bankers. In simpler words, young Kuller had "made wood."

He told me of some of this wood-making as we stood together in the shed, examining the delicate ossature of a wing spread before us. A little farther, on wooden horses, was the body for which the wings were being made—long and slender and lustrous as the body of a dragon fly, or, more exactly, the shape of one of those machines in which, once a year, eight young men of Yale try to beat eight young men of Harvard, and eight young men of Harvard try to beat eight young men of Yale.

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*He was to be killed a few weeks later, at Rheims. At a height of fifteen hundred feet the wings of his monoplane were torn off by a gust of wind, and, hurled down with the inert body, he was crushed to death.

A few weeks before, he had had a terrible *panne*. *Panne* is an automobile term, meaning simply a breakdown, which aviators, hateful of words too significant, and hospitable to euphemisms, have seized upon and made their own. This "breakdown" had occurred a thousand feet up in the air. One of the blades of the propeller had snapped off, and the other, turning on with a diagonal pull, had sprung the motor clean out of the shell. It had dropped to the ground, leaving the machine lifeless and cold up in the air. Not only that. In the Antoinette the motor is at the prow. The sudden release of these several hundred pounds made, of course, the long, dead bird rear backward—and it began to fall toward the earth tail first and head up. Happily, Kuller, who believes in sticking to his ship, had strapped himself in. He stayed with the ship; but he was hanging half out of it, with head dangling backward. The hole in the strap, too, was weak, and he could hear it rip bit by bit.

In this position, dangling backward, half out and hanging by a ripping strap, he came down, at an accelerating speed, perhaps seven hundred feet. Then a capricious gust of wind righted the machine, making of the spread wings a parachute which reduced this speed. So that when, sailing again, it struck earth on its tail, the end rudder smashed first, and then the shell telescoped smoothly right up to the place where Kuller sat, depositing him on the ground without dignity, but also without hurt.

I said to him, gently: "But you must not tell me all these things if I am going up with you—to-morrow."

He smiled his boyish smile. "But you are going up for impressions," he said. And then: "Now I must go out and go up with my pupils."

We walked out together from the shed, on to the vast plain. His machine was already there, waiting. It stood there with wings outspread, huge, tail low and head high, stiff with potentialities of power; it looked as though with its first spring it would leap astraddle the sun, yellow behind a glaze of cloud in the west. Two mechanics made stirrups of their hands, and he climbed upon its back. He stood thus, a moment, sharp against the horizon, and then sat down. He adjusted tight around his waist a heavy strap. He had on many clothes, to be warm, and they looked rigid, like armor; he lowered his isinglass goggles, and he was a knight upon a dragon, preparing to charge off on some fabulous quest.

But he did not start; the beast did not stir. It stood there, head up and tail down, ready to spring, but did not spring. Men were grouped about it; I watched them from where I stood, a bit off. They were discussing, gesturing. They pointed upward to the sky. It seemed a fixed leaden cap, the sky; but when one gazed longer, this leaden cap became a multitude of flaccid black rags dragged in a slow swirl. The men pointed to the aërometer upon the roof of the sheds. It was turning, turning, turning; but with starts and stops and sudden accelerations.

Suddenly I felt my stomach descend smoothly, with the swoop of a forty-two-story elevator, toward my shoes. From his point of vantage on the back of the beast, over the heads of the group, Kuller had given me a little down-and-up nod which meant: "Come here."

I came, and stood beneath him, against the monster's gleaming flank. He leaned over, bent low toward me. "There is too much wind; it is too dangerous," he said, "for the pupils. Do *you* wish to go up now?"

The pit of my stomach was continuing its playful now-I'm-here-now-I'm-not. But every one was looking at me. Or I thought that every one was. "Yes," I said; and then, afraid that I had not said it loud enough, "Yes, yes, yes," I repeated—oh, blithely, jovially, eagerly—"Yes, yes, I should be delighted to go up now; right now; on the instant!"

So two mechanics made stirrups for *my* feet, and *I* climbed up on the back of the beast. Just in front of Kuller was a rudimentary seat. I sat myself in it. "Strap yourself," he said in my ear. I passed about me the thick leather straps and hooked them. But he leaned over and, tugging, made me tighter to my seat by at least three more holes. Of all precautions I have met, this one seemed to me the least amiable.

I sat erect, looking straight ahead, in a posture which, seeking to represent ease, achieved, I am afraid, only rigidity. He had another recommendation, though. "Put your hat on tight," he said.

I drew my hat down to my ears, smiling. It seemed amusing, this care of my hat, at the start of so tremendous an adventure. Then suddenly I remembered that some time back the cap of an aviator had blown off, that said cap had gone into the screw, that said screw, turning one thousand turns a minute, had promptly flown to pieces, that the biplane had come down with the aviator, and that the aviator——

I took off my hat, and placed it (with some trouble, for the strap held me down very tight) between myself and the seat. That hat, I resolved, was not going to blow off, and that screw was not going to break, and that aëroplane was not coming down—if I could help it.

We sat there, one before the other, motionless. A mechanic had stepped forward; his hand was upon a blade of the screw. He gave it a twirl, negligently, as though he expected nothing of the movement. The exhaust coughed, a cough hollow, wheezy, and resonant. A faint expression of interest came into the mechanic's face; again he twirled the screw. Again the engine coughed; but this time more sharply; it was as if the monster were saying "ahem" to attract attention. An alertness came into the mechanic's body; he listened like a physician auscultating as he twirled once more. This time there were three hard coughs, a stop, then a dozen, then a fusillade of them, strung along like beads, each hard and round as a chrome-steel ball. At the same time I felt under me the beast arch its back and begin to tremble with some formidable impatience. A tempest of wind struck me in the face, and across my vision I saw the screw tearing the horizon like a revolving sword.

A dozen men, though, heels dug in the dirt, were still holding us by the tail. Kuller raised his left hand by my ear; they let go, and we moved forward.

We sprang forward like a falcon from the fist. At first I thought we were flying; it was a progress so smooth and cushioned; so much like that of a luxurious and elastic limousine along a well-laid asphalt. I knew, though, from having watched many ascents, that this could not be; and, looking down along the flanks, I saw that, in fact, we were still upon earth. We were bounding in long, supple leaps up a gentle incline; I could see the end of it before my eyes, sharp and linear, as though projecting over a chasm, as though the limit of a flat earth; we approached it in those long, devouring bounds; we reached it; we hesitated upon its edge——

And then—good Lord, what is that! At first I thought that we had struck an abandoned quarry and were hurtling through a pile of stones. Then, more plausibly, that we had passed from the grassy plain to a road of torn-up macadam. But neither of these suppositions answered quite the question put to me by my senses. We seemed to roll on a medium singularly hard. Hard and smooth and yet sown with roughness. It felt as if we were upon a road of adamant laid upon the bed-rock of the earth, and as if upon this adamantine road pebbles hard and faceted like diamonds had been strewn. Upon the hard, smooth sub-surface the machine glided level, but excited to a furious trepidation by the bristling diamonds. "We are going through a rock-pile," I said to myself, returning to my first unsatisfactory and yet more plausible supposition. And leaning to the right, I looked down through the angle made by wing and body, through the armpit, as it were, of the beast.

What I saw was two cavalrymen. Two little *chasseurs* on little horses, like toys in their light blue shakos and light-blue tunics, with toy carbines slung on their backs. Their little horses pranced to our passing, and, giving easily to the movement, the baby-blue men turned upward toward us their little pink faces. Zip—and we were gone. And then there passed a vague blur, which was trees, and a white streak, which was a road. We were flying, by Jove! That was the meaning of this hard going, this tremendous trepidation. From the gentle earth we had passed to the ways of the air. That adamantine, resilient, and diamond-bristling surface upon which we rode now, it was the azure of the skies! It was ozone, it was ether, it was everything that is hazy and impalpable and blue—and it felt like metal, like rock, like chrome-steel, like the compressed bowels of some planet smashed between two suns. I was flying, and it was like drilling. I was fleeing the earth, and the earth was following me, jealous and vigilant, gripping me, stubbornly and implacably, with its earth-sensations.

I flew. Beneath me was a feeling of iron in concentrated ebullition. In front, a cyclonic wind beat into my face; across my vision the screw revolved like a film alive with sinister light. And far below, the earth flew by, flew by, flew by, smoothly, rapidly, incessantly, diaphanous and pale-yellow, like the inundation of a river.

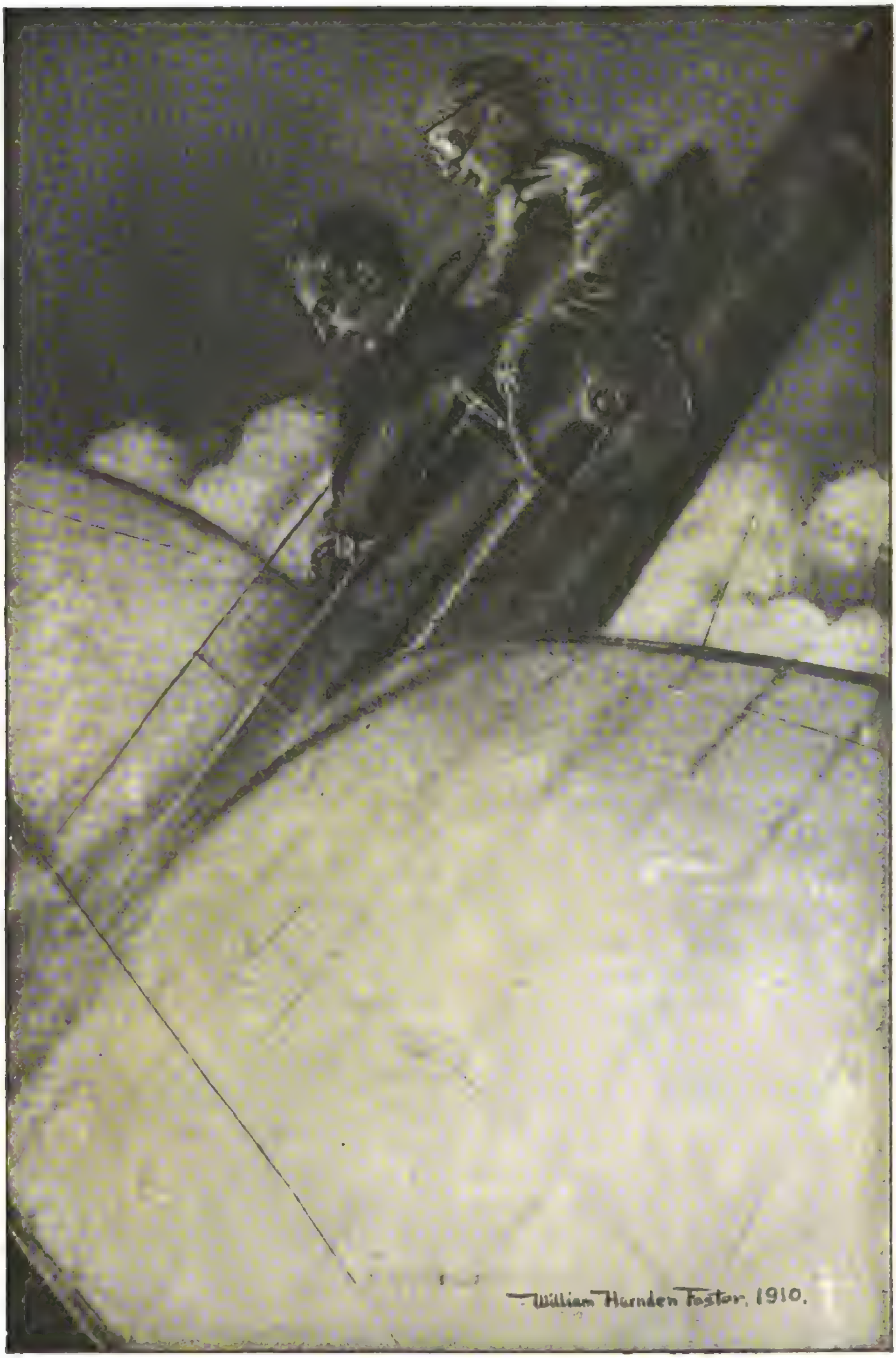
This was my first surprise. Almost immediately afterward came the second. It was of the size, the strength, the uncontrollable vigor of the beast. From earth, it had looked to me like a graceful and iridescent bird on vibrant, uptilted wing. Now I seemed perched upon the back of a dragon, a dragon formidably large, powerful, capricious, fleet, and ferocious. Its head was far beyond me; its tail stretched far behind me; its wings spread huge either side; and through its veins there passed the ebullition of a superheated blood. It seemed absolutely uncontrollable. It had about it something of the bee; the buzz, the sting, the fury of the bee. The buzz, the sting, the fury of the bee multiplied a billionfold.

Its very matter had changed. When, before, I had examined it at rest, it had seemed everything that is delicate, light, and fine. The ossature of its wings had been like the exquisite work of some Japanese cabinet-maker; it imitated the hollow bones of little birds. Its nerves, its tendons were steel spun fine as hair; to the touch they resounded like a harp. And its body, long and gleaming and slender, was of a bark thin as the walls of a bubble. But now, as I perched upon its back, hurtling along the hard ways of the air, it seemed constructed of bulk and iron. It was like a meteor out of the sky; but a meteor animated with an internal fury of its own. It was iron. In fact, my sensations as a whole were of iron. Iron the dragon upon which I sat; iron the ways upon which it coursed; iron the flight; iron the vibration beneath, the wind in my face. And iron the taste upon my tongue.

I was flying—and it was not dreamy, it was not ecstatic. The way was level and hard; the beast writhed and boiled beneath me; a tempest was in my face; and always, hacking the horizon, the screw turned its thousand turns a minute, the revolving scimiter of some furious fantasia. It was not dreamy; it was not ecstatic. It was tense and it was metallic. I also was tense and metallic. And the beast was uncontrollable. Of that I had a singular and poignant surety. It was impossible that such strength, such speed, such vicious hurtling vigor should be controlled. The beast was going as it wist, all the illimitable paths of infinity open before it. In putting together these wings, this body, this motive force, Man had created a brain. A rudimentary brain moved by obscure and gigantic caprices; and, like all rudimentary brains, undependable, cruel, and vicious. At any moment this dragon might feel moved to turn upon us its pointed tail, its wicked mouth; to tear us, to rend us; or, seized with some inexplicable and suicidal impulse, to charge the earth as a bull charges a rag.

From the first, I had lost my sense of direction and of the cardinal points, and seemed hurtling aimlessly through a vast nowhere. A most distressing, disgusting sensation. I felt like that man who had lost his shadow. Worse than that shadowless person; I felt as if, springing upward in the ether, I had left my entire personality pasted back there upon the earth. But now, suddenly, I saw the sheds. They were beneath me and to the right, like a box of toys. Before them was a little black group with uplifted faces that were like baby roses—the toys spilled out of the box. Then we veered with a tremendous swish of tail, and we were going toward the sun. It wasn't a jovial, comforting sun; it was a bilious, jealous, ascetic sun; frozen behind the glaze of the haze as behind a disapproving aloofness. But at his sight, like a benediction there fell about me the sense of the cardinal points and of my personality; of east and west and north and south, and of myself. I knew who I was and I knew where I was.

Again we passed the sheds and the little pink faces; again we coursed toward the sun. I knew not only where I was, but whither I was going. Astride the fantastic beast of a sidereal merry-go-round, we were whirling in four-mile circles above the vast plain. The plain where, hundreds of years before, Attila stood at bay one night


William Harnden Foster. 1910.

FOR THE FIRST TIME I FELT THAT I WAS FLYING, AND IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS FALLING.

facing Theodoric and his Visigoths; torch in hand before the great funeral pyre. Far other birds, then, must have hovered over the battle-ground; birds by the thousands, black in the black night, silken-winged and a-croak.

We did not croak, and we did not settle. Indefatigably we whirled and whirled our big circle. At regular intervals we passed over a shadow which was a clump of trees; at regular intervals we saw the sheds and their spilled toys; at regular intervals we ran toward the sun. The beast, then, formidable as it seemed, was under control.

It was under the control of two white hands—the hands of Kuller. He sat close behind me. Near my right side was the nickel-plated wheel commanding the rudder of rise and fall; near my left ribs was the similar little wheel commanding the warp of the wings. His hands were upon these wheels, almost touching me. I saw them only once in a while, with a rapid glance, for I sat very straight; they were then white and blue-veined as a woman's, and they touched the wheels with delicacy. But all of the time I felt them by me; I felt all of the time their small, gentle, and coaxing movements.

He seemed to stroke the beast, to tap it, and the beast answered. Furious and large and mad of appearance; possessed of terrific speed; tormented by the obscure and violent impulses of its rudiment of brain; with all the spaces illimitably open to its illimitable caprices, the beast yet answered, obedient and docile, to the minutest of these movements, to the slightest indication of these small white hands. It rose, it fell; it went to the right, to the left; it veered, it turned; it rolled gently, it pitched; it made for the clouds, or attacked the sun; roaring all the time, trembling and boiling; all this to the touch of these cool white hands. Poised upon the two wheels as upon the ivories of a piano, these hands were the symbol of the supremacy of Man. And the same subtle communication which they established between Kuller and the beast, they established between Kuller and me. Sitting close, we were isolated—ferociously isolated by the wind. It beat upon us; it tore to shreds, ere formed, the words out of our mouths, or crammed them back into our throats; it made of us deaf mutes; ceaselessly it coiled about us a roaring, whirling wall, invisible, impalpable, and yet more insulative of sound than stone, than ramparts, than the black profundity of the sea. But we communicated through these hands. All the time I felt them by my sides, their small, rustling movements like a whisper, like a promise, like an assurance.

It was, I think, because on the whole my impressions were so unamiable, so *different*, that I felt the need of showing him that I considered them charming. So I turned within my strap and smiled into his face. If I expected a return halloo, or even a wink, I was radically disappointed. His round, boyish face had taken on new lines and hard, a sculptural rigidity; it did not stir to my look. His eyes, behind the isinglass, had retreated within their orbits; they were perfectly fixed and profoundly blue, their irises pin-pricks of light; they vouchsafed me not a flicker. No smile met mine.

Head bent a little to the right, he seemed to be listening intently, seemed to be listening to creaks, to groans, to moans, to secret sounds. I suppose that as a matter of fact he was attentive not to sounds, but to movements. He was sensing. Sensing the droops, the bounds, the oscillations which he curbed almost ere they began. But he seemed to be listening. Listening to some one who was not I; listening to something not for me; to something far more important than anything I could give. I had the sensation of prying into the sanctity of a secret, and turned away my head. Turned and looked ahead—cut, chided, repulsed, like a child who had infringed upon a whispered consultation of his elders. For a long moment after that I was alone within the roar of the wind. Then a gentle rustle of hands by my sides broke the isolation, and again we flew in comradeship.

Always, though, that mad ebullition beneath; the wind's fury in my face; and across the horizon, the screw, like the scythe of Death in *moulinet*.

I wish there were more to give, something more satisfactory, more like the conventional idea of what flight should be. But there was nothing of the kind. No dipping, no soaring, no throes, no ecstasies. Or if there were any, they were annihilated by the tremendous surge and pound of more immediate sensations—the whirlings of the screw, the trepidation of the beast, the iron wind in my face. At times only, for the mere flicker of a moment, would there be the hint of a thrill. It was when, hurtling straightly, we fell suddenly into a hole of the air. There would be a downward swoop, as if the beast's back were fleeing me; a tightening of my stomach; a tickling at the bull's-eye of my being—but this immediately killed as we struck again the hard main road of the air.

And of the landscape I could bring back nothing clear. It was always a whirling blur of a landscape; a landscape painted by an artist using too fluid colors; a landscape photographed out of focus. The trees ran together; they merged with the land. The land slopped into the sky, and the sky into the land. Roads writhed vivid an instant like snakes, and then sank back into the plain. It was the shifting, dissolving, liquid landscape of an uncertain dream.

But always hard and clear, etched in relief, the tremendous dorsal trepidation of the beast, the crunching iron run along the iron ways, the cyclonic wind, and, across the horizon, the screw's livid whirl.

And then, the earth. I watched it long, sliding a perpendicular eye down through the armpit of the beast, through the angle between white wing and lustrous body. It was yellow and pale and smooth; and it slid by, slid by, slid by incessantly, indefatigably, eternally, with no slowing, no hastening, but simply fast, fast, fast and smooth, smooth, smooth, a pale yellow ribbon unwinding endlessly from some cosmic and inexhaustible spool. And it was not hard like earth; it was soft. It was like water, like the wan and stagnant overflow of a Chinese river. And the longer you looked, the less hard it seemed. It was no longer water, it was an atmosphere, a pale-yellow, opium-laden atmosphere.

And after a while it was not even an atmosphere, but something diaphanous and opalescent, opalescent not like the opal, but like the emanation from an opal. It ceased to be an obstacle; one could pierce it with a zip, like a clown's tissue-paper hoop. It was not hard, it did not repel; it called, it held within its depths treasures of color and tenderness. And suddenly I wondered how many of the dead aviators had gone to their death thus, in answer to this call, to this lure of Ceres, outraged and putting on this incredible disguise to crush back to her bosom the winged wanderer.

There must be nothing horrible about such a death. I sensed that while on the wing. There must come an abrupt something-wrong; a squall, a cracking, a lurch. Then, before one knows what, a passing from the hard going to a dreamy and floating delight. And then a shock so tremendous that it is no shock, that the registering centers cease to be ere they have registered; a shock that must be nothing but a languorous dive into a cool and abysmal nothing.

The sun was setting. Each time as we faced it now, we coursed gigantically toward it, a homing dragon making for a fabulous cavern aflame with gold. Kuller at length took the beast high over the center of the plain and cut off the power.

Then I flew; for the first time I flew. For the first time I felt that I was flying, and it was because I was falling. The trepidation beneath me had stopped; the wind had ceased; the hideous tumult slipped off into a breathless silence. It was as if from the sweat and oil and tumult of toil we had suddenly passed into the purity and hush of the high stellar spaces. We seemed to hover there a moment, motionless. Then a long, slender, and zipping ecstasy—and we were upon earth, by the sheds.

I remained perched there, upon the cold beast, for a slow minute. Persons were about, and I was vexed because my eyes were full of tears from the wind, and because, having evidently neglected to attend to this function properly during the flight, I was now breathing very hard. I had to get off, though. My vexation was without foundation. No one was noticing me. To these Mourmelon folk, my experience was merely a little evening promenade about a little square.

So I went off all by myself and sat down on a bunch of grass and tried to analyze my impressions. I was a bit numbed and a bit dizzy. Beneath everything else I was aware of a longing for the simpler, more domestic pleasures of this earth. For a nice, quiet dinner, for instance, at a round table, in the soft glow of a lamp. But more clearly still, I felt that vague and vast distaste which seizes one who has had a scene with a hysterical woman, or has committed murder; that vague and vast distaste which follows an experience just a bit too Big for one.

A WORLD AFIRE

Heroes in the Burning of the Northwestern Forests

By

G. W. OGDEN

FOR twenty days several forest fires had been burning in the timber reserves of the Northwest—in Idaho and Montana. In the cañons and valleys of the timbered country where these isolated fires raged, a resinous, sooty smoke had hung for days, sometimes smothering the sun, turning midday into night. In the villages lamps were lighted at three o'clock in the afternoon. Conductors on trains carried lanterns all day to read the tickets of their passengers.

Nature appeared to be stifled under this curtain of smoke, with no energy left to lift it or clear it away. People panted for a breath of untainted air. Their lungs were burning, their eyes inflamed. Life in the mountains had become almost intolerable.

So fell the evening of August 20, 1910. Men knew only by their timepieces that night was drawing near; the visible margin between night and day was lost in the polar blackness which hung over the wooded mountain land. Yet these fires were not large nor destructive; and they were guarded by careful forest rangers and their hardy crews, who had hemmed them by trenches and confined them by circumvallate trails, over which forest fires had seldom been known to pass. That all was safe was the general belief. Upon that evening men were chafing only for a breath of wind to clear the smoke out of the skies, a shower of rain to put an end to the smoldering fires.

Yet at that very hour nature was vibrant with a message which fell unread. The air was oppressingly quiet, suffocatingly dead. The stillness of desolation rested above camps and towns, even where men by hundreds lived. There was no carrying power in the air; sounds were muffled as by a vacuum. Birds staggered through the smoky chaos on bewildered wings, panting, lost. Horses strained at their halters, looking upon their masters with strange eyes, uncomforted by caresses, unassured by words. When a beast, by a terrified lunge, broke its restraining tether, it dashed away into the wilderness. Even dooryard fowls here and there deserted their coops, seeking a refuge at the margin of some stream. Dwellers in the woods and travelers on the dim trails saw forest creatures flying in one general direction, as if pursued by a foe that struck a deeper terror than man. The fear of man, indeed, seemed lost in them. Scarcely would bear, deer, mountain lions lift their heads at sight of a man, or move out of his path to let him pass.

A great tragedy was imminent in nature. The air was charged with a warning which men, their instincts paralyzed by ages of disuse, could not read nor understand.

There came at length a timid wind, sighing through the tree-walled cañons. It struck hot upon the forehead, it burned dry upon the lips, ruffling the smoke mantle for a moment, soon to die away. The dwellers in the great Coeur d'Alene forest reserve, in the neck of Idaho—which is seen on the map like the hock of a ham—felt it first, as it came threading ahead of the mighty tempest out of the northwest. Again it stirred, like the cautious step of a thief, and again, hotter, closer. It freshened steadily, rolling away the smoke, showing the sun red as iron under the smith's hammer, far down near the edge of the world.

That was all the warning the tempest of fire gave. It was as if it had indulged the oft-voiced desire of dying men to look once more upon the sun. Out of the northwest, over the mountains, it came. Bearing flaming brands, which it flung on all sides, it came. Howling, roaring, the fires, but a few minutes before miles away, were upon the hamlets and camps, upon the lone cabins of settlers, leaping up the green mountain sides, streaming across cañons their long banners of obliterating flames.

The hurricane had seized upon the small fires, fanning them furiously, scattering them abroad through miles of forest, each falling spark to kindle a raging fire-storm of its own. Since early in May no rain had fallen in the Bitter Root mountains. The Coeur d'Alene timber reserve, in the panhandle of Idaho; the Cabinet, Clearwater,

Photograph by H. D. McLellan, Spokane, Washington.

NIGHT PICTURE OF THE FOREST FIRE THAT SWEPT OVER WALLACE, IDAHO, TRAVELING EIGHT MILES IN TWENTY MINUTES.

and Lolo reserves in western Montana, were like so many open magazines of powder. Resinous spines, steeped in the drippings of pitch and turp from the overhead branches, lay many inches deep around the boles of the trees and beneath cluttering trunks and fallen brushwood—the accumulation of years. Man never laid the foundation for a fire more completely or carefully than nature had done in the great national forests of the Northwest last August.

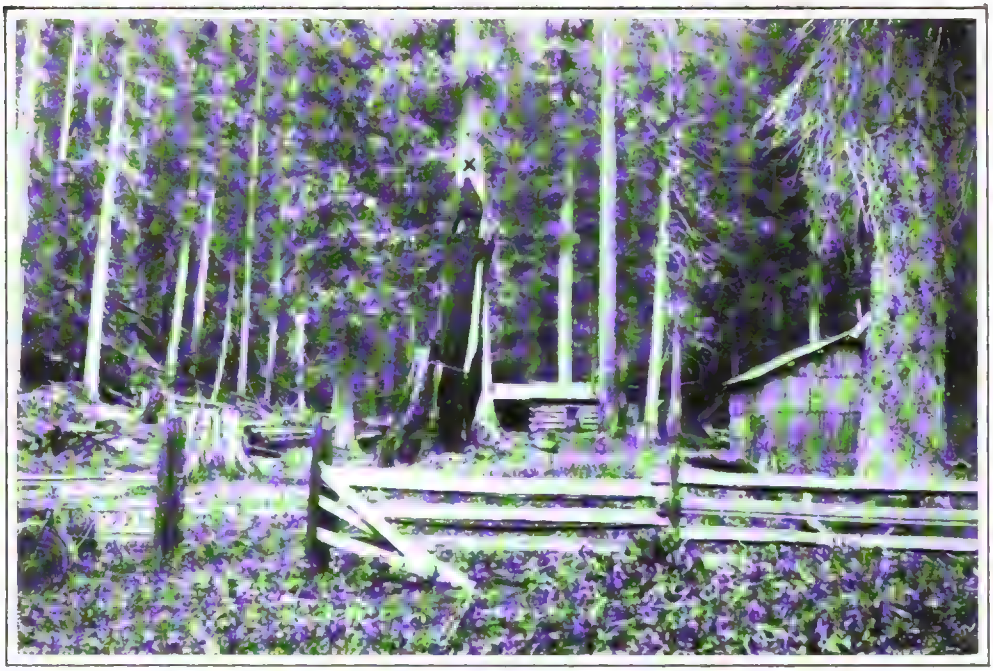
All was ready for the hurricane, all so nicely pitched, oiled, dried, that in six hours' time this tidal wave of fire spread over 2,000 square miles of splendid forest. When it finally burned out, it left—in charred, prone, and riven trunks of pine, fir, and cedar—billions of feet of timber, worth at the lowest estimate, a hundred million dollars—wasted, cruelly wasted. And strewn in shriveling heaps here and there along the black trail of this flood of fire huddled the remains of scores of brave men who had gone out to match their courage against its might.

There never was a forest fire like this since men have been keeping a chronicle of events. District Forester W. B. Greeley, in command of the first district—in which the burned region lies—says such a fire has not swept the forests of the Northwest in perhaps a thousand years. The history of forestry, he declares, contains no parallel. Its destructive force and the speed with which it traveled were marvelous. The ordinary forest fire travels slowly, at the most but a few miles a day. This one, according to an official of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway, who timed its advance over a known area, was traveling seventy miles an hour—a speed beyond anything known in wild fires, even upon the prairies. Imagine a prairie with grasses from 150 to 200 feet tall, and flames proportionately high beating over it at seventy miles an hour, and you will be able to conceive in some measure the magnitude of the August fire in the timber reserves of the Northwest.

It swept uphill and downhill with unabated speed, although a fire in a mountain country usually rushes up hillsides much faster than it burns down. When the vanguard of the fire reached a cañon, it merely leaped across, no matter how wide the chasm. In one known instance it leaped a mile. At Wallace, Idaho, where the timber on the

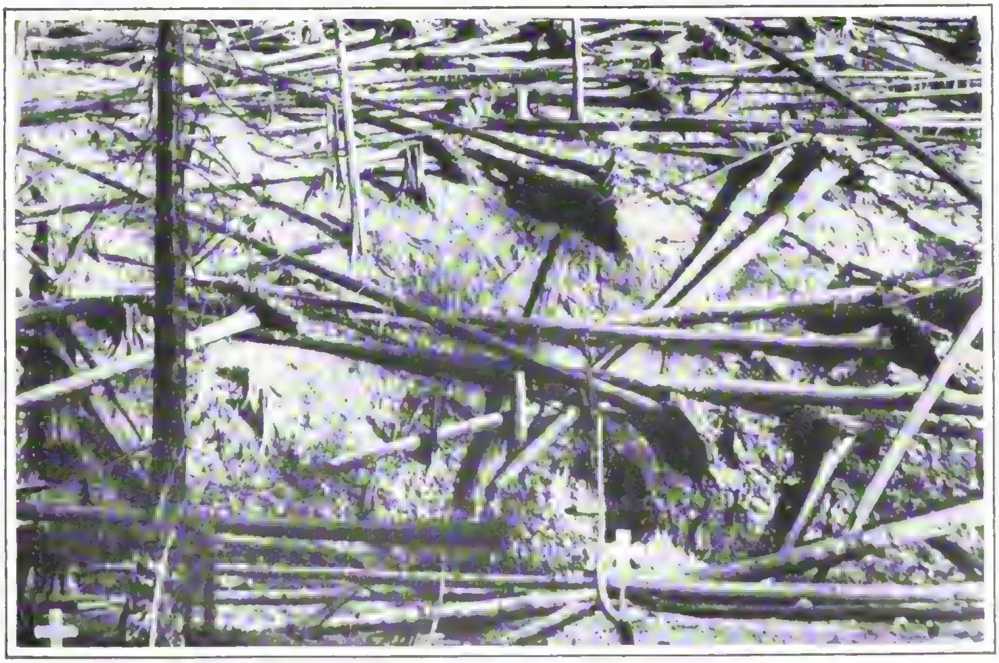
Photograph by W. D. McLellan, Spokane, Washington.

MANY FIRE FIGHTERS, MINERS, AND SETTLERS ARE ALIVE TO-DAY THROUGH THE PROMPT ACTION OF RANGER R. M. DEBITT, WHO HAD CHARGE OF EIGHT HUNDRED MEN.



Courtesy of W. G. Weigle.

THESE PICTURES SHOW THE SAME SPOT BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE. ABOVE IS JOSEPH BEAUCHAMP'S HOMESTEAD WHERE RANGER BELL'S CREW TOOK THEIR STAND. THE WHITE PINE, MARKED WITH A CROSS, IN FALLING KILLED THREE MEN. BELOW, THE PICTURE SHOWS THE WOODED HILL BACK OF THE HOUSE, THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CROSS MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE HOUSE STOOD. THE CROSS IN RIGHT CENTER INDICATES THE TRENCH WHERE SEVEN MEN PERISHED.



mountain sides was small, flaming limbs and masses of burning moss were carried from one mountain to another, above the town, a distance of more than half a mile. The flames caught the resinous foliage and long streamers of pendent moss with the hissing roar of great skyrockets. In a breath the proudest, oldest knights in this ancient guard of the mountains were stripped of verdure, their blackened trunks hurled contemptuously to the ground by the tempest which drove the wild ocean of fire before it.

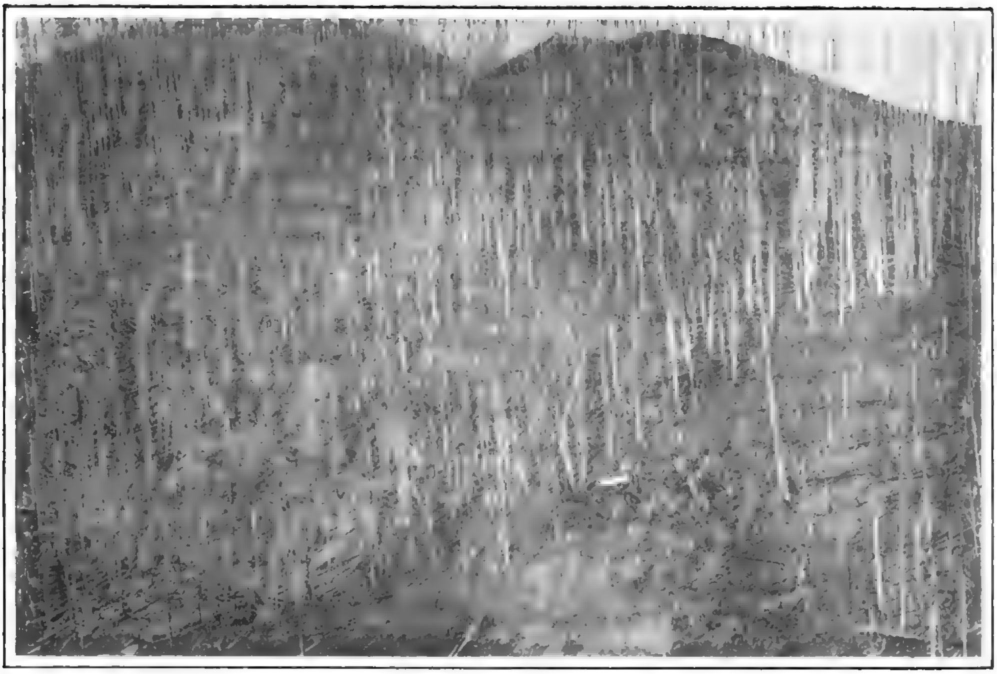
Photograph by W. D. McLellan, Spokane, Washington.

WHERE THE GREEN FOREST LATELY STOOD——

Living man has not witnessed a more appalling sight. Days afterward, men who went through it were dumb in their struggle for words to measure its horrors. "The world was afire," they said, "the earth, the air, everything." Lightning flashed out of the great clouds of smoke; incandescent flames, burning like carbon gas, sprang up, whistling their sharp notes above the roar of tempest and fire and the crash of falling trees—sprang up with nothing to feed on but air. In the superheated atmosphere it appeared that all nature had become outlawed.

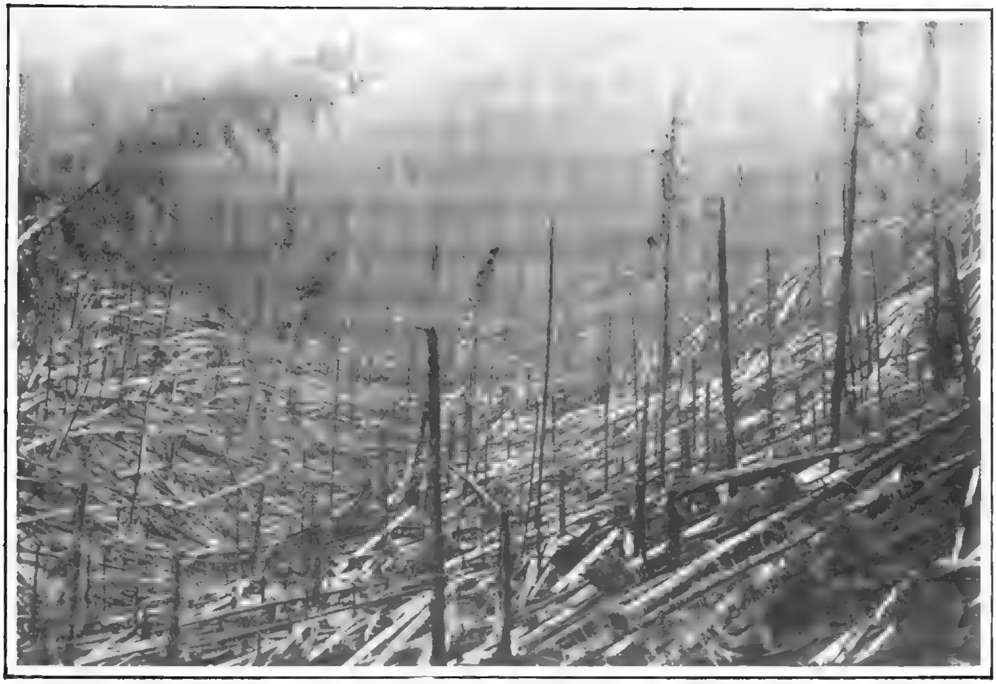
No, there never was a forest fire like this. Even Pelée, with its mud deluge, its gas, was not more terrible. Had there been as many people in its reach as in the zone of Pelée, the forest fire's toll might have been as great. It trailed its smoke for more than 1,200 miles. It shut out the sun completely at Billings, Montana, 500 miles distant, for days together; it obscured the sky at Denver, Colorado, more than 800 miles away; its taint was seen upon the sky at Kansas City, and noted by the weather observer there.

In six hours the damage was done, though for five days the slow, fierce after-fires burned among the fallen trunks, spreading to sheltered cañons and districts which had escaped the first charge. Six hours destroyed what the ages had wrought; for foresters say that many of the trees lost in the fire were more than a thousand years old. Some of the largest cedars ever found have grown in the Coeur d'Alene reserve, thousands of them from four to twelve feet in diameter. It is believed that they sprang from the soil in the same period which saw the birth of the giant sequoias of California, and it is known that many of California's big redwoods are not merely a thousand but twenty-five hundred years old. Many a patriarch older, perhaps, than the cedars upon the slopes



Photographs by W. D. McLellan, Spokane, Washington.

——THERE SPREADS NOW A SCENE OF DESOLATION. BLACKENED TRUNKS, PILED IN THE SPORT OF THE DESTRUCTIVE FIRE-STORM LIKE STRAWS, LIE THICK UPON THE STEEP MOUNTAIN SIDES, OR STAND, STRIPPED OF LIMBS AND BARK—GAUNT SKELETONS IN A PICTURE OF DEATH.



W. R. LANNING, CHIEF CARPENTER OF THE MISSOULA DIVISION OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & PUGET SOUND R. R., SAVED THE LIVES OF NO LESS THAN FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE.

of Lebanon, lies prone upon the ground, its grandeur and its grace forever gone.

More ghastly is the human wreckage in the black trail of the great fire that overwhelmed settlers, rangers, hamlets. Bodies of men were found in the track of the fire on hands and knees, faces turned back in the direction from which it descended upon them. It struck them with death suddenly, leaving in many cases scarcely more than their bones.

Many of the dead were not identified. In many cases the bodies were almost entirely consumed, the watches, knives, and coins carried by the men melted. The fear that they might not be identified seemed to loom before these lost men at the last moment above all others. Wife, mother, friend, far away, might never know, and might misjudge the dead. So the poor roasting wretches took many means to preserve from the flames letters, cards, trinkets, by which they might be known. Some scraped with the last strength of their burning hands little holes in the earth, put their papers in them, then flung their shriveled bodies down upon the cache to die. Some had only time to place the identifying articles under their chests before the shrieking red death overwhelmed them. They were found so, their names preserved to those from whom they were divided.

And the injury to the living was more serious than the suffering of the dead. Human beings in greater numbers have perished in other, and heavier, calamities than this, but never before have human beings lived through the tortures which hundreds endured in this fire; some caught in cañons roofed in flame that streamed from hilltop to hilltop, fighting the flames there through hours and hours of terrific heat; some floundering through blazing woods to lake margins, to river sides, maimed, flayed, blinded, contorted.

Courtesy of W. G. Weigle.

EDWARD C. PULASKI WAS IN COMMAND OF FORTY MEN ON PLACER CREEK. THEY WERE FORCED TO TAKE REFUGE IN THE TUNNEL OF AN ABANDONED MINE. PULASKI STOOD AT THE ENTRANCE WITH DRAWN GUN, FORCING THE MEN BACK, AND SAVED ALL BUT SIX.

Certainly, many more were lost in the fire than the official report of the dead shows. None has been reported by the government representatives save those whose remains have been found. In addition to the list of eighty-one dead, there are 125 missing, unaccounted for. Doubtless they, too, are dead and the fire has obliterated all trace of them.

And yet—

Any one of the small fires from which the destructive flood of flame sprang could have been put out by one forest guard at the beginning, *if he could have reached it.* It sometimes takes a man hours to work his way even a few miles through the tangle of underbrush and fallen timber in these old woods. For *there are no trails in the forest of the Northwest,* although the need of them has been constantly pointed out, the building of them unremittingly urged, by the men in the forestry service, ever since the reservations were made. For the want of a nail the shoe was cast, the rider thrown, the battle lost; for the want of trails the finest white pine forests in the United States were laid waste and scores of lives were lost. The government hadn't even tools for the recruits to work with—for those who were hired to help fight the August fires, everything had to be bought. Supplies, even water in some cases, had to be carried to them by packhorses, and the government had no horses. Horses were hired this past summer at two dollars a day each, enough money being paid out thus to buy horses for the various ranger stations in the Northwest for ten years. "Give us trails, telephone lines, horses"—that is the constant supplication to the powers of the men who are trying to guard the forest reserves. *Forty-five miles of trail in the Coeur d'Alene reserve would have saved the lives of fifty men.*

There was no lack of men—and brave men—to fight the fire. The foresters had been watching night and day; they had hired men by hundreds from Butte, Missoula, Helena, Spokane, and distributed them in gangs of twenty to one hundred through the four reserves in Montana and Idaho—an army of 2,500 men. Each gang was under the direction of an experienced man, ranger or forest guard, who knew the country foot by foot. Camps had been established near the various fires, which were looked upon by the rangers as so many dangerous beasts, well leashed, but safer for being well guarded, also.

Some of the fire fighters were still at work, some in camp, some on the way to camp, when the tornado struck, fanning the hitherto confined fires into ungovernable fury. Instantly the rangers and all old hands saw in this great fire, reaching out with speed incredible, something against which man could not stand and fight, from which he could not fly and live. Quick action, cunning, knowledge of the forest, might be combined to save the lives of those incapable of acting for themselves. There was not a man of the guards, rangers, or foremen who could not have saved himself without much difficulty, knowing so well what to do; but there was not one of them who did not think of his men first. Many of them suffered injuries in saving others from which they will never recover.

"Drop everything but your water bottles, men, stay together and follow me," was the invariable order issued by the foresters in charge of the gangs. In many cases the men, unaware of their danger, took the order as an indication of cowardice on the part of their leader. Some of them jeered, refusing to obey. Others insisted on going to camp for supper. Days afterward some of their bones were collected among the ruins of the forest. Out of Ranger Debitt's force of eight hundred men, fifty-nine were lost, disregard of orders being accountable in almost every case. But where the men stuck to the rangers and foremen they were saved.

Riley Bonsteel, a barber from Missoula, was in a gang of forty, part of a detail of ninety men under the direction of Ranger W. H. Rock, of Avery. Bonsteel is a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He went out to be a fire fighter for the fun of it, like many another poor fellow who did not come through it as fortunately as he. He was one of the few, out of dozens with whom the writer talked, who could describe the scene through which he lived. Most of them shivered when asked about it. "Well, it was just awful," was as far as words could carry them. They would look down at swathed hands, bound in slings upon their chest, turn, walk away. It was not like being in a burning house; it was a burning world.

Bonsteel and his comrades were working in apparent security when they heard the fire approaching. The ranger ordered all hands to follow him, heading for an old burn of about five acres in extent, which was near at hand. Racing for it, they reached the clearing just ahead of the fire. Trees were falling in every direction, the fire was screaming, the wind roaring. Coals of fire as big as a man's fist pelted them as thick as hail. It was night, about half past seven o'clock, and the world was red, a pit of hideous red. Between each two men there were two gallons of water, carried in flexible bottles. This water had been apportioned to them for the night, shortly before the wild fire came.

Overhead, across the old burn strewn with logs and forest débris, streamed an unbroken river of fire. From man to man the ranger went, telling them what to do. He had to shout in their ears, the roar of destruction was so great. If they hoped to live they must lie on the lee side of the fallen logs, faces to the ground. Already the air was so hot it cut the lungs like the fumes of acid; smoke and gases were stifling. Men stood in the fantastic light, their impotent arms lifted toward the sheet of hemming flame, shrieking prayers to the Almighty. The ranger was compelled at last to threaten some of them with his revolver before he could induce them to lie down in that fiery bed, two men in a place, so each could watch the other's clothing. Then he stood over them, like a shepherd over a flock of frightened sheep, holding them in for the supreme trial which was to come.

As far as it went, the water was used to wet the coats and blankets some of them had brought away in the rush, and to saturate handkerchiefs, which were bound over mouths and nostrils, at the ranger's direction. Each man had been told to breathe as near the ground as he could grovel. At intervals there fell a lull in the wild tumult of outlawed elements, and then were heard the shrieks and groans of roasting men, their piteous prayers for mercy. The logs all around them caught fire, the heavens rained fire. It seemed a marvel that a man could live a moment there. Once they saw one of their tortured number spring to his feet and dash away into the wall of fire. He fell, the flames closing round him. He alone, of the forty men, was lost.

After two hours of this broiling heat little puffs of cool wind began to break through their oven walls. An hour more and it had cooled so men left their shelters. Two volunteered to go to the creek, a mile away, for water. They went, through stifling smoke, over beds of coals, under the swinging menace of burning branches and tottering trunks, returning in safety. They found that the water of the icy stream had been heated by falling trunks of trees, which pent it up in a dam of fire. It was found afterward that fish in the stream had been boiled. Yet men, under the guidance of an experienced forester, lived through it, to join again, as from the dead, the world of the living.

Another ranger, Edward C. Pulaski, of Wallace, Idaho, was in command of forty men on Placer Creek. When he saw that the fire was out of hand, threatening their safety, he ordered his men to break camp and start for Wallace, about eight miles distant. Placing them in single file, ordering them to remain together, Pulaski took the lead and the start was made. They had not proceeded far when they appeared to have become suddenly surrounded by fire. The men grew panicky. Pulaski went among them to give assurance that he would lead them out safely, if they would follow him. Then, placing one of them, an old man crippled by rheumatism, upon his horse, Pulaski took the bridle and resumed the march.

Smoke was so dense that the men had to hold to each other to prevent becoming separated and lost. It was impossible, in spite of the giant flames which leaped around them, to see a man ten feet away. Falling trees crashed around them, rending their way to earth through the limbs. Pulaski says that he saw columns of clear, white fire spring up like will-o'-the-wisps, feeding upon air. It seemed at length that their progress was choked by fire. Pulaski halted them, soaked a gunnysack with water, slipped it over his head, dashed away into the flames. The men began to prepare for death, believing the ranger would never return. But in a little while he was back, to lead them on. Halting them every little while, he dashed off on his perilous forays, coming back always to beckon them ahead.

Long before that time Pulaski, alone, could have reached a place of safety, but the men could not have saved themselves. Pulaski finally reached the tunnel of an abandoned mine, toward which he had been working, and ordered the men in. Even then the timbers at the mouth of the tunnel were on fire. It seemed an insecure retreat. Some of the men questioned the ranger's judgment and would not enter. "Get inside of that tunnel," said Pulaski, drawing his revolver. "It's death for the man that disobeys me."

It was a short tunnel, but timbered all its length. Near the entrance a small spring trickled a feeble stream. The ranger led his horse into the cave, ordered his men to lie with faces against the ground, and began dashing water from the small pools upon the burning mine timbers. Already the tunnel was packed with smoke from the outside fires. The men found breathing more difficult than they had in the open, and begged the ranger to let them go. By that time the hurricane had mounted to its height. Blazing trees fell across the mouth of the tunnel, pouring fresh volumes of smoke into it.

In the gang of forty there were but few Americans, the others being of mixed nationalities. These few helped Pulaski to keep back the fire from the mine timbers until they fell, one by one, overcome by smoke and heat. The others, lying on the ground, were praying in many tongues, crying, begging for breath. A Swede sprang up and rushed upon the ranger, who stood grimly fighting the foe without and watching his men within, crying that he would kill Pulaski if he did not let him pass. The ranger drove him back with his revolver, compelling him to lie down.

In the five hours which followed, the cave became a madhouse. Gasping men, devoid of every sense but the need of air to breathe, rushed upon him, grappled him, to be flung by the hardy ranger to the ground. They were raging maniacs, bereft of reason by such torture as men seldom endure, and live. But Pulaski held them there, to a man. How he stood at the mouth of that black pit and lived, when men who breathed near the earth smothered, choked, died, is a matter which sets a new standard for American hardihood. Even the horse which the ranger led into the tunnel fell to the ground and expired long before Pulaski sank.

The men became quiet after a while, some of them forever. At last the ranger's tough lungs and huge frame could bear no more. His senses clouded, his limbs failed, he fell. Outside, the fires burned low, the cool winds came, stealing into the smothering prison. Some one revived, crawled to the outside, filled his lungs with sweet air, shouted. Others joined him, creeping painfully, going back presently to help their companions out. Six of them were dead.

It was believed at first that Ranger Pulaski would lose his sight, but a few days in hospital brought him out sound and whole. At the end of a week he was ready for duty again. But for his heroic work all of the forty men would have perished.

Pulaski is the great-grandson of Count Casimir Pulaski, Polish exile, who fought and died for the cause of American independence. He is the oldest male in the direct line of descent, and inheritor of the title—count. But Pulaski, American forest ranger, does not go in for that sort of thing.

Ranger Bell, who had charge of a crew farther in the woods in the same fire, was entirely surrounded and sought shelter on the Joseph Beauchamp homestead. This homestead had only about half an acre cleared, which gave very little protection to the men, owing to the dense timber surrounding it. One large tree was blown down, falling on three of the crew, killing them outright, before the fire came.

The remainder of the crew, save seven men, got into a small stream near the cabin. There they lay, the fire burning all around them, even over them, protected only by the low bank of the streamlet from being crushed by the great trees which fell across it. All of the men who sought refuge in the stream were saved, although severely burned. The seven who left the main crew crawled into a ditch near by. They were burned beyond recognition.

Heroism like Pulaski's and Bell's was not always so successful even as theirs.

Ranger C. H. Watson rode eighty miles through the burning forest to the nearest station to raise a relief party for the rescue of six men in the Cabinet forest. These men became separated from the main body and were unable to find their way back to the camp. When Watson missed them, he set out, alone, to search for them. Four days and nights he roamed the burning, smoke-clogged wilderness without food, rest, or sleep. Failing in his quest, he turned his face toward headquarters of the military detachment doing patrol duty in the burning district. The camp was eighty miles away.

He was worn and burned when he started on his long ride, his horse was jaded, but he pushed on. At times the smoke was so dense that he was compelled to dismount and lie with his face against the ground. His horse often fell, struggling for breath. Side by side man and beast would lie, reviving at length to rise and stagger on. One entire day the ranger walked and rode through a stretch of burning forest, from which blazing moss, bark, and foliage fell upon him and his horse. When he at last reached the military station, to which his compass and his unerring sense of direction had guided him as straight as a pigeon flies to its loft, the saddle upon which he sat was fire-crisped, the hair had been burned completely from his horse, his clothing hung in blackened shreds. Blood gushed from his lungs as he spoke, his eyes were almost sightless, his face and body raw with burns.

Yet he clung, reeling, to his saddle and insisted on leading the rescue party, which he pleaded must set out at once. They lifted him from his grotesque mount, against his protests. Next morning he led the relief party back into the woods, but it arrived too late. The six men were lost.

Many fire fighters, miners, and settlers are alive to-day through the prompt action of Ranger R. M. Debitt, in charge of the forestry station at Avery, Idaho. Debitt sent messengers into the threatened territory before the fire broke, ordering everybody out. Those in his district who heeded the warning were saved, reaching the railroad in time to be taken on board the relief trains. One gang of fire fighters on the north fork of the St. Joe River ignored Debitt's order to get out, and most of the men were lost. It was at the request of Debitt, also, that the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway ran special trains from Avery to St. Joe, carrying out the inhabitants and picking up refugees along the line. But for those relief trains hundreds must have perished along the St. Joe River.

Avery was one of the last places in the Coeur d'Alene reserve to be reached by the fire. While the flames were pressing down upon it, the women and children were removed on a special train. They were given just thirty minutes to get ready. Already the roar of the approaching fire could be heard. Four passenger coaches were loaded, and the train set out for St. Joe under command of Sergeant John James of Company G, 25th United States Infantry, from Fort George Wright, Washington—a negro company, which, under command of Lieutenant E. E. Lewis, had been detailed to patrol the burning district and preserve order. Privates Chester Gerrard, William Hogue, Roy Green, and G. W. Bright were stationed on the platforms of the cars.

"They stuck to their posts like men," said Ranger Debitt. "The forests all along the way were on fire, the heat so intense that the varnish on the coaches blistered and the windows cracked. These negro soldiers stood on the platforms through this bath of fire and kept the doors closed, holding back the heat-crazed women and children, many of whom would have leaped off and been lost if they had not been restrained."

Another train of box cars carried most of the men away from Avery, the negro soldiers remaining to the last.

On the day the fire became unmanageable there were no fewer than a thousand people along the line of the C., M. & P. S. Railroad in the forty-eight miles between Avery, Idaho, and Haugan, Montana. These were mainly railway employees, their wives and children, and refugees from the interior, although there were many trades people in the villages. Four work trains were busy on that stretch of track under the direction of C. H. Marshall and W. R. Lanning, superintendent and chief carpenter, respectively, of the Missoula division. A telephone message to Superintendent Marshall from the girl operator at Kyle, a small station, gave the first alarm of the approaching fire. While they were talking the wires went down.

Marshall and Lanning at once ordered two of the trains to proceed along the line, picking up everybody. "Don't pass anybody, no matter who it is, and put every living soul aboard, whether they want to go or not," was the order given to the trainmen and the few American laborers who, the railroad officials knew from past experience, were the only men in the jumble of nationalities upon whom they could depend.

Before the trains had gone far, the fire was in sight. From mountain to mountain the flames leaped, with the speed of a fast train, sowing brands upon the slopes to kindle slower, even more deadly, fires. With the fire came the gale. Stones of a pound weight, gravel, dust, débris of the forest, were hurled before it, and soon clouds of smoke, fire-tainted, scorching, thicker than ever, completely obscured the sun.

More than four hundred people were herded into the cars east of the St. Paul Pass tunnel by Mr. Lanning and carried into the great tube, which is almost two miles long. There they remained in safety, suffering somewhat from smoke. Under the direction of Superintendent Marshall several hundred were taken out by way of the east, to Haugan. In another, and shorter, tunnel, two hundred people found refuge. They were pulled there on a train by Engineer Roberts, who ran a blazing bridge, over seven hundred feet long and a hundred feet high, to put them there. When they reached the tunnel the oil in the tank was frying.

But that did not take care of all the people. Scattered along the line between the great tunnel and Kyle, Idaho, were many whom it seemed impossible to save. The fire was pouring across the track, many bridges were going. "We'll make a try for it, just the same," said Lanning.

An engineer and a fireman volunteered for the perilous venture, likewise a conductor on one of the work trains. With an engine and three cars they set out. It was apparent to all as they proceeded that they would never be able to return to the big tunnel. When the train reached the refugees huddled along the track, many of them had to be lifted, bodily, and put aboard. "Groups of Hungarians, bundles of bedding and clothes on their backs, stood crying, tears streaming down their faces," said Lanning. "We had to pick some of them up and put them in the cars, but when they once understood that there was a chance for life they fell to fighting, pulling each other from the train, pushing women and children out of the way, but sticking to their bedding to the last. We had to cut the ropes from their shoulders to make them let the bundles go."

Forty-seven people were picked up by Lanning's forlorn hope, and a run was made for tunnel 32, a short bore, but the only available refuge. As the train rushed forward the smoke was so thick that the engineer could not see the steam dome of his boiler. He did not know when the engine might strike a burned bridge or a fallen tree, but there was nothing to do but go on. He opened her wide and let her go, pounding into the mystery of smoke.

They made the tunnel, pulled into the middle of it, and stopped. Even there the fire reached in after them, and almost got them, too. A rivulet ran through the tunnel, and, by keeping their clothes wet, they managed to endure. The heat was so great along that stretch of railway, which was heavily bordered with timber, that pick handles were utterly consumed where the tools lay upon the ground, one in a place, as the workmen dropped them, apart from any other inflammable material. Water in barrels at the ends of bridges was boiled and evaporated away, the staves burning down to the level of the water as it sank. Fish in the streams were cooked; for days they floated, by thousands. Ties were burned out of the railroad tracks, the rails were buckled and kinked like wire. Everything was swept clean to the tunnels' mouths.

After forty-eight hours in his hot dungeon, Chief Carpenter Lanning walked out, to find nineteen of his bridges burned in forty-eight miles of track. He went to work to replace them. With 500 men, working night and day, he labored. In eleven and one half days he rebuilt sixteen bridges, ranging from 360 to 775 feet in length, and from 16 to 120 feet high, every one of them standard, permanent bridges. It was one of the most stupendous achievements in the history of railroading.

Besides that, Lanning, alone, has to his credit 500 human lives. He hasn't much to say about it; only this: "An American owes that to his country and his kind."

Superintendent Marshall also deserves great credit. But for the unselfish risk of life by these two truly brave men, the death roll of the Bitter Root divide would have been appalling. Only those who could have struggled on foot into the tunnels could have survived. Few would have made it, in that suffocating smoke and blinding heat.

Nor was the heroic work of the rangers limited to the six hours during which the fire raged. On Sunday morning, August 21, four crews set to work cutting trails to injured men and taking them out on pack-horses. Of this rescue work, W. G. Weigle, of Wallace, forest supervisor of the Coeur d'Alene national forest, was the head, and through his unceasing toil and energy scores were saved from the list of the dead.

It was here in the Coeur d'Alene reserve, and in the Clearwater Reserve in western Montana that the fire spent its greatest force. In Wallace alone the loss was more than a million dollars. Wallace, by the way, is the home of Senator Heyburn. It seems like a visitation—the occurrence of this destructive fire in the territory represented by two senators—Heyburn, of Idaho, and Carter, of Montana—active in opposing appropriations for the protection of the national forest reserves. In Senator Heyburn's state more than two thousand people became refugees from the flames, flying for their lives to Spokane and other cities.

The men in the forestry service did all that men could do in this terrible emergency. They fought the fire, and they fought it well. It may be charged in time—hints are being made already—that there was incompetency shown in the management of this forest fire. This is not true. The inability to reach the first fires before they grew to importance is not the fault of the forest guards or supervisors. *They had to cut trails.*

As for the origin of those first fires, it is not likely that they were started by the enemies of the government's conservation policy, as was at first reported, although this theory has its supporters in the Northwest. Forest supervisors and rangers attribute the beginning of the various isolated fires, from which the widespread conflagration sprang, to lightning, in most cases. Unguarded fires of careless or ignorant hunters and campers may have started a blaze or two, but the forestry men do not place the blame there, for the forest guards watch campers and hunters in the national forests with the greatest care.

Final, and official, figures on the damage resulting from this fire cannot be given for many months. The following figures are not official, nor final. They are based on estimates made two weeks after the fire. Government officials in the forestry service in the burned district say this estimate is conservative, too low rather than too high.

Human lives lost (known)	81
Missing and unaccounted for	125
Number square miles burned	2,000
Market value of timber in forest	$100,000,000
Loss in young timber	50,000,000
Loss to railroads (burned district)	3,000,000
Loss to city of Wallace	1,000,000
To settlers and lumber companies	5,000,000
Cost of fighting fire	150,000
Loss in labor to communities burned	500,000,000
Total loss	$659,150,000

The heaviest item in the loss attendant upon this fire was wages which would have been paid for labor in getting the timber out of these vast forests. This work was steadily going on, the government making constant contracts and sales. Supervisor Weigle estimates that the loss in labor to the communities burned will amount to five hundred million dollars.

There will be some salvage. Where the fallen timber is accessible it will be sold, such as is fit for lumber. The white pine must be removed within two years, as it becomes useless after that time. Along the railroad lines the government will sell what the fire spared for less than half its original value. But the fallen trunks in remote places must rot upon the ground. There is not enough of this wood left to pay lumber companies for building roads to get it out.

Where the green forest lately stood there spreads now a scene of desolation. Blackened trunks, piled in the sport of that destructive fire-storm like straws, lie thick upon the steep mountainsides, or stand, stripped of limbs and bark—gaunt skeletons in a picture of death. Mile upon mile the tumbled hills roll away, without a sprig of green to ease the melancholy wreckage.

This cruel waste of national property and of human life lies a heavy shadow upon the door-steps of certain members of the Congress of the United States. It could have been prevented. Let the people get that fact by rote, and remember it in time to come. IT COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED. If the forest supervisors had been provided with the proper equipment, if money had been appropriated to make trails and buy tools, horses, supplies, and to engage a sufficient force of foresters, this fire would not have occurred. This national calamity is blamable to the petulance and vindictiveness of certain men.

It was not even upon the selfish footing of the tragedies and disregard of human woe in our industrial world—this great national tragedy—because there was not the incentive of individual gain behind it. It is all loss, dead, irretrievable loss, due to the pique, the bias, the bull-headedness of a knot of men who have sulked and planted their hulks in the way of appropriations for the protection and improvement of these national reserves.

The blame lies at their doors, at the doors of these paid servants of the people. They did it. And this indictment, subscribed to by the frenzied hands of burning men, sealed by the calcined, fire-cleaned skulls, is not to be buried away out of sight with the other indictments of them, and the rest of their sins. It will lie there exposed, bare and unanswerable, for years, a blackened, burned-up, useless, needless waste.

THE WOMEN OF TO-MORROW

By

WILLIAM HARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

IV

THE WASTERS

IT got talked around among Marie's friends that she didn't want children. This was considered very surprising, in view of all that her father and husband had done for her.

Here is what they had done for her:

They had removed from her life all need, and finally all desire, to make efforts and to accomplish results through struggle in defiance of difficulty and at the cost of pain.

Work and pain were the two things Marie was on no account to be exposed to. With this small but important reservation: she might work at avoiding pain.

When the cook had a headache she took Getting-Breakfast for it. When Marie had a headache she worked not at breakfast but at the headache.

It was a social ceremony of large proportions, with almost everybody among those present, from the doctor down through Mother and Auntie to Little Sister. The decorations, which were very elaborate, comprised, besides the usual tasteful arrangement of thermometers, eau-de-Karlsbad, smelling-salts bottles, cracked ice, and chocolate creams, a perfect shower of tourmaline roses, the odor of which, alone among all the vegetable odors in the world, had been found after long experimentation to be soothing to Marie on such occasions. It was not thought that Marie could vanquish a headache except after a plucky fight of at least one day's duration.

Actresses go on and do their turns day after day and night after night with hardly a miss. Marie's troubles were no more numerous than theirs. But they were much larger. Troubles are like gases. They expand to fill any void into which they are introduced. Marie's spread themselves through a vacuum as large as her life.

The making of that vacuum and the inserting of Marie into it cost her father and her husband prodigious toil and was a great pleasure to them. Marie belonged to the Leisure Class. Socially, she was therefore distinctly superior to her father and her husband.

President Thomas of Bryn Mawr had Marie in mind when she said:

"By the leisured class we mean in America the class whose men work harder than any other men in the excitement of professional and commercial rivalry, but whose women constitute the only leisured class we have and the most leisured class in the world."

Marie's father wasn't so very rich either. He was engaged in a business so vividly competitive that Marie's brother was hurried through college as fast as possible and brought into the game at twenty-two with every nerve stretched taut.

Nothing like that was expected of Marie. She was brought up to think that leisure was woman's natural estate. Work, for any girl, she regarded as an accident due to the unexpected and usually reprehensible collapse of the males of the poor girl's family.

This view of the matter gave Marie, *unconsciously to herself*, what morality she had. Hard drinking, "illegitimate" gambling, and excessive dissipations of all sorts are observed commonly to have a prejudicial effect on male efficiency and family prosperity. Against all "vices," therefore (although she didn't catch the "therefore"), Marie was a Moral Force of a million angel-power.

Aside from "vices," however, all kinds of conduct looked much alike to her. Ethics is the rules of the game, the decencies of the struggle for existence. Marie had no part in the struggle. She violated its decencies without being at all aware of it.

All the way, for instance, from stealing a place in the line in front of a box-office window ahead of ten persons who were there before her, up the tiny scale of petty aggressions within her narrow reach to the cool climax of spending three months every summer in a pine-wood mountain resort (thus depriving her city-bound husband of the personal companionship which was the one best thing she had to give him in return for what he gave her), she was as competent a little grafter as the town afforded.

But she was a perfectly logical one. Her family had trained her to deadhead her way through life and she did it. Finally she went beyond their expectations. They hadn't quite anticipated all of the sweetly undeviating inertia of her mind.

Nevertheless she was a nice girl. In fact, she was The Nice Girl. She was sweet-tempered, sweet-mannered, and sweet-spoken—a perfect dear. She never did a "bad" thing in her life. And she never ceased from her career of moral forcing. She wrote to her husband from her mountain fastness, warning him against high-balls in hot weather. She went twice a month during the winter to act as librarian for an evening at a settlement in a district which was inhabited by perfectly respectable working people but which, while she passed out the books, she sympathetically alluded to as a "slum."

It is hardly fair, however, to lay the whole explanation of Marie on her father, her husband, and herself.

A few years ago, in the churchyard of St. Philip's Church at Birmingham, they set up a tombstone which had fallen down, and they re-inscribed it in honor of the long-neglected memory of the man who had been resting beneath it for a century and a half. His name was Wyatt. John Wyatt. He had a good deal to do with making Marie what she was.

What toil, what tossing nights, what sweating days, what agonized wrenching of the imagination toward a still unreached idea, have gone into the making of leisure—for other people!

Wyatt strained toward, and touched, the idea which was the real start of modern leisure.

In the year 1733, coming from the cathedral town of Lichfield, where the Middle Ages still lingered, he set up, in a small building near Sutton Coldfields, a certain machine. That machine inaugurated, and forever symbolizes, the long and glorious series of mechanical triumphs which has made a large degree of leisure possible, not for a few thousand women, as was previously the case, but for millions and millions of them.

It was only about two feet square. But it accomplished a thing never before accomplished. It spun the first thread ever spun in the history of the world without the intervention of human fingers.

On that night woman lost her oldest and most significant title and function. The Spinster ceased to be.

The mistress and her maid, spinning together in the Hall, their fingers drawing the roving from the distaff and stretching it out as the spindle twisted it, were finally on the point of separating forever.

We all see what Wyatt's machine did to the maids. We all understand that when he started his mill at Birmingham and hired his working force of *ten girls*, he prophesied the factory "slum."

We do not yet realize what he did to the mistresses, how he utterly changed their character and how he marvelously increased their number.

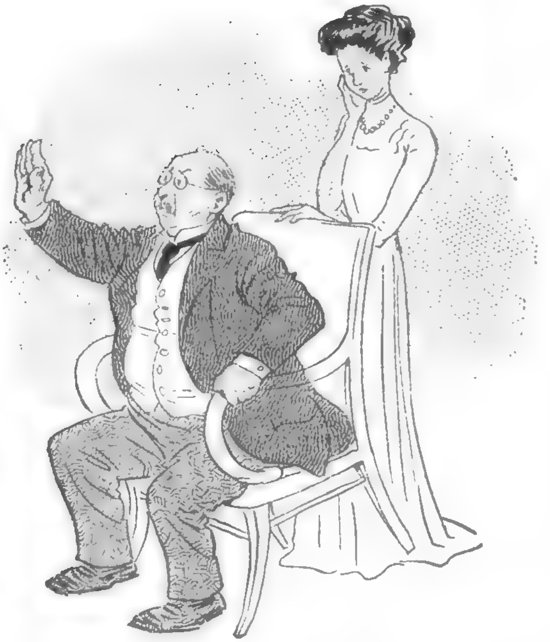
But look! His machine, with the countless machines which followed it, in the spinning industry and in all other industries, made it possible to organize masses of individuals into industrial regiments which required captains and majors and colonels and generals. It created the need of leadership, of *multitudinous* leadership. And with leadership came the rewards of leadership. And the wives and daughters of the leaders (a race of men previously, by comparison, nonexistent) arose in thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions to live in leisure and semi-leisure on the fruits of the new system.

While the maids went to the "slums," the mistresses went to the suburbs.

Looking at it in that way, one sometimes doesn't feel so sorry for the maids.

What did Wyatt get out of it? Imprisonment for debt and the buzz of antiquarians above his rotted corpse.

Wyatt and his equally humble successors in genius, Hargreaves and Crompton, artisans! Where in history shall we find men the world took more from, gave less to?



WORK? FOR MARIE? FOR MY DAUGHTER? SHOCKING!

To Hargreaves, inventing the spinning-jenny, a mob and a flight from Lancashire, a wrecked machine and a sacked house! To Crompton, inventing the spinning-mule (which, in simulating, surpassed the delicate pulling motion of the spinster's arm)—to Crompton, poverty so complete that the mule, patient bearer of innumerable fortunes to investors, was surrendered to them unpatented, while its maker retired to his "Hall-in-the-Wood" and his workman wages!

Little did Wyatt and Hargreaves and Crompton eat of the bread of idleness they built the oven for.

But Arkwright! There was the man who foreshadowed, in his own career, the new aristocracy about to be evoked by the new machinery. He made spinning devices of his own. He used everybody else's devices. He patented them all. He lied in the patents. He sued infringers of them. He overlooked his defeats in the courts. He bit and gouged and endured and invented and organized till, from being a barber and dealing in hair-dyes and bargaining for the curls of pretty girls at country fairs, he ended up Sir Richard Arkwright and—last perfect touch in a fighting career—was building a church when he died.

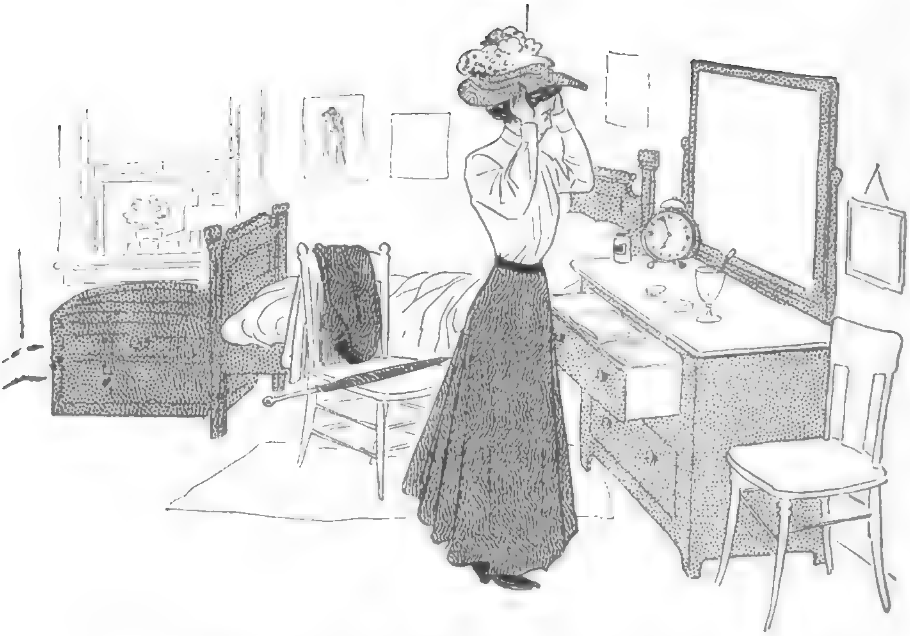
And his son was England's richest commoner.

It was the dawn of the day of common richness.

The new aristocracy was as hospitably large as the old aristocracy had been sternly small. Before Wyatt, leisure had been the thinnest of exhalations along the very top of society. Since Wyatt, it has got diffused in greater and greater density through at least the upper third of it. And for all that magical extension of free time, wrested from the ceaseless toil with which God cursed Adam, we stand indebted (and so recently!) to the machinery *set* going by that spontaneous explosion of artisan genius in England only a hundred and fifty years ago, *kept* going (and faster and faster) by the labor of men, women, and children behind factory windows, the world over, to-day.

Marie's view of the situation, however, is the usual one. We are billions of miles from really realizing that leisure is produced by somebody's work, that just "Being a Good Woman" or "Being a Decent Fellow" is so far from being an adequate return for the toil of other people that it is just exactly no return at all. We are billions of miles from admitting that the virtuous parasite is just as much a parasite as the vicious parasite:—that the former differs from the latter in the use of the money but not at all in the matter of getting it in return for nothing.

To get something for nothing is the fundamental immorality in the world. But we don't believe it. There will be a revolution before we get it into our heads that trying to trade a sweet disposition or an intelligent appreciation of opera or a proficiency at amateur tennis for three meals a day is a fraud.



TO CURE A HEADACHE—WORKING-GIRL THERAPY: TAKE A GOOD JOB AND STIR IT CONSTANTLY FROM BREAKFAST TO SUPPER.

Marie didn't mean to commit a fraud. She just dropped a sentimental, non-negotiable plugged nickel into the slot-machine of life and drew out a motor car and a country place, and was innocently pleased. Such a wonderful slot-machine! She never saw the laboring multitudes behind it, past and present multitudes, dead fingers, living fingers, big men's fingers, little children's fingers, pulling the strings, delivering the prizes, laying aside the plugged nickel in the treasury of a remote revenge.

Perhaps the reason why she didn't catch on to the fact that, instead of being the world's creditor, she was really inhabiting an almshouse was that she was so busy.

You see, she not only did things all the time but she had to find and invent them to do. Her life, even before she was married, was much more difficult than her brother's, who simply got up in the morning and took the same old 7:42 to the same old office.

When he wanted clothes he went to the nearest decent tailor.

No such cinch for Marie. Her tailor lived in Sutherton, on the directly opposite side of the city from the suburb in which Marie lived. Just to get to that tailor's cost Marie an hour and a half of effort. She had got up early, but by the time the tailor had stuck the world's visible supply of pins into the lines of her new coat, most of the forenoon had been arduously occupied.

Of course many forenoons had to be thus occupied. Never forget it! The modish adaptation of woven fabrics to the female contour becomes increasingly complex and minute and exacting and time-occupying in precise proportion as the amount of time increases for which occupation must be devised.

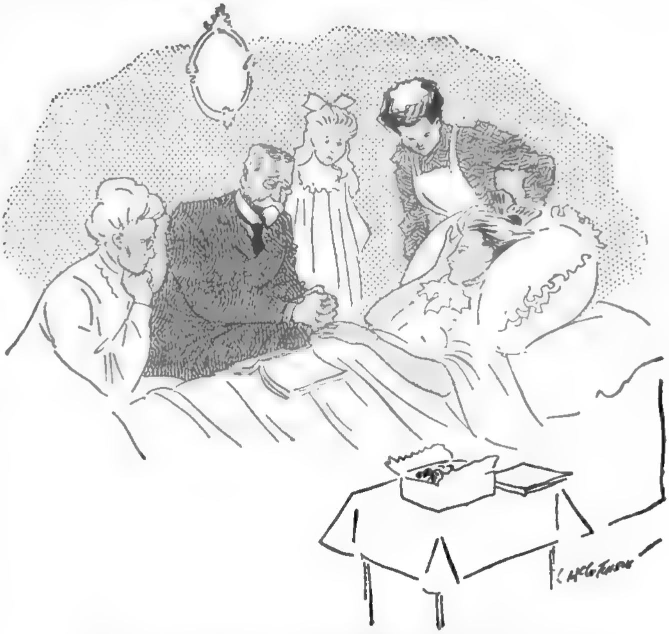
Besides, it gives employment to the tailors.

This is the really meritorious function of the leisure class. It gives employment. And every extension of its tastes and needs gives more employment. Marie and her friends greatly increased the number and prosperity of tailors and milliners and candy-dippers and perfume-manufacturers and manicurists and hair-dressers and plumed-bird hunters and florists and cab-drivers and Irish lace-makers and Chinese silkworm tenders and violet-and-orris sachet-powder makers and matinée heroes and French nuns who embroider underwear and fur-traders and pearl-divers and other deserving persons, not forgetting the multitudes of Turks who must make nougat or perish.

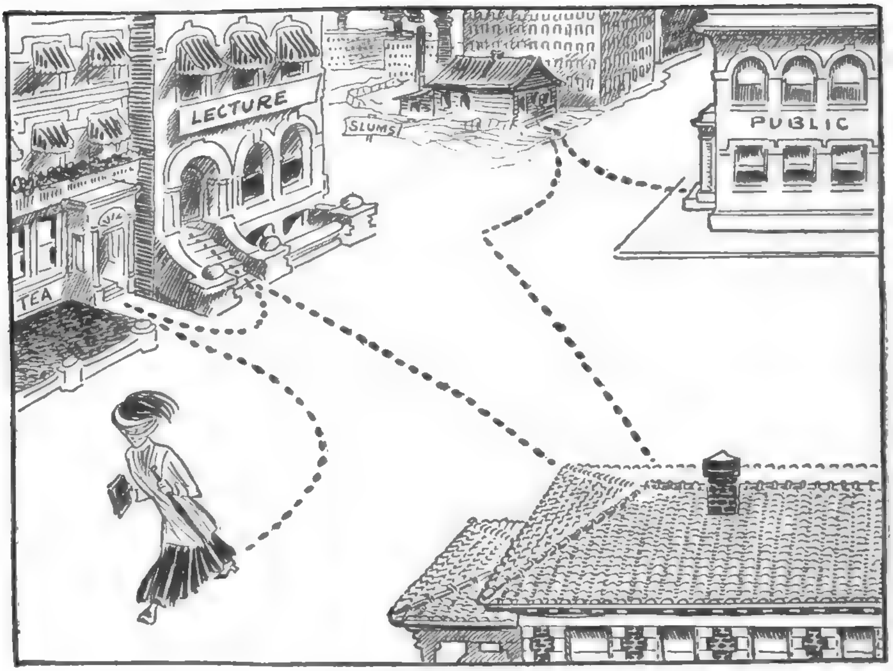
In fact, Marie and her friends, in the course of a year, gave as much employment as a fair-sized earthquake. That is, in the course of a year, they destroyed, without return, a large amount of wealth and set many people to work replacing it. If we had a large enough leisure class we should have no need of fires and railroad wrecks and the other valuable events which increase our prosperity by consuming it.

Marie belonged to the real Consumers' League. And she consumed prettily and virtuously. It wasn't bad air that suffocated her soul. It was no air.

She thought she was breathing, however, and breathing fast. Why, it was half-past eleven before she got back down-town from her tailor, and she bought a wedding present till one, and she was just famished and ran to a tea-room, but she had hardly touched a mouthful when she remembered there was a girl from out of town who had come in to spend a month doing nothing and had to be helped, but though she rushed to the 'phone she couldn't get her friend before it was time to catch her suburban train home; in order to do which she jumped into the station 'bus, only to remember she had forgotten to buy a ribbon for her Siamese costume for the Benefit Ball; but it was too late now and she spent her time, going out on the train, trying to think of some way of getting along without it, and her head began to ache; but luckily she met some of the girls on her way from the station to her high-school sorority alumnæ reunion and they began to tell her how to do it; but she had to hurry away because she had promised to go to the house of one of the girls and do stencil patterns, which started to be beautiful, but before she could get any of them really done she recollected that Chunk Brown had sent over a bunch of new songs and was coming to call to-night and she had to scoot home and practice "June time is moon time and tune time and spoon time," as well as "The grass is blue o'er little Sue" till there was just one hour left before dinner and she was perfectly crazy over the new "do" which one of the girls had showed her and she rushed upstairs and went at that do and by dinner time she had got it almost right, so that Father told her always to do her hair like that and Brother wished he had it down at the factory to replace a broken dynamo brush, while as for Chunk, he was nicer than ever till he learned he had to take her to a rehearsal of the Siamese Group for the Benefit Ball: so that, what with having to coax him to go and what with changing into her costume, she got to the rehearsal so tired she couldn't stand up to go through the figures till she caught sight of the celebrated esthete, the Swami Ram Chandra Gunga Din, who was there to hand out the right slants about oriental effects and who had persuaded Marie there was great consolation to be found in realizing that life is a spiral and that therefore you can't make progress straight up but must go round and round through rhythmic alternations of joy and sorrow, which caused Chunk to relapse again from his attentiveness but which pleased Marie greatly because she was always unhappy in between two periods of happiness and therefore felt she was getting



TO CURE A HEADACHE—SHIRKING-GIRL THERAPY: TAKE A DOCTOR, A FAMILY, A NICE BRIGHT DAY, AND A BOX OF CHOCOLATES: USE THEM ALL UP.



MARIE IDLE ?——

along the spiral and into Culture pretty well, till it was eleven o'clock and she waked Chunk up out of a chair in the hall and made him take her home; and he said the Swami was a *very clever* man and she said American men had no culture and didn't understand women, and Chunk didn't even say good-night to her, and she went to sleep crying, and remembering she hadn't after all learned from the girls how to get along without that ribbon in her costume and she must get up early and buy it, which made her utter one final little plaintive sniffle of vexation.

It was a nice child's life, full of small things which looked big, uncorrected in its view of Love, Culture, Charity, or anything else by any carrying of the burdens, enduring of the shocks, or thrilling to the triumphs, of a really adult life. Her brother, when he went to work, was her junior. In five years he was much her senior. (You may verify this by observations among your own acquaintances.) Marie was not a minute older now than when she left school. Talking to her at twenty-six was exactly the same experience as talking to her at twenty-one. That was what the world, from John Wyatt to her father, had done for her.

From such a life there are necessarily revulsions. The empty leisure of the Nice Girl is quite successfully total waste. But it becomes intolerable to that waster who, though not desiring genuine occupation, desires genuine sensation.

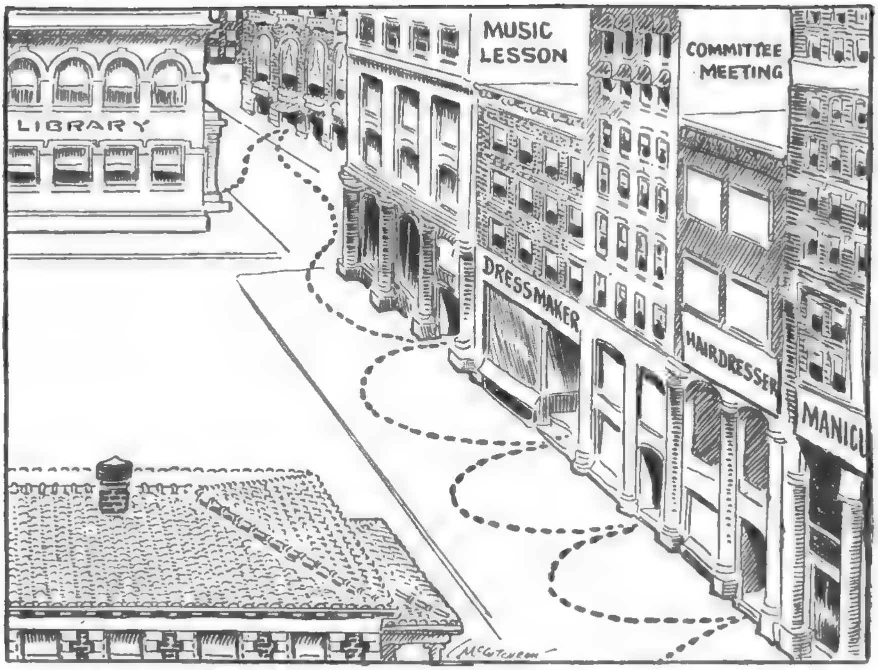
Hence smart sets.

Every social group in which there is much leisure has its own smart set. There may be a million dollars a year to spend. There may be only a few thousands. But there is always a smart set.

How suddenly its smartness may follow its leisure, how accurately its plunge into luxury may duplicate the suddenness of modern luxury itself, you may observe with your own eyes almost anywhere.

You see a little crowd of women come into the Mandarin Tea Room of the St. Du-Barry in Novellapolis in the fresh West. When they remove their automobile veils you see that they were once, and very recently, the nicest sort of members of the sewing circle and the W. C. T. U. of Lone Tree Crossing.

When the waiter comes along with their cocktails and they begin to sip them out of their tea-cups, you wake up with a jerk to realize that it's half-past three



——ONE SHOULD SAY NOT.

in the afternoon and the evening has begun.

How rapid it all is!

There's Margaret Simpson. A few years ago you might have seen her pumping the water for Jim's breakfast, cleaning the lamps, and picking bugs off the potato vines.

Jim came to town. He struck it poor. Then he struck it rich. He owns a bunch of moving-picture places. He manufactures a patented bottle-stopper. He's a pavement contractor. His wife has just as much leisure as any duchess.

The duchess has her individual estate and resources, which make it possible for her to lead an almost complete social life within her own walls. But never mind! Margaret has the Down-town District, coöperatively owned, coöperatively maintained, magnificently equipped with bright boudoirs in the rest-rooms of the department stores, with wonderful conservatories where one may enter and gaze and pay no more attention to the florist than to one's own gardener, with sumptuous drawing-rooms, like the Purple Parlor of the St. DuBarry, with body-servants in the beauty-shops, with coachmen on the taxi-cabs, with seclusion in the Ladies' Department of the Novellapolis Athletic Club—an infinitely resourceful estate, which Margaret knows as intimately as the duchess knows hers.

This morning she hunted down a new reduction plant on the eighteenth floor of the Beauty Block and weighed in at 185 on the white enamel scales, and after an hour of Thermo-Vibro-Magneto-Magenta-Edison-Company-light-therapy weighed out at 182–6.

At luncheon she ate only purée of tomatoes, creamed chicken-and-sweetbreads, Boston brown bread and butter, orange punch and Lady Baltimore cake, severely cutting out the potatoes.

After luncheon she spent an hour in a tiny room which had mirrors all around it and a maid (as trim and French-accented as any maid any duchess could have) and a couple of fitters and a head fitter. It ended up with: "Do you mean to tell me that after all the reducing and dieting I've been doing I can't wear under a twenty-seven? It's ridiculous. I tell you what. Measure me for a made-to-order. These stock sizes all run large. If it's made-to-order I can wear a twenty-six as easy as anybody."

Then she met up with her friends at the St. DuBarry.

You watch the waiter bring another round of drinks and you perceive that the evening is well under way and that the peak of the twenty-four hours is being disputatiously approached.

It appears that Perinique's is a swell place to dine, but that the cheese is bad. The cheese is good right here at the St. DuBarry, but they don't know how to toast the biscuits. At the Grünewurst the waiters are poor. At Max's the soup is always cold. The mural decorations at the Prince Eitel are so gloomy they give you a chill.

Despair settles down on the scene. There seems to be no likelihood that there will be any dinner at all anywhere. A ray of light penetrates with the inquiry whether you saw the way Jim looked at Dora last night. If *I* was you, Margaret, and *my* husband looked at Dora like that, *I*— . . . No wonder Dora's husband divorced her. . . . The trouble with Margaret is she's too good to Jim. If she had any sense she could make him so jealous he'd stand on his head for her. . . . Why don't you tell Ned to cut in there and pay a little attention to Marge? . . . Oh, Ned's no good. . . . Well, I'll tell *my husband*— . . . Don't you do it: I started my husband once on a thing like that and he— . . . That's right. Ned's not married. Let him do it. . . . Somebody ought to. . . . Call Ned on the 'phone. . . . We'll eat at the Royal Gorge and I'll put 'em side by side. . . . *I'll* sit next to Jim and point it out to him. . . . Say, Marge, it's a good thing you've got on your white broadcloth and those willow plumes. . . . You can get 'em at Delatour's now for twenty-five dollars. . . . Say, I called Ned on the 'phone and what do you think? He's got an engagement for to-night. . . . Say, here's Dora now.

Dora: "Got to sweep right along. Goin' to buzz out to the Inland Inn for dinner with Ned."

Talk of nerve!

Exit Dora.

Enter Stern Moralist. Points gaunt finger at ex-members of Lone Tree Crossing Sewing Circle. Says: "Back to your kitchens, women, and get supper for your husbands."

Onlookers: "Great!"

Enter husbands, about to dine with the women right there, or at some other place where dinner is cooked and ready.

Stern Moralist turns to husbands. Does he? Why not?

Stern Moralist: "Back to the woodshed and chop the kindling for your wife to get supper with."

Onlookers: "Police! Arrest that man! He's crazy."

Stern Moralist, being propelled down corridor: "Well, if the way to restore women to womanliness is to make them do drudgery which they can hire somebody else to do, why isn't——"

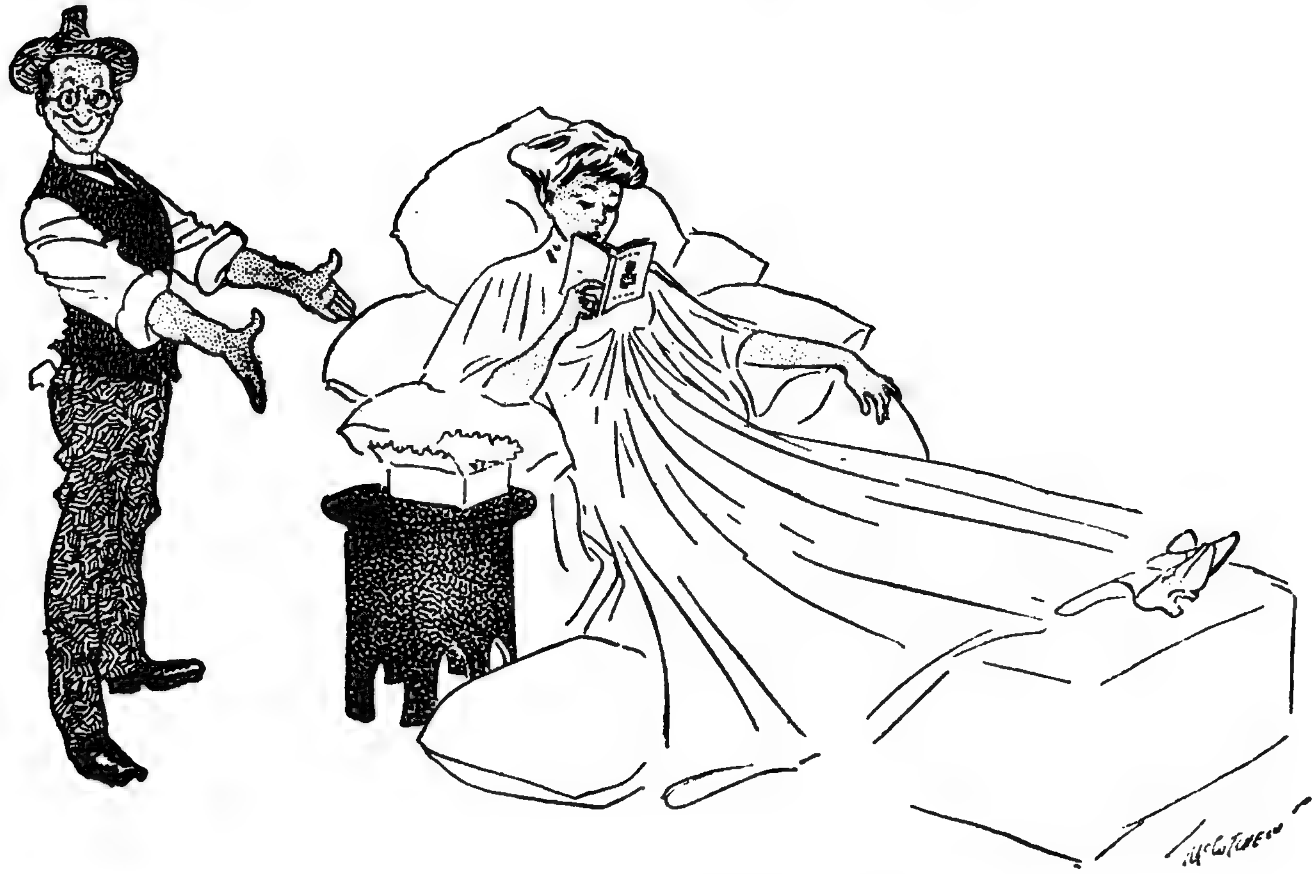
His voice dies away.

Jim asks where Dora is. Loud chorus tells him. Details of Dora's divorce begin to fly about. Harry orders a round of drinks. Somebody praises the drawn butter sauce at the Suddington. This is met with the merits of the pineapple parfait at the La Fontaine. Jim thinks Dora's divorce was her husband's fault. Margaret gets up and goes back to the Purple Parlor and cries. Bessie begins to tell Jim how attentive Ned is to Margaret. This is so helpful that Jim gets up to find Margaret and tell her what he thinks of her. Finds her crying and thinks she is crying because Ned is away with Dora. Terrible row in Purple Parlor. Bessie starts in to explain. Everybody stands about in couples explaining. Waiter runs around trying to find gen'l'man to pay for undrunk drinks. Poor Frank, being the only member of the party who hasn't been drinking, is so sober that he pays. He finally corrals the whole crowd into a couple of taxi-cabs. They go down the street with everybody's head out of the cab-window and everybody's voice saying "The Suddington," "The Grünewurst," "Max's," "The Royal Gorge," "Perinique's."

The revulsion from empty leisure in the direction of full-every-night leisure is balanced to some extent by a revulsion toward activity of a useful sort. This latter revulsion has two phases: Economic Independence, which has been spoken of in former articles; Social Service and Citizenship, which will be spoken of next month.

Which one of these two revulsions will be the stronger? If it is the one toward useful activity, we shall see a dam erected against the current which, in carrying women out of the struggle for existence, carries them out of the world's mental strife. If it is the one toward frivolity, we shall see simply an acceleration of that current and a quicker and larger departure from all those habits of toil and service which produce power and character.

With marriage, of course, Marie had a certain opportunity to get back into life. She had before her at least fifteen years of real work. And it would have been work of the realest sort. Effort—to and beyond all other effort! The carrying of new life in fear, the delivery of it in torture, the nourishing of it in relinquishment of all the world's worldliness, the watching over it in sleeplessness, the healing of its sickness in heart-sickness, the bringing of it, with its body strong, its mind matured, up into the world of adults, up into the struggle for existence! What a work!



SEE THE PROUD HUSBAND. HE DID IT ALL HIMSELF.

But what a preparation for it had Marie!

She flinched from it. The inertia of her mind carried her to the ultimate logic of her life. Along about the time of her marriage she began to cease to be the typical normal girl of her type.

She became a woman of the future—*of her type.*

From the facts of modern idleness the positive character reacts toward new-found activity: toward an enormous, never-before-witnessed expenditure of intelligent care on children; toward self-support; toward civic service. The character which is neither positive nor negative runs along as a neutral mixture of modern facts and of old ideals, of casual idling and of casual child-rearing. The negative character—like Marie's—just yields to the facts and is swept along by them into final irresponsibility and inutility.

Marie wasn't negative enough—she wasn't positive enough in her negativeness—to plunge into dissipation. It wasn't in her nature to do any plunging of any kind. Good, safe, motionless sponging was her instinct. And she will die in the odor of tubbed and scrubbed respectability. And if you knew her you would like her very much. She is charming.

When she and Chunk were married, they went to live in an apartment appropriate to a rising young man, and Marie's job was on all occasions to look as appropriate as the apartment.

No shallow cynicism, this! Just plain, bald truth without any wig on it. The only thing that you could put your finger on that Marie really did was so to wear clothes and so to give parties as to be the barometer of her husband's prosperity. And in every city you can see lots of such barometers giving themselves an artificially high reading in order to create that "atmosphere" of success which is a recognized commercial asset.

Chunk was hugely pleased with Marie. She looked good at the dinner-table in the café of their apartment building. She knew how to order the right dishes when they entertained and dined down-town. She made it possible for him to return deftly and engagingly the social attentions of older people. She completed the "front" of his life, and he not only supported her but, as Miss Salmon, of Vassar, flippantly and seriously says, he "sported" her as he might a diamond shirt stud.

No struggle in Marie's life so far! No *having* to swim in the cold water of daily enforced duty or else sink. *No being accustomed to the disagreeable feel of that water.*

She had missed work. That was nothing. She had missed being *hardened* to work. That was everything.

The first demand ever made on her for really disagreeable effort came when Chunk, in order to get a new factory going, had to move for a while to Junction City. When Marie bitterly and furiously objected, Chunk was severely astonished. Why, he had to go! It was necessary. But there had been no necessity in Marie's experience. They became quarrelsome about it. Then stubborn. Marie talked about her mother and her friends and how she loved them (which was true) and stayed.

For two years she inhabited Chunk's flat in the city and lived on Chunk's monthly check.

She and Chunk were married. Chunk was to support her. Her father used to support her. Her job then was being nice. That was her job now. And she *was* nice. And she was still supported. Perfectly logical.

For two years, neither really daughter now nor really wife, not being obliged any longer even to make suggestions to her mother about what to have for dinner, not being obliged any longer even to think out the parties for Chunk's business friends, she did nothing but become more and more firmly fixed in her inertia, in her incapacity for hardship, in her horror of pain.

When Chunk came back from Junction City and was really convinced that she didn't want children he was not merely astonished. He thought the world had capsized.

In a way he was right. The world is turning round and over and back to that one previous historical era when the aversion to childbearing was widespread.

Once, just once, before our time, there was a modern world. Once, just once, though not on the scale we know it, there was, before us, a diffusion of leisure.

The causes were similar.

The Romans conquered the world by military force, just as we have conquered it by mechanical invention. They lived on the plunder of despoiled peoples just as we live on the products of exploited continents. They had slaves in multitudes just as we have machines in masses. Because of the slaves, there were hundreds of thousands of their women, in the times of the Empire, who had only denatured housekeeping to do, just as to-day there are millions of our women who, because of machines, have only that kind of housekeeping to do. Along with leisure and semi-leisure, they acquired its consequences, just as we have acquired them. And the sermons of Augustus Cæsar, first hero of their completed modernity, against childlessness are perfect precedents for those of Theodore Roosevelt, first hero of ours.

Augustus, however, addressed himself mainly to the men, who entered into marriage late, or did not enter into it at all, for reasons identical with ours:—the increased competitiveness of the modern life and the decreased usefulness of the modern wife. It was the satirists who addressed themselves particularly to the women. And their tirades against idleness, frivolity, luxury, dissipation, divorce, and aversion to childbearing leave nothing to be desired, in comparison with modern efforts, for effectiveness in rhetoric—or for ineffectiveness in result.

Now it could not have been the woman who desires economic independence through self-support who was responsible for the ultimate aversion to childbearing in the Roman world—for she did not exist. It could not have been the woman who desires full citizenship—for *she* did not exist. What economic power and what political power the Roman Empire woman desired and achieved was parasitic—the economic power which comes from the inheritance of estates, the political power which comes from the exercise of sexual charm.

The one essential difference between the women of that ancient modern world and the women of this contemporary modern world is in the emergence, along with really democratic ideals, of the agitation for equal economic and political opportunity.

The other kind of New Woman, the woman brought up throughout her girlhood in a home in which there is no adequate employment for her; trained to no tasks, or, at any rate, to tasks (like dusting the dining-room and counting the laundry) so petty, so ridiculously irrelevant that her great-grandmother did them in the intervals of her real work; going then into marriage with none of the discipline of habitual encounter with inescapable toil; taken by her husband not to share his struggle but his prosperity—that sort of New Woman they had, just as we have her, in smaller number, it is true, but in identical character.

They tell us it was "luxury" that ruined the Romans. But was luxury the *start?* Wasn't it only the means to the *finish?*

Eating a grouse destroys, in itself, no more moral fiber than eating a ham sandwich. Bismarck, whether he slept on eiderdown or on straw, arose Bismarck.

The person who has a job and who does it is very considerably immunized against the consequences of luxury. First, because he is giving a return for it. Second, because he hasn't much time for it.

On the other hand, we see the hobo who won't work ruining himself on the luxury of stable-floors and of free-lunch counters, just as thoroughly as any nobleman who won't work can ever ruin himself on the luxury of castles and game preserves.

It is clearly the habitual enjoyment of either grouse or ham sandwiches, of either eiderdown or straw, *without service rendered and without fatigue endured*, that ultimately desiccates the moral character and drains it of all capacity for effort.

Marie was as reasonable a proposition as that two and two make four.

She had given her early, plastic, formative years to acquiring the *habit* of effortless enjoyment, and when the time for making an effort came, the effort just wasn't in her.

Her complete withdrawal from the struggle for existence had at last, in her negative, non-resistive mind, atrophied all the instincts of that struggle, including finally the instinct for reproduction.

The instinct for reproduction is intricately involved in the struggle for existence. The individual struggles for perpetuation, for perpetuation in person, for perpetuation in posterity. Work, the perpetuation of one's own life in strain and pain; work, the clinging to existence in spite of its blows; work, the inuring of the individual to the penalties of existence, is linked psychologically to the power and desire for continued racial life. The individual, the class, which struggles no more will in the end reproduce itself no more. In not having had to conquer life, it has lost its will to live.

The detailed daily reasons for this ultimate social law stand clear in Marie's life. And remember what sort of woman she was. The woman who is coerced by external, authoritative ideals will bear children even when the wish to bear them is really absent. She will bear them without thinking. She will bear them because she has never thought that anything else was possible. But Marie (and this means millions of women throughout the modern world) was free, wonderfully, unparalleledly free.

She was free, though a leisured woman, from the requirement of an heir for a great family estate. She was free from the dictates of historic Christianity about conjugal duty and unrestricted reproduction. She was free from the old uncomplaining compliance with a husband's will.

Modern life had done all this for her. She was uncoerced by family authority, ecclesiastical authority, or marital authority. She was limitlessly free, limitlessly irresponsible, a creature of infinite opportunities and no duties.

All social coercion toward childbearing having been withdrawn from her, the only guide she had left (and it would have been her best one) was instinct and impulse.

But with the cessation from struggle, with the cessation from effort and from fatigue and from discipline, and from the sorrow of pain that brings the joy of accomplishment, that instinct and impulse had disappeared. With the petrifaction of its soil, it had withered away.

She had been sedulously trained to sterility.

Nevertheless, when it got talked around among her friends that she didn't want children, everybody thought it very surprising, in view of all that had been done for her.

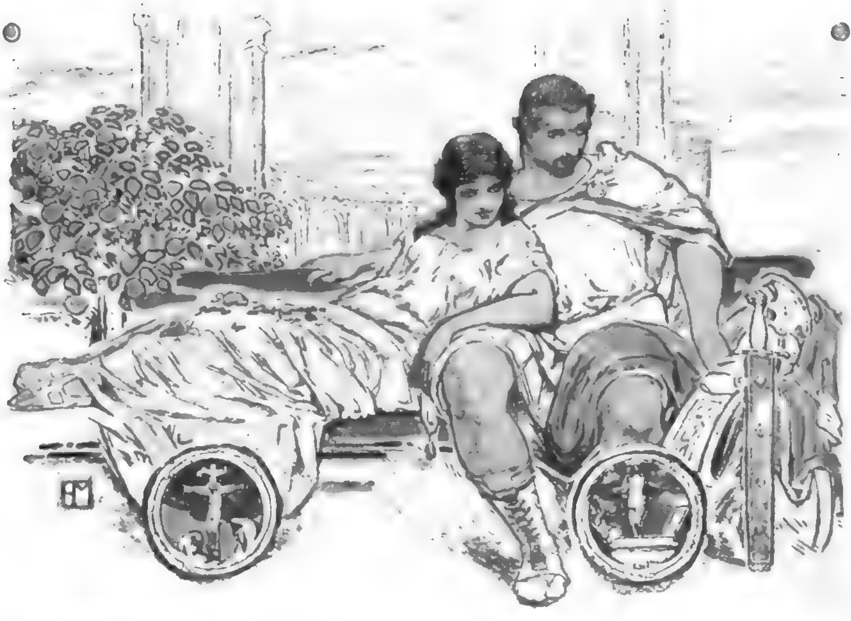
In the January number Mr. Hard will discuss "**The Women of To-morrow**" in "**Civic Service.**"

THE WATCHMAN

"And for fear of him the keepers did
shake, and became as dead men."
Matthew xxviii. 4.

BY L.M.MONTGOMERY

DRAWN BY HENRY McCARTER

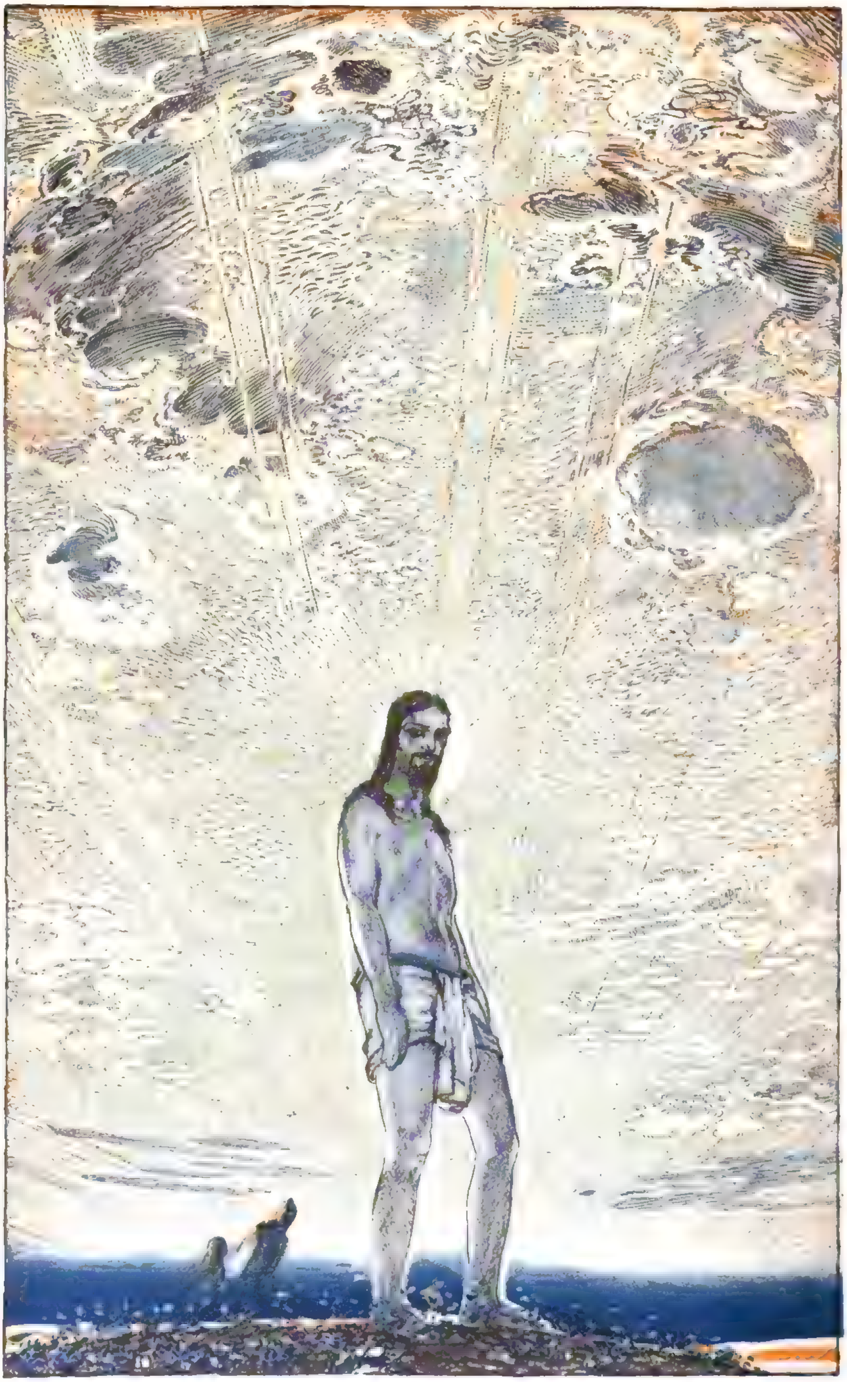


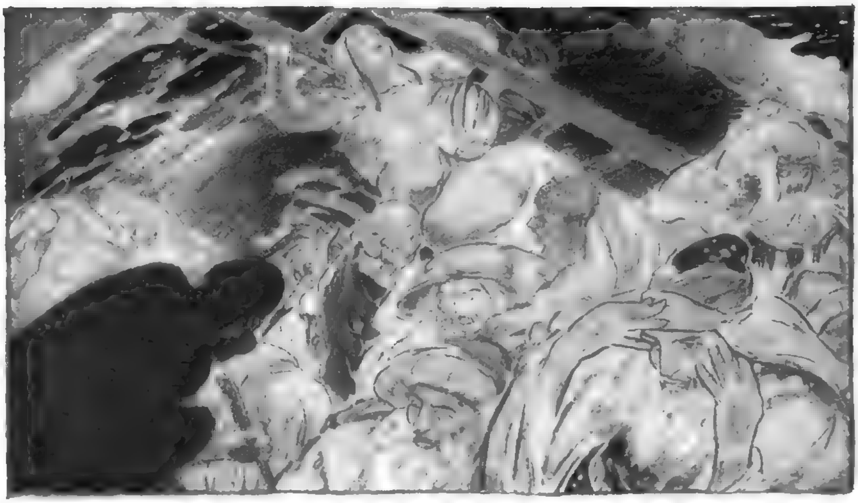
MY Claudia, it is long since we have met,
So kissed, so held each other heart to heart!
I thought to greet thee as a conqueror comes,
Bearing the trophies of his prowess home.
But Jove hath willed it should be otherwise—
Jove, say I? Nay, some mightier, stranger god,
Who thus hath laid his heavy hand on me,
No victor, Claudia, but a broken man
Who seeks to hide his weakness in thy love.

HOW beautiful thou art! The years have brought
An added splendor to thy loveliness,
With passion of dark eye and lip rose-red,
Struggling between its dimple and its pride.
And yet there is somewhat that glooms between
Thy love and mine; come, girdle me about
With thy true arms, and pillow on thy breast
This aching and bewildered head of mine;
Here, where the fountain glitters in the sun
Among the saffron lilies I will tell—
If so that words will answer my desire—
The shameful fate that hath befallen me.

DOWN in Jerusalem they slew a man,
Or god . . . it may be that he was a god . . .
Those mad, wild Jews whom Pontius Pilate rules.
Thou knowest Pilate, Claudia—a vain man,
Too weak to govern such a howling horde
As those same Jews. This man they crucified.
I knew naught of him—never heard his name
Until the day they dragged him to his death;
Then all tongues wagged about him and his deeds;
Some said that he had claimed to be their king,
Some that he had blasphemed their deity.
'Twas certain he was poor and meanly born,
No warrior he, nor hero; and he taught
Doctrines that surely would upset the world;
And so they killed him to be rid of him.
Wise, very wise, if he were only man,
Not quite so wise if he were half a god!

I KNOW that strange things happened when he died . . .
There was a darkness and an agony,
And some were vastly frightened—not so I!
What cared I if that mob of reeking Jews
Had brought a nameless curse upon their heads?
I had no part in that bloodguiltiness.
At least he died; and some few friends of his
Took him and laid him in a garden tomb.
A watch was set about the sepulchre,
Lest these, his friends, should hide him and proclaim
That he had risen as he had foretold.
Laugh not, my Claudia. *I* laughed when I heard
The prophecy; I would I had not laughed!

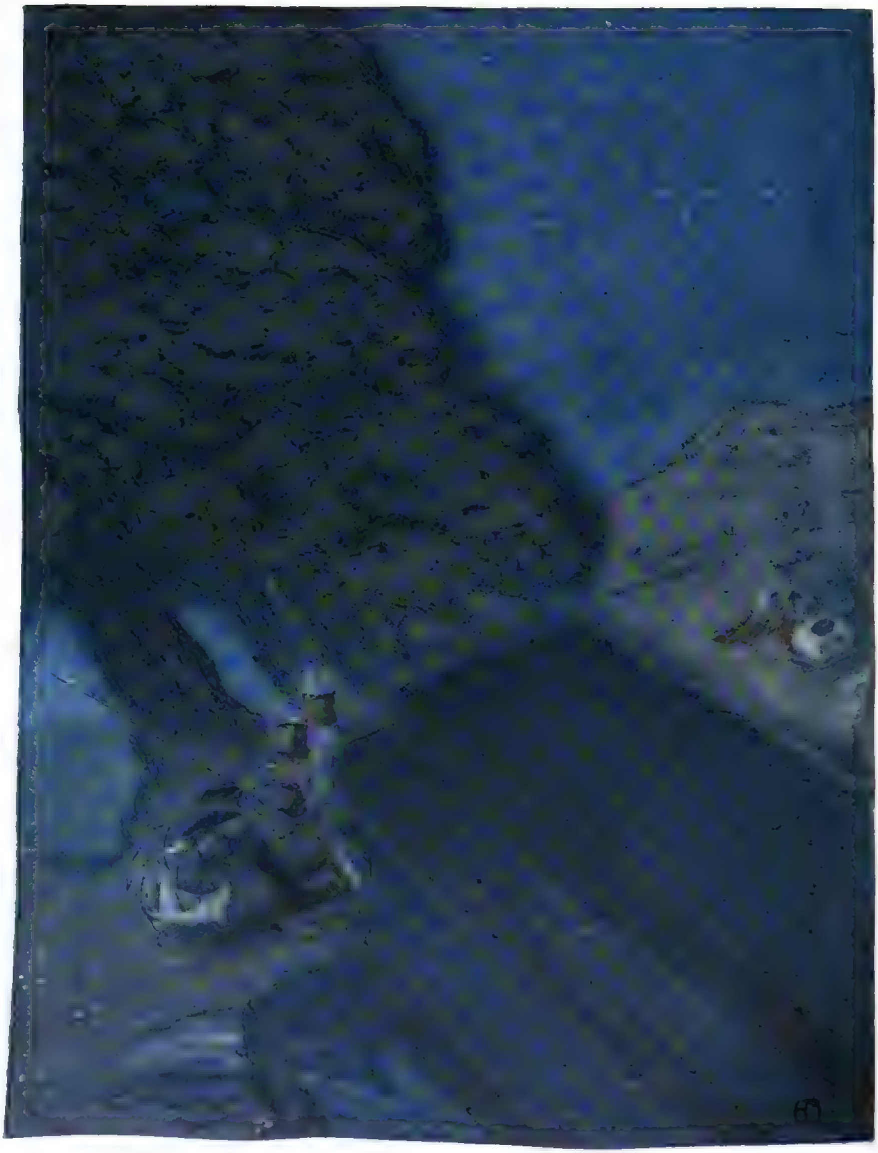




I Maximus, was chosen for the guard,
With all my trusty fellows. Pilate knew
I was a man who had no foolish heart
Of softness all unworthy of a man!
I was a soldier who had slain my foes;
My eyes had looked upon a tortured slave
As on a beetle crushed beneath my tread;
I gloried in the splendid strife of war,
Lusting for conquest; I had won the praise
Of our stern general on a scarlet field,
Red in my veins the warrior passion ran,
For I had sprung from heroes, Roman born!

That second night we watched before the tomb;
My men were merry; on the velvet turf,
Bestarred with early blossoms of the spring,
They diced with jest and laughter; all around
The moonlight washed us like a silver lake,
Save where that silent, sealèd sepulchre
Was hung with shadow as a purple pall.
A faint wind stirred among the olive boughs . . .
Methinks I hear the sighing of that wind
In all sounds since, it was so dumbly sad;
But as the night wore on it died away,
And all was deadly stillness; Claudia,
That stillness was most awful, as if some
Great heart had broken and so ceased to beat!
I thought of many things, but found no joy
In any thought, even the thought of thee;
The moon waned in the west and sickly grew,
Her light sucked from her in the breaking dawn . . .
Never was dawn so welcome as that pale,
Faint glimmer in the cloudless, brooding sky!

CLAUDIA, how may I tell what came to pass?
I have been mocked at, when I told the tale,
For a crazed dreamer punished by the gods
Because he slept on guard; but mock not *thou!*
I could not bear it if thy lips should mock
The vision dread of that Judean morn.

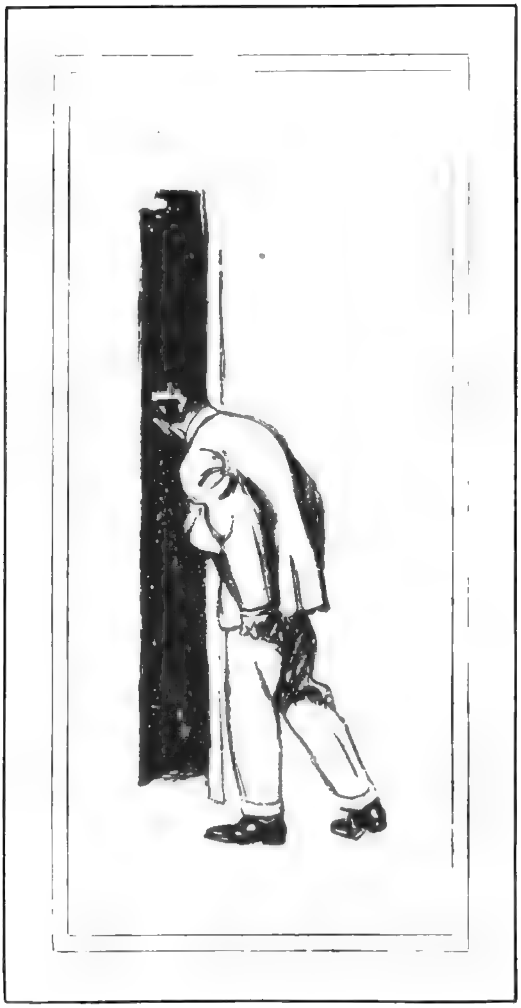


SUDDEN the pallid east was all aflame
With radiance that beat upon our eyes
As from the noonday sun; and then we saw
Two shapes that were as the immortal gods
Standing before the tomb; around me fell
My men as dead; but I, though through my veins
Ran a cold tremor never known before,
Withstood the shock and saw one shining shape
Roll back the stone; the whole world seemed ablaze,
And through the garden came a rushing wind
Thundering a pæan as of victory.
Then that dead man came forth . . . oh, Claudia,
If thou couldst but have seen the face of him!
Never was such a conqueror! Yet no pride
Was in it . . . naught but love and tenderness,
Such as we Romans scoff at, and his eyes
Bespake him royal. Oh, my Claudia,
Surely he was no Jew but very god!

THEN he looked full upon me; I had borne
Much staunchly, but that look I could not bear!
What man may front a god and live? I fell
Prone, as if stricken by a thunderbolt;
And though I died not, somewhat of me died
That made me man; when my long stupor passed
I was no longer Maximus . . . I was
A weakling with a piteous woman soul,
All strength and pride, joy and ambition gone!
My Claudia, dare I tell thee what foul curse
Is mine because I looked upon a god?

* * *

I CARE no more for glory; all desire
For honor and for strife is gone from me,
All eagerness for war. I only care
To help and save bruised beings, and to give
Some comfort to the weak and suffering;
I cannot even hate those Jews; my lips
Speak harshly of them, but within my heart
I only feel compassion; and I love
All creatures, to the vilest of the slaves,
Who seem to me as brothers. Claudia,
Scorn me not for this weakness; it will pass—
Surely 'twill pass in time and I shall be
Maximus strong and valiant once again,
Forgetting that slain god. And yet . . . and yet . . .
He looked as one who could not be forgot!



THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD

By

ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "PHANTOM HOUSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES B. FALLS

TROTTER opened his door and listened. Then he tiptoed out to the stairhead. The coast seemed clear. The house lay beneath him as still as a well. It was nothing more than a three-tiered cavern of quietness.

So he crept back to his own room and closed and locked the door after him. It was a top-floor rear, where a hip-roof gave his back wall the rake of a Baltimore buckeye, and a dismantled electric call-bell bore ignominious testimony to the fact that his skyey abode had once been a servant's quarters.

But the room was quiet, and, what counted more, it was cheap. The thought of ever being put out of it terrified the frugal-minded Trotter. For seven weary months he had wandered about New York's skyline, looking for just the right corner, as peevish as a cowbird looking for a copse nest.

Yet Mrs. Teetzel's laws were adamantine. Her rule was as Procrustean as her thin-lashed eyes were inquisitive. She daily inspected both her lavishly distributed lambrequins and her "gentleman roomers'" mail, with an occasional discreet excursion into their unlocked trunks. Cooking in a bedroom was as illicit as private laundry work in the second-floor bathtub. A young Toronto poet who had learned the trick of buttering an envelope and in it neatly shirring an egg over a gas jet was first reminded that he was four weeks behind in his rent and then sadly yet firmly ejected from the top-floor skylight room.

So Trotter, once back in his own quarters, moved about with a caution not untouched with apprehension. Mrs. Teetzel, he knew, had a tread that was noiseless. She also had the habit of appearing, in curl-papers, at uncouth moments, as unheralded as an apparition from the other world. And Trotter's conscience was not clear. For months past he had kept secreted in his trunk one of those single-holed gas heaters known as a "hot plate." This he surreptitiously attached to the gas jet, and secretly thereon made coffee and cooked his matutinal hard-boiled egg. There was a thrill of excitement about it, a tang of outlawry, a touch of danger. It took on the romance of a vast hazard. And it also rather suited his purse, since that particular newspaper office which he had journeyed to New York both to augment and to uplift showed no undue haste in receiving him.

His third and last assault on the *Advance* office, in fact, had amounted to an unequivocal ejection. Three short questions from the shirt-sleeved autocrat of that benzine-odored bedlam had led to Trotter's undoing. He wasn't expected to know much about newspaper work, but before he came bothering people he ought at least to know a shadow of something about the city he was living in! And the one-time class orator of the University of Michigan was calmly and pointedly advised to go and cut his eyeteeth on the coral of adversity. He was disgustedly told to go out and make good, instead of coming round and bothering busy people.

And Trotter went meekly out. But he had not made good.

He drifted hungrily about the great new city, the city that seemed written in a cipher to which he could find no key. He even guardedly shadowed the resentful-eyed *Advance* reporters on their morning assignments, to get some chance inkling of the magic by which the trick was turned. He wandered about the river front and the ship wharves and the East Side street markets. He nosed inquisitively and audaciously about anarchists' cellars and lodging-houses; he found saloons where for a nickel very palatable lamb-stew could be purchased; he located those swing-door corners where the most munificent free lunches were on display; he dipped into halls where Socialistic fire-eaters nightly stilettoed modern civilization; he invaded ginmills where strange and barbaric sailors foregathered and talked. From all this he was not learning Journalism. He was, however, learning New York.

But now he had struck luck—sudden and unlooked for—in the humble creation of "rhyme-ads" for a Sixth Avenue furniture store. So, having his Bohemian young head somewhat turned by his first check of twenty dollars, he had promptly celebrated his return to affluence by as promptly spending a goodly portion of that wealth. He had bidden a cadaverous animal painter named Mershon and two equally hungry-eyed Michiganders yclept Albright to his room with the rakish back wall, where the feast had been a regal if somewhat subdued one.

And now Trotter looked about the room, thoughtfully, and decided it was time to act. All record of this past orgy would have to be wiped out. The window, he knew, was impossible, for already there had been divers complaints as to the mysterious showers of eggshell which day by day fell into the area below.

So Trotter laid several newspapers together. On these outspread newspapers he placed four empty beer bottles, a sardine can, odds and ends of biscuit and zwieback, a well-scraped wooden butter tray, and—what had troubled and haunted him most, from the moment of its purchase in a Sixth Avenue delicatessen store—the lugubrious and clean-picked carcass of a roast turkey.

It had been a fine turkey, and done to a turn. But all along Trotter had been wondering just how he was going to get rid of those telltale bones. At the merriest moments of the feast the question of the corner in which they could be secreted or the aperture out of which they could be thrust had hung over him like a veritable sword of Damocles.

But now he knew there was only one way to solve the problem. And that was to wrap the remains carefully together, tie them up, and make his escape down through the quiet house into the midnight street. There the ever-damnatory parcel could be casually dropped into a near-by ash barrel or tossed into a refuse can, and he could aimlessly round the block, like a sedentary gentleman enjoying his belated airing.

II

TROTTER crept down through the quiet house with all the trepidation of a sneak-thief. His one dread was the apparition of Mrs. Teetzel; she would naturally surmise he was making away with the bedroom stoneware, or the door knobs, or even the lead piping.

He felt freer when he had once gained the street. But no peace of mind could be his, he knew, until he had utterly discarded those carefully wrapped turkey bones. It would be easy enough to toss them into an areaway, if the worst came to the worst.

He looked up and down the street for a garbage can. But there was none in sight. So he walked toward the avenue corner, with his parcel under his arm. There he turned south, and at the next corner swung about west again. But the right chance to get rid of his turkey bones had not come. He glanced uneasily about. He suddenly remembered that the police had the habit of holding up belated parcel carriers and inspecting what they carried. So he quickened his steps. But all the while he was covertly on the lookout for his dumping spot.

A moment later he saw a patrolman on the street corner ahead of him. He dreaded the thought of passing those scrutinizing eyes. He eventually decided it would be too risky. So he doubled on his own tracks, rabbit-like, crossing the street and turning north at the next corner. He had had enough of the whole thing. It was getting to be more than a joke. He would shilly-shally no longer, even though he had to toss the cursed thing up on a house step.

He let the parcel slip lower down on his arm, with one finger crooked through the string that tied it together. He was about to fling it into the gloom of a brownstone step shadow when the door above opened and a housemaid in cap and apron thrust a plaintively meowing cat from the portico into the street. Trotter quickened his steps, tingling, abashed, shaken with an inordinate and ridiculous sense of guilt. He felt that he wanted to keep out of the light, that he ought to skulk in the shadows until he was free of the weight on his arm. He hurried on until he became desperate, determined to end the farce at any hazard. So, as he passed a building where a house front was being converted into a low-windowed shop face, he dropped the paper package into an abandoned mortar box.

He was startled, a moment later, by a voice calling sharply after him: "Hi, yuh! You've dropped y'ur bundle!"

Trotter turned guiltily about. It was a night watchman. He stepped slowly out to the mortar box as he spoke, and picked up the parcel.

There was nothing for Trotter to do but go back and take it. He mumbled something—he scarcely remembered whether it was a word of explanation or of thanks. But he felt the eye of the night watchman boring through him like a gimlet, and he was glad to edge off and be on his way again.

By this time Trotter could feel the sweat of embarrassment on his tingling body. He began to dramatize ridiculous contingencies. He pictured himself as haled into night court, as cross-examined by domineering and incredulous magistrates, who would send him to the Island as a suspicious person. He began to be haunted by the impression that he was being followed. The parcel became a weight to him, a disheartening and dragging weight. He was now sure he was being followed. He squinted back over his shoulders, only to catch sight of a nocturnal "bill-sniper" placarding vulnerable areas with his lithographed laudations of a vaudeville dancing woman. A child murderer burdened with the body of his victim could not have been more ill at ease, more timorous, more terrified.

A sudden idea came to him as he passed a Chinese laundry in which lights still burned and irons still thumped on an ironing board. It was an audacious one, but it pointed toward deliverance.

His plan was to enter the laundry and pass over his parcel, as though it were his week's washing. He would be gone before they had discovered its contents. He merely needed to be offhand and nonchalant. More than once he had seen dilapidated actors carrying a limited wardrobe to the laundry at equally small hours of the night. And the sloe-eyed iron-thumpers would never again get sight of him!

But it took a moment or two to key himself up to the right pitch. He stepped in beside one of the granite column bases of the First National Trust, to give an extra tug to his still lagging courage. He leaned for a moment against the huge steel grillwork that covered the wide bank window behind him, looking eastward along the side street to where he could see the oblong of light from the laundry front.

A wave of exasperation swept through him at the thought of his own white-livered irresolution. He was about to step forward to face the end of his dilemma when an unlooked-for movement occurred between him and the illuminated laundry front.

It was the movement of a shadowy figure which seemed, at first sight, to erupt from the earth itself. It was several moments, in fact, before Trotter realized that the figure had come up from the basement of the building which stood immediately at the rear of the bank, the building which also contained the laundry. But this was not the thing that held Trotter's attention. The discovery which was causing his eyes to follow every step of the stranger was the fact that this second man *also carried a large paper parcel under his arm.*

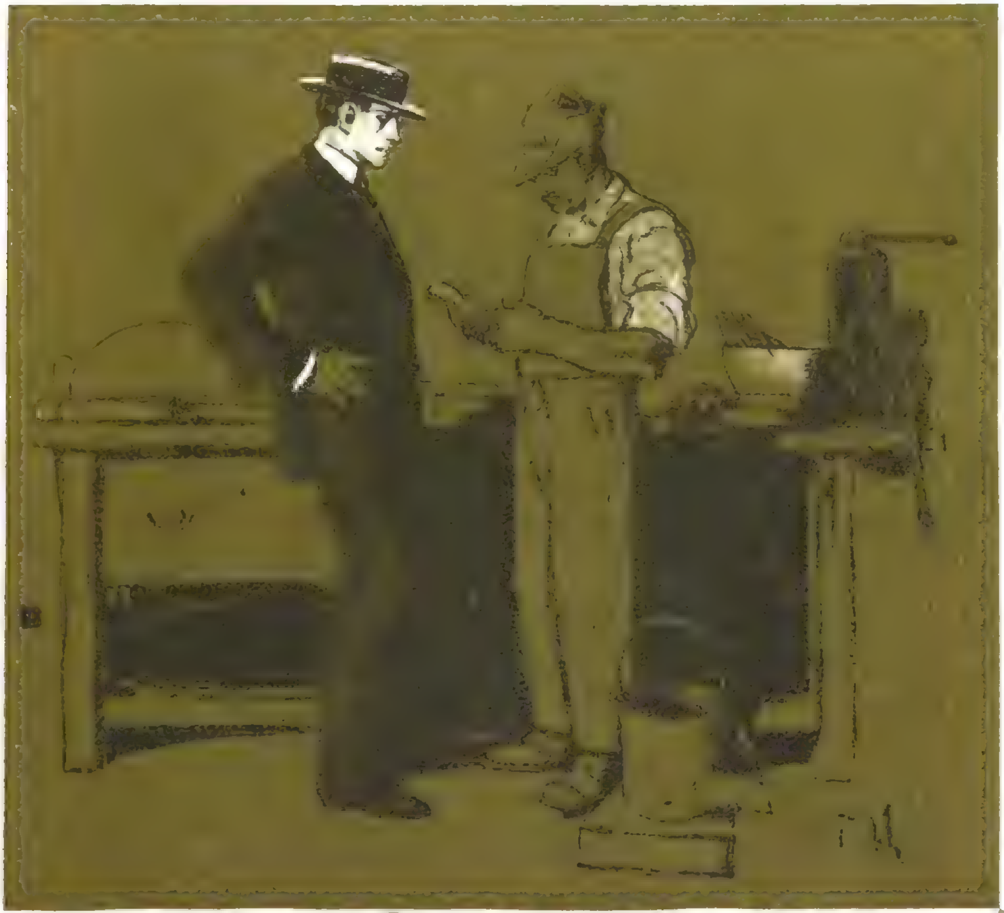
He turned eastward without looking back. Yet there was something circumspect in his footfall, something suspicious in the very casualness of his movements. Trotter leaned out and looked after him, nonplused by the coincidence, wondering if this second man's mission was the same as his own. He was almost glad to see somebody in the same boat.

Then curiosity overcame him. He turned and followed the other man. He walked eastward, keeping as well in to the house shadows as he could. He saw the man cross the wider traffic-way that ran north and south, look quickly up and down the deserted street, and then, as he gained the shadow of the next house wall, veer close in to an iron paling. Then there was a movement which Trotter could not quite make out.

It was not until he crossed the street that he saw what the movement meant. It was not until he caught sight of a galvanized ash barrel standing beside the basement step and the stranger ahead of him walking empty-handed away, that Trotter realized the completeness of the coincidence.

The other man, without so much as stopping for a second, had quietly dropped his paper-wrapped parcel on the top of the galvanized barrel.

At no time did Trotter feel that there was anything momentous in the movement. But it aroused his curiosity. It challenged inves-



"I GUESS I CAN FIX YOU OUT," SAID THE SHOP OWNER. "WAIT A MINUTE."

tigation. It set off his inquisitive young soul into spreading pyrotechnics of imagination. And he realized, as he walked up to the barrel, that his earlier sense of timidity had disappeared. He quite calmly lifted the parcel from the barrel top. Then he quite calmly dropped the other parcel in its place.

He was a little astonished, as he started on again, at the pregnant weight of this new parcel. But he did not stop to investigate. He did not care to gulp and lose the mystery at one swallow. He scurried off with it, chucklingly, like a barnyard hen with a corncob, to peck at it in solitude. He swung south and then west again, to his own street. He went up his own steps, through his own door, and up to his own top-floor room with the rakish back wall. There he cautiously lighted the gas, drew the blinds, and locked himself in. Next, he dragged a chair over to the bedside, sat down on it, and carefully untied the parcel string. Then, with somewhat accelerated pulse, he unwrapped the paper-screened enigma.

A little puff of ironic disappointment escaped his pursed-up lips. For at one glance he could see that it held no mystery. The only mystery about it all was that he had been theatrical enough to imagine it could prove anything that was not sordid and worthless.

For lying on the paper before him was nothing more than a litter of mortar and wall plaster, interspersed with stone chips. It was nothing more than the sweepings a bricklayer had left behind him, a pile of worthless rubbish, a bundle of refuse, another white elephant on his hands.

Trotter stirred the heap of dust and lime, impassively, disdainfully. There was nothing more than an occasional brick corner, an occasional piece of wall plaster. The only other thing was one larger fragment of stone. Trotter looked at it indolently. It was merely a piece of granite—an ounce or two of stone with one highly polished end, a bit of refuse which a hurrying mason might have used to "rubble" a wall crevice. And he had been fool enough to cart it up four flights of stairs!

He turned the piece of stone over in his hands. It was of porphyritic granite, with distinct crystals of feldspar embedded in a fine-grained matrix. Trotter's brow wrinkled in vague thought as he peered down at it. He was trying to think what it reminded him of, what possible link it made in a chain of lost association.

Then he remembered. It was toward the pillars of the First National Trust Building that his mind was trying to grope. They were of the same stuff, highly polished porphyritic granite, the pride and wonder of the avenue along which they made a burnished and flashing peristyle.

Trotter rubbed his chin, meditatively, and once more examined the stone. Then he took a sudden deeper breath, and, leaning hurriedly forward, raked through the parcel with his fingers. He found nothing of note.

But as he sat there, stupidly staring at the fragment of granite, his crouching body, with his feet tucked in under the chair rungs, was startlingly like that familiar figure known as an interrogation mark.

III

It was nine o'clock the next morning when Trotter, carrying a parcel of laundry, walked casually past the First National Trust Building and turned the corner. He also made note, as he stepped into the open-fronted Chinese laundry, of this incongruous side-street neighbor, its squalid meanness cheek by jowl with the lordly magnificence of the many-columned bank structure.

On a narrow-fronted ground floor was the crowded little laundry with its red-lettered sign, its uncurtained windows, its shelves of red-tagged parcels, and its ever-present odor of borax. Below this was a basement, a cellar as narrow and dark as a cistern. A flight of perilously inclined steps led to the door of this basement. This door, in turn, was glass-fronted, but protected by a heavy woven-wire grating. On it was a sign which read:

"J. HEENEY. PLUMBING,
WIRING AND ELECTRIC SUPPLIES."

It was this basement which so inordinately interested Trotter. He essayed several mild inquiries, in handing his frugal parcel of washing over the Chinaman's counter, as to the occupant of the cellar below. About "J. Heeney," however, he discovered nothing beyond the fact that he had occupied the cellar for several months. Trotter did not want to arouse unnecessary suspicion by overinterrogating "J. Heeney's" neighbors.

So he went mildly back to his top-floor room, and sat down and tried to study things out. As he sat there wrapped in thought, his idly wandering gaze rested on the electric bell above the door. He looked at it for several seconds. Then he stood on a chair and twisted away the bell's wiring. Using his pocket knife as a screwdriver, he released the bell from the door lintel. Then he cleaned and polished it. This done, he removed the clapper, wrapped the bell up in a piece of newspaper, and made his unhesitating way back to the cellar beneath the Chinese laundry. He was very much awake as he went slowly down the narrow steps. He wanted nothing to escape his notice.

He found the wire-screened door at the bottom locked. But he could get a clear enough view of the interior, even through the dirty glass. The entire space within was not more than ten feet wide and eight feet deep. It held a litter of plumber's tools, a few lengths of gas piping, a row of batteries, a blowpipe, a small hand-forge, a couple of porcelain washbowls, a deal table and chair, and what seemed to be an electric transformer in a sadly battered case.

Across the back of the shop ran a wooden partition, plainly shutting off the main part of the cellar. In this partition, Trotter's careful scrutiny discovered, stood a narrow door. He ached to know what lay behind that door and that partition. But he had to be content with the shallower shop front. So he was not hurried in his inspection of it. It was not until he had fixed the details of the entire place in his mind that he ventured to knock.

There was no answer to his knock. Yet it was plain that some one was inside, for he could see the key in the lock, through the dirty glass. Who that person was he intended to find out.

He was rattling the wire fretwork, impatiently, loudly, when the partition door swung open.

Through this door stepped a short and extremely broad-shouldered man. There was no trace of annoyance on his face. In fact, much to Trotter's vague disappointment, he was smiling, smiling easily and broadly. He wore a workman's jumper, stained with oil and iron rust, and in his hand he carried a large pair of pipe tongs. But these did not interest Trotter. What caught his eye was the fact that the man's boots were white with lime dust.

"Hold on, sister; hold on!" said the man, with a laugh, for Trotter was still rattling the door. The owner stepped across his shop and turned the key in the lock.

"Hard to hear when I'm in doin' my lathe work," he explained, as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. All the while, as he swung back the door, his eyes were closely studying the eyes of the other man. Trotter noticed the row of matches stuck in the soiled hatband, and the cotton bag of "Durham" that swung from his sweat-stained belt.

"What can I do for you, sister?" was his companionable greeting. Trotter unwrapped his electric bell.

"Can you give me a clapper for this?" he asked.

The other man took the bell in his hand. Trotter could see powdered lime under his nails.

"I guess I can fix you out," said the shop owner. "Wait a minute."

He turned to the door in the partition, and disappeared from sight, closing the door after him.

Trotter's first decision had been to take the key from the outer door lock. But some sixth sense made him hesitate, prompted him to turn and look at the inner door.

His stare was rewarded by the discovery of a hole in this door, about five feet from the floor. It was a lookout; he felt sure he was being watched. So he thrust his hands into his pockets, gazed carelessly about the shop, and waited.

The man reappeared, shaking his head.

"Nothing doing," he said. He was not able to fit a clapper to the bell.

"But I thought you kept electric supplies here," objected Trotter.

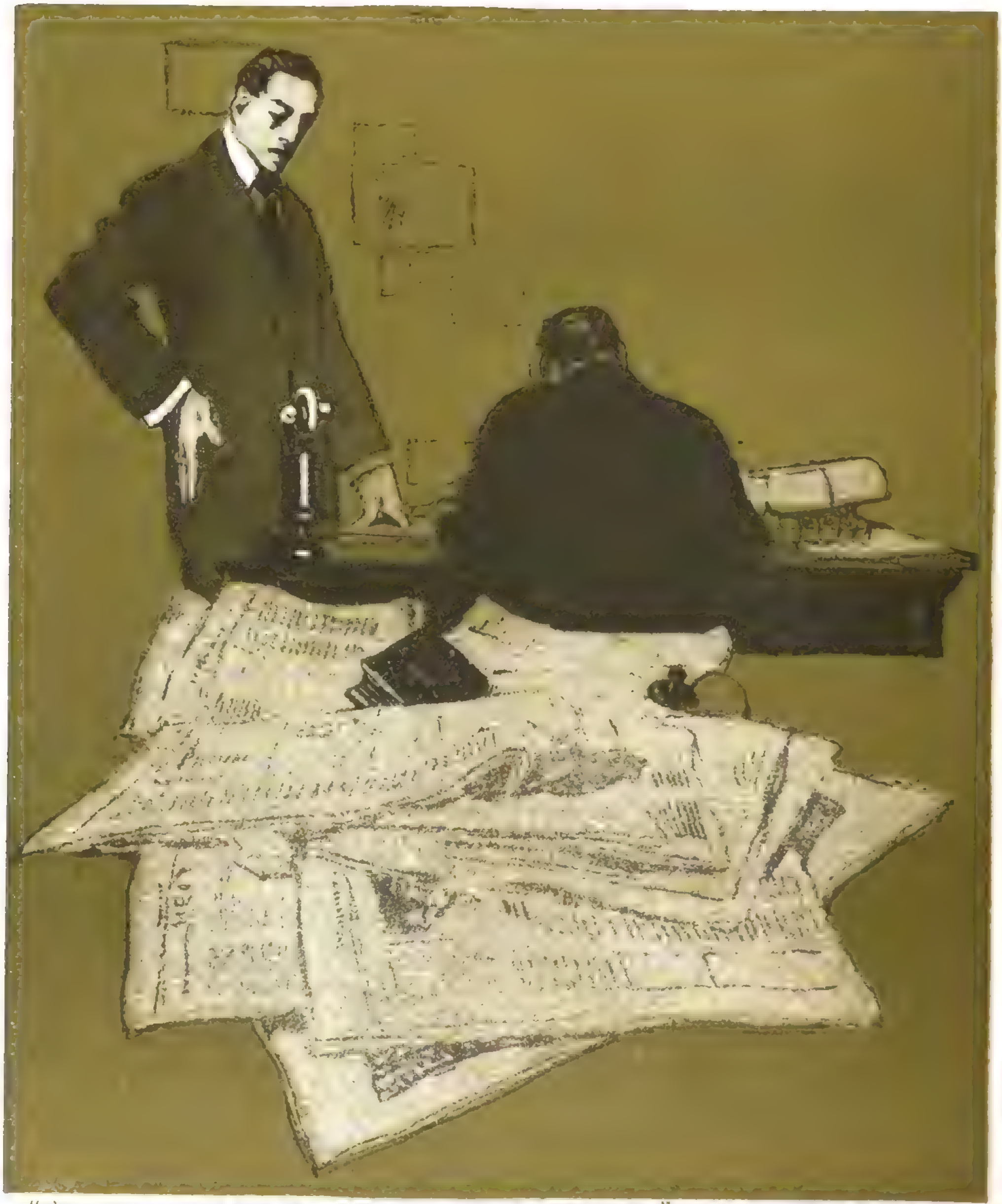
The other man smiled. His good nature was impregnable.

"Oh, I can get it, if you've got to have it. Come back about ten to-morrow."

"All right," was Trotter's indifferent answer, as he turned languidly away. He went up the steps with equal languor, humming as he went.

IV

TROTTER kept guarded watch on "J. Heeney's" plumbing establishment. He watched it like a hungry cat watching a rat hole. And it was three hours later that he had the satisfaction of seeing the plumber ascend to the street and walk hurriedly westward. Trotter could see that he carried a kit of tools under his arm. But to follow him in open daylight was too great a risk. Instead of that, he went down the narrow steps, and through the dusty glass examined the doorlock.



"I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SIX MONTHS FOR A JOB ON THIS PAPER," HE BEGAN, QUITE SERIOUSLY, QUITE DELIBERATELY. THE MAN AT THE DESK WENT ON WRITING. THE PEN DID NOT EVEN STOP.

Fifteen minutes later he went down another flight of basement steps, this time to the cellar of a Sixth Avenue locksmith.

"I've got a closet door locked shut on me," he explained. "And I want a key to get it open."

The locksmith looked him up and down. He seemed respectable enough, this mild-eyed youth with the locked closet. But the locksmith knew the tricks of his trade.

"Then I'll take a bunch of 'blanks' over with me and open her up for you."

"I'd rather get her open by myself."

"It will cost you a dollar," was the locksmith's ultimatum.

"It's worth a dollar," agreed Trotter. "But how'll we do it?"

"I'll dip a skeleton blank in hot wax and lampblack. Then you put the key in the lock and turn it as far as you can. That'll show the ward marks, where they bite the wax. Then bring me the key and I'll cut it. Maybe it'll take two cuttings. That'll be two dollars!"

Trotter paid a quarter deposit and took the key, made a circuitous way to the plumber's cellar, descended the steps, knocked, got no answer, and quietly inserted the key in the lock, turning it as far as it would go.

Instead of going back to the locksmith, he bought a ten-cent file, and with his own hand cut away the blank according to the ward marks. Once more he made his way to the door of the empty shop and fitted his key. It turned part way round in the lock, but did not throw back the bar. He recoated the key flange with the black wax by holding it to a lighted match and letting it cool again.

He at once saw where his cutting had been imperfect. A few strokes of his file remedied this. He once more fitted the key to the lock, and found that he was free to pass in and out of the door.

Yet he deferred forcing an entrance, at the moment, hungrily as he studied the inner partition door through the iron-grated glass. He knew what such a movement meant. He could not count on Heeney's continued absence. Above all, at this, the beginning of things, he wanted to avoid any untimely misstep. So he made his way to the street, shuttling cautiously back and forth across the avenue, aimless of demeanor, diffident of step, yet ever and always on the lookout. From half a block away he saw Heeney return to his cellar. From an even remoter stand, two hours later, he perceived the plumber emerge, like a rabbit out of its warren. He also perceived that the rapidly disappearing man carried a large paper parcel under his arm.

As before, this parcel was carried for three blocks and then adroitly deposited on the top of an ash barrel.

Trotter, once Heeney had skulked about the next corner, quietly crossed the street and sauntered past the parcel-crowned barrel, with his open pocketknife in his hand. One sweep of the knife blade slit the paper wrapper, and without so much as stopping on his way Trotter was able to catch up a handful of the litter it held. This litter, as before, was made up of ground mortar and plaster and stone chips. But this time, amid the lime and dust, he could detect the glitter of minute particles of steel.

He tested the larger fragments of these with his knife point. They were very hard, harder even than his tempered blade steel, diamond-like in their durity. He concluded, as he sat on the edge of his bed that night, rubbing them between his fingers, that they could be nothing but particles of keenly-tempered chromium steel. And chromium steel, he knew, was not used in gas pipes. It was foolish to think of it as a subject for lathe work. It was equally absurd to accept it as an everyday element in any plumber's everyday work. Trotter was not ignorant of the fact that steel of this character was used almost exclusively in the construction of high-grade safes and bank vaults.

He stood up, suddenly, and crossed the room to his little bookshelf. From this shelf he took down a much-thumbed "*World* Almanac," a paper-bound volume which for months past had been serving as his only guide to New York. He turned to the pages headed "Banks in Manhattan and Bronx." It took but a minute's search to secure the names of the president and cashier of the First National Trust Company. But when he further read that its capital was three million five hundred thousand, and that its total resources amounted to forty-seven million three hundred thousand dollars, his breath came in shorter gasps of excitement. He began to realize the colossal wealth which lay guarded behind the great porphyritic granite pillars. He also began to realize some new and as yet undefined responsibility. The mere thought of the magnitude of the movement in which he was being made a deliberate and yet disinterested factor brought him once more to his feet, pacing his little den of a room with thoughtful and preoccupied steps.

V

Early the next morning Trotter was back at the bank corner, like a guard at his sentry-box. He kept watch there, with that pertinacious alertness peculiar to the idler, until he had the satisfaction of witnessing Heeney's early departure from the cellar, with a tool kit under his arm.

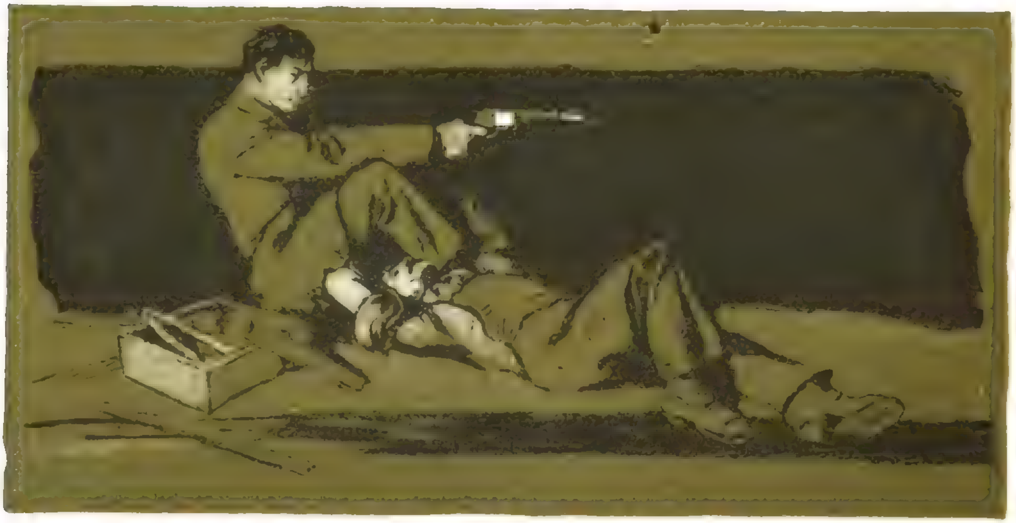
Five minutes later Trotter was descending the stairs that led to the plumber's shop. Once there, he took out his key, fitted it to the lock, opened the door, stepped quietly inside, and locked the outer door after him. Before venturing to open the inner door he pressed an ear flat against the wooden partition and stood there listening. The silence was unbroken.

He stepped to the side of the shop and caught up a plumber's thick-bodied tallow candle. Then he softly opened the second door, stepped inside, and as softly closed the door after him.

He found himself in perfect darkness. But he stood there, waiting, before venturing to move forward, before daring to strike a light. He knew, as he peered about the blackness that engulfed him, that he was now facing more than an indeterminate responsibility. He was confronting actual and immediate danger. Even as he stood there, sniffing at the air, so heavy with its smell of damp lime and its undecipherable underground gases, a sudden fuller consciousness of undefined and yet colossal peril sent a telegraphing tingle of nerves up and down his body.

The only thing that broke the silence was the faint sound of footsteps on the laundry floor above him, together with the steady thump of irons on the ironing table. There was something fortifying, something consoling, in those neighborly and sedentary little noises.

Trotter struck a match and lighted his candle. He waited without moving for the flame to grow. Then he thrust the candle up before him. As he did so, his hand came in contact with the rough surface of what at first he took to be a stone wall. But as he looked closer he saw that it was not masonry. It was nothing more nor less than a carefully piled mass of stone and brick. Each fragment had been carefully placed on top of its fellow, each interstice had been carefully filled with rubble.



BEING TOO WEAK TO GET UP, HE HAD STILL SAT THERE, CONTENTEDLY FIRING A VOLLEY OF BULLETS AGAINST THE STEEL VAULT WALL.

The pile extended from floor to ceiling. It filled the entire cellar. It left only space enough for a man to pass inward from the opened door. It was nothing more than the dump of a mine, the rock and brick from a tunnel, not flung loosely about, but scrupulously stowed away.

Holding the candle in front of him, Trotter bent low and groped his way in through the narrow passage. Everything was as orderly and hidden as the approach to a wild animal's lair. Everything was eloquent of a keen secretiveness. No betraying litter met his eye. Each move had been calmly and cautiously made. Each step of a complicated campaign had been quietly engineered. Trotter could even decipher a series of electric wires festooned from the little tunnel's top. He could see where the passage had gone around obstacles, where it had curled about a dishearteningly heavy buttress base, where it had dipped lower to underrun a cement vault bed, where it had sheered off from the tin-foiled surface of a "closed-curcuit" protective system, and where it had dipped and twisted about to advance squarely into a second blind wall at right angles to the first.

A portion of this wall had been torn away. With equal care an inner coating of cement had been chiseled off, exposing to view an unbroken dark surface.

As Trotter held the candle closer, he could see this dark surface marked off with chalk lines, sometimes with crosses, sometimes with figures he could not decipher. On it, too, he could see a solitary depression, as round and bright as a silver coin, as though a diamond drill had been testing the barrier.

He knew, even before he touched the chill surface with his hand, that it was a wall of solid steel, that it was the steel of the bank vault itself, the one deep-hidden and masonry-embedded area which stood without its ever-vigilant closed-circuit sentry. And he knew that Heeney had grubbed and eaten and burrowed his way, like a woodchuck, to the very heart of the First National Trust's wealth.

It was only then that the stupendousness of the whole thing came home to Trotter. It was only then that he realized the almost superhuman cunning and pertinacity in this guileless-eyed cellar plotter called Heeney. He could see the hours of patient labor it had involved, the days and days of mole-like tunneling, the weeks and weeks of gnome-like burrowing and carrying and twisting and loosening and piling, the months of ant-like industry which one blow of the Law's heel would make as nothing.

It rather bewildered Trotter. It filled him with an ever-increasing passion to get away from the place, to escape while he still had a chance. It turned the gaseous underground tunnel into a stifling pit, making his breath come in short and wheezing gasps. It brought a tiny-beaded sweat out on his chilled body.

Then he stopped breathing altogether. He wheeled about and suddenly brought his thumb and forefinger together on the candle flame, pinching it out as one might pinch the life out of a moth.

For on his straining ears fell the sound of a door slammed shut. There was no mistake, no illusion about it. Some one had entered the shop. Then came the sound of a second door. This time it was being opened. And it was the door leading into the tunnel.

Trotter could see the momentary efflorescence of pale light at the bend in the passage before him. And he realized that he was unarmed. He had not even a crowbar, not even a chisel or wrench, with which to defend himself. He knew he stood there trapped and helpless.

He shrank back, instinctively, without being conscious of the movement. He heard the sound of steps, shuffling and short. Then came an audible grunt, a grunt of relief. This was followed by the thump of a heavy weight dropped to the brick floor. Then came the sound of steps again, still shuffling and short.

Trotter leaned forward, listening, waiting, with every nerve strained. He concentrated every sense on the blur of light along the tunnel wall before him.

As he peered forward, scarcely daring to breathe, he was conscious of the fact that the light had suddenly withered. It vanished from the refracting tunnel sides, as though wiped away by an obliterating black sponge. Even before the truth of the thing had come home to him, he heard the sound of a quietly closed door.

Heeney had gone. He had merely crept into his tunnel mouth, dropped some tools, and then quietly crept out again.

It was not until he heard the slam of the outer door, a moment or two later, that Trotter felt sure of his deliverance. It was not until he knew his enemy was up the steps that he let his aching lungs gulp in the fetid tunnel air.

Then he crept forward cautiously, obsessed by one impulse, the impulse of escape, the passion to reach the open, to find air and light and space once more about him. He did nothing more than feel hurriedly over the bundle that lay in his path. It seemed an instrument of steel tied up in a cloth. He could feel strand after strand of wires, ductile and cloth-covered wires. He could also decipher a disk through which ran a piece of metal, like a blade through a sword guard. He felt sure it was an electrode of some sort, a tool to convert stolen electricity into a weapon of offense and assault. But he neither waited to strike a light nor stooped to puzzle over the bundle.

He paused for a minute to listen at the closed partition door. The only sound that came to his ears was the shuffle of feet and the thump from the ironing board above him. Yet when he opened this partition door he did so noiselessly, cautiously, slowly, inch by inch. Still screened in shadow, he studied the shop, the steps, the wire-blurred window, the street above him. Then he took a deep breath, crossed to the shop door, unlocked it, stepped outside, relocked it after him, and, pocketing the key, climbed the steps to the sidewalk.

His face, as he came out to the light, was almost colorless. His eyes were wide and staring with wonder. He kept telling himself that he must walk slowly, that he must in no way betray himself, that he must appear indifferent and offhand and inconspicuous to every one he chanced to pass. He felt the necessity of guarding himself, for he was now a person of importance. He was an emissary of destiny, an agent entrusted with a vast issue.

The streets through which he passed no longer frowned down at him from their inhospitable skylines. He was no longer an unattached and meaningless unit in the life that throbbed and roared all about him. He meant something to it. He was part of it. He was its guardian. And it would acknowledge him, in the end, or he would know the reason why.

VI

TROTTER sat peering mildly about him as that Gargantuan organism known as a newspaper office labored and shrieked in the birth of an afternoon edition. Subterranean Hoe presses roared and hummed, telegraph keys clicked and cluttered, typewriters tapped and clattered like a dozen highholders on a hollow elm, telephone bells shrilled, shouting pressmen came and went, unkempt copy boys trailed back and forth with their festoons of limp galley proof, and Hubbart, with close-set eyes and a forehead like a bisected ostrich egg, sat at the City Desk, calmly presiding over an otherwise frenzied accouchement.

It interested Trotter. It interested him very much. But it no longer filled him with mingled fear and revolt. He was, indeed, no longer envious, just as he was no longer nervous. He was as calm as a Nihilist with a bomb in his pocket.

Looking up, he saw that the office boy was holding the rail gate open for him to enter. But he was conscious of no spirit of elation as he stepped through the gate and passed on into that glass-fronted cage where Pyott, the managing editor, sat like a switchman in his many-levered tower.

Trotter saw, seated at a desk before him, a thin-featured, thin-haired man of forty, with the crumpled-up eye-corners peculiar to the face that masks a circuitous and secretive mind. It was a face full of that weary concern, that alert indifferency, which is companion to the spirit of repeated compromise. It was far from an open face: it seemed to betray only two things, tiredness and satiric intelligence.

The man at the desk did not even look up. He merely flung a barbed "Well?" over his shoulder. It reminded Trotter of the preoccupied tail swish of a horse worried by a black-fly. The side flick of one casual monosyllable was plainly all he was worth. Trotter calmly sat down.

"I've been waiting for six months for a job on this paper," he began, quite seriously, quite deliberately. The man at the desk went on writing. The pen did not even stop.

"Yes?" This second monosyllable was neither an answer nor a question. It was merely an intimation that nothing of arresting moment had as yet been uttered.

"So I've come straight to you!"

"Yes!" This third exclamation was plainly a challenge to come to the issue in hand.

"I've been thrown down three——"

"Excuse me," the man at the desk had his hand on a desk 'phone standard, "but you'd better see our city editor."

Trotter laughed a little. "I've seen the city editor four times. It's no use. He only throws me out."

For the first time Pyott, the managing editor, looked up. Then he swung about in his swivel chair and stared at the youth, the somewhat narrow-chested and calm-eyed youth who had the effrontery to sit down without being asked. The calm-eyed youth seemed in no way daunted by the ordeal.

"What do you want?" was Pyott's quick and curt demand.

"I want a job."

The editor's face darkened. Trotter could see that he had angered him. He could see a lean hand shoot out and a lean finger push down on the button that sounded a buzzer in the outer office.

"There's no use doing that till you've heard what I've got to say," announced Trotter.

"Why not?" snapped the man, with a finger still on the button.

"Because your man Hubbart out there told me not to stick my nose in here till I'd made good—till I'd got a big story. And now I've got it. And I'm going to give you the biggest scoop you've printed in five years."

"That's interesting!"

"I'd never have had the nerve to face you if it wasn't."

A boy appeared through the door. The editor swung back to his desk.

"Show this gentleman the way downstairs," he said, without anger, without resentment, without interest.

Trotter stood up and stared at him. "You mean you're not going to take this beat when I've got it right here to hand out to you?" he cried in his startled and high-pitched voice. "You're not going to give me my chance?"

"What chance? What beat are you talking about?"

"A beat that involves the theft of millions of dollars!"

"And what's going to happen to your millions of dollars?"

Trotter sat down in the chair again. "It's going to be stolen, every cent of it."

The man at the desk smiled. It was a very faint and mirthless smile. "You said that before, I think. But who's taking it?"

"One of the most accomplished crooks in all America."

"And from where?" was the next indulgent interrogation.

"From one of the richest banks in this city."

Trotter's calm and deliberate tones were beginning to nettle the other man a little.

"Then it hasn't actually been done?"

"No!"

"Yet you know it *is* to be done?"

"Yes!"

Pyott was smiling by this time, quite broadly. "Would you kindly tell me just how you know all this? Just what first opened up the road to your somewhat startling knowledge?"

"Some turkey bones!"

"Ah, I see! Some turkey bones!" He nodded approvingly, indulgently. "And what were you doing with these particular turkey bones?"

"Putting them in a garbage can."

"Ah! You were putting some turkey bones in a garbage can. And as you were about to do this?"

"I caught sight of another man also trying to get rid of a parcel."

"Turkey bones, of course."

A butterball's bosom was no more impervious to slough water than the rapt-eyed youth to the older man's irony.

"When I opened his parcel I found it held mortar and stone and some steel cuttings."

"And this led you to infer?"

"This led me to follow him. He had a basement, I found, directly in the rear of a bank building."

"What bank building?"

"That's my story."

"And I trust the locality agreed with him."

"Extremely well," was Trotter's mild-toned reply. "In fact, it was essential for him to be side by side with that particular bank building, where he could quietly tunnel his way through its back wall and burrow under its floors and eat a passage right through to its vaults."

The man at the desk sighed and looked at the obsessed youth with a smile too impersonal to be called pitying. "Vaults! That's a matter for the police. This is a newspaper office."

"But can't you see the story in it? Can't you see what it means when you're the only people who're in on it?"

"You'll have to show me your Eskimo!" remarked the unperturbed editor.

"That's what I'm here for!" cried the exasperated youth.

Still again the man at the desk eyed his visitor for a minute of silence. Then he reached for his telephone. "I want Kendrick and Gilman for some city work. Send 'em in to me. Yes, right away, please."

Pyott swung about to his visitor once more. "I'm giving you our two best men. They'll do what you tell them to do."

"But that'll make it *their* story!" objected Trotter. "I want to land this myself. I want it to be mine."

"Then what am I to do?"

Trotter scarcely knew. But he had not forgotten the thing he had waited and hungered for this many a month. "Put me on your staff, first, so I can be acting for somebody."

Still again the editor smiled. "You're set on being one of us, aren't you?"

"I've got to have something behind me before I can tackle a job like this."

"All right," was the wearily indulgent answer, "call yourself one of us. Now what else do you want?"

"I guess you'd better give me one of your workmen for a lookout," suggested the narrow-chested youth.

"Why a workman? Why not Kendrick or Gilman?"

"All I want is a husky man to see I'm not interfered with from outside," replied the new and jealous god of the press world. "Then I'll land the story myself."

The managing editor's finger end was once more on the buzzer. "I'll give you Tiernan of the job room. He's Irish, and weighs two hundred. Is there anything else?"

"I s'pose I'll need a gun," ruminated the mild-eyed youth. "But I'm willing to buy that with my own money."

It was not the purchase of the gun that was troubling him. It was the thought that he had never in all his life so much as discharged a revolver. He would not even know how to load it. But then Tiernan would doubtless be able to show him.

A telephone bell was shrilling at the editor's elbow.

"Is that all?" demanded the impatient man of affairs as he turned to the 'phone. He called a cryptic sentence or two into the transmitter and slapped the receiver back on its hook.

"Yes, I guess that's all," answered the wide-eyed boy, with his hat in his hand.

"Then go and make good," said the man at the desk as Tiernan swung in through the office door. "Go and get your story!"

VII

In a newspaper office, where one impression so quickly and inevitably obliterates another, sensation is startling only in the fact of its ephemerality. For two busy hours wave after wave of the world's turbulence had beaten on the shoreline of the *Advance* staff's attention. Every one knew, from Pyott down, that the day was a "big" one. And since it is seldom the ever-arriving guests of sensation which disturb a newspaper office but rather the secondary thought of bestowing them in their right chamber and bed and fitting them with their right "heading" night-caps, the ordeal of the *Advance's* day had reached its second and most exacting crisis. So when Pyott, the managing editor, was called up on the wire by Obed Tyrer, the President of the First National Trust, the call from that quarter carried with it no responsive curiosity.

"Can you come up here right away?" demanded the banker, in a voice of that coerced tranquillity into which the trained mind translates itself when face to face with undue excitement.

"No; I can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"Well, among other things, I've got the trifling matter of a paper to put to press. What's wrong?"

"You know what's wrong!"

"Do I?"

"And you and your men let this go through, two whole weeks of it, for the sake of your little yellow-journal scarehead!"

"Look here, Tyrer, I'm a busy man. Tell me what you're talking about, or ring off."

"I'm talking about the lunacy of a one-cent journalist who's willing to risk even his own funds for the sake of an afternoon beat! I tell you, Pyott, the whole story's got to be stopped!"

"What story?"

"The *Advance* story! I've got your man Trotter here now. He——"

"Ah, Trotter!" exclaimed Pyott. He was at last beginning to see light.

"I've got him and your job-room man named Tiernan up here, but I can't do anything with Trotter. He's mad, mad as a March hare. Says he's got to get his story down to you for to-day's issue."

"So you've got Trotter there! What else have you got?"

"Will you hold things up till I run down and talk it over? Will you promise me that much?"

Pyott laughed. "Then young Trotter got his story, after all?"

"Got his story? Of course he got it. And in another four hours that safe-cracker would have drilled right into our vitals. I tell you we can't imperil our institution this way. We can't let that stuff get out. We can't do it!"

"Nobody's going to break your nice new bank, Obed! You run down here in a taxi and we'll try to straighten things out."

"But what'll I do with Trotter? How're we ever going to hold him in?"

"Where's your safe-cracker man?"

"We've got him right here! Burns is sending over an A. B. P. A. man to take care of him."

"D'you mean he's hurt?"

"No, no! We've identified him as Missouri Horton of the Scott Gang—he got a Sing Sing life sentence for yegg work in Yonkers. But Burns tells me he had enough money buried away to buy Tammany influence and get paroled. Can't you see what that means?"

"Which way? To your office or to mine?"

"To us! They've *got* him now, for life! They can get him back to Sing Sing and keep the whole cursed thing under cover!"

There was a moment's silence before the cogitating Pyott spoke again. "And you say you've got Trotter right there with you?"

"Yes, but he's acting like a madman, in the Vice-President's private room."

Again there was a moment's silence. "Then give him ink and paper—give him lots of it. Tell him I've said for him to write the story *there.* Tell him to sling himself, that I want every detail, every fact, and ten solid columns of it!"

"What are you driving at?"

"I'm driving at this: keep him busy, man! Don't you see? Keep him writing there until the thing's worked out of his system. Then I'll tame him down, later. Meanwhile, you'd better clean house up there so you can officially contradict the whole story if the yellows happen to get after you."

"But nothing can get out, I tell you, unless you *put* it out!"

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"Young Trotter says he's got to send his stuff in. He's not satisfied with the mere idea of writing it."

"Then give him one of your men, two of your men, for carriers. Tell him to keep sending his copy down in relays, as he writes it. But don't let him get away."

"Oh, I'll hold him here if I have to nail him to the floor. I tell you, a thing like this would shake public confidence. It'd be worse than a fireproof hotel going up in flames. It would mean an alarming and immediate depreciation in our credit, a deplorable——"

"Of course it would. Come down as soon as you can and tell me all that. I'll have more time then."

Pyott hung up the receiver. He poised for one brief and immobile moment, deep in thought, before he swung about to the three exigent figures making signs for his attention. Then the thin-featured, many-wrinkled, weary-eyed face relaxed in an almost honest and unequivocal smile.

VIII

Trotter, shut in the Vice-President's private office, paid little attention to his surroundings. He did not even know that the desk on which he wrote was of mahogany. He did not notice the imported Daghestan under his feet. He was unconscious of the orchids in the low desk-vase of French silver. He was oblivious of the onyx and marble elegance that surrounded him.

All he knew was that he had paper and ink in plenty and the Greatest Story of the Age to write. All he knew was that time was precious, that two trusted messengers stood before him to deliver his copy, that presses in the lower part of the city waited like hungry animals to gulp down his story, and that before nightfall a million eyes would widen and half a million hearts would beat a little faster at the words that he was about to write.

He pushed back the silver and cut-glass desk ornaments, the heavy gold-framed portrait of a young girl standing beside an opulent-bosomed woman in an opera cloak, the foolish vase of orchids. He made space for himself and his work. And then he wrote.

He wrote with all the rhapsodic passion of a god creating a new world. He began with a preamble that would have broken a copyreader's heart. He followed it up with atmospheric discursiveness that would have worn away an editor's blue pencil. He told how Steam and Steel were supposed to have crushed the Spirit of Romance out of the age. He pointed out how the modern city of stone and concrete seemed no longer to house that wayward and retrospective spirit in which the heart of the poet has forever reveled.

Then he sought to demonstrate how true Romance can never die, how Wonder is all about even the Wall Street clerk and the five-o'clock commuter. He put forward the claim that modern New York was as potentially picturesque, as alluringly labyrinthine, as olden Bagdad itself. He argued that the Thousand and One Tales were nightly recurring in our very midst, only we had neither the eyes nor the leisure to observe them. He told of the strange underworlds hidden from the casual eye, of subterranean rivers of life which Respectability never sees. He showed how it was only the face of life that had changed. He intimated that Stevenson had unearthed romance enough in an up-to-date London, that Hugo and Balzac had found it in Paris, and he eloquently proclaimed that even to-day it was to be stumbled across in our city of homes on the Hudson.

It was a very rhythmical piece of fine writing, and he had his coat off and was working in his shirt sleeves before he had advanced six pages into it. Then he veered about to the story itself. He enlarged on the amount of wealth harbored by a national bank. He explained how this vast wealth was hoarded and protected, the massive walls, the steel vaults, the steam flood pipes, the ever-watching attendants, the tangle of articulate wires that a touch would make garrulous, the time locks, the floors of cement and railway iron, the contact mats which reported the slightest footfall of the trespasser.

Then he told how an idea had come to the mind of an idle yegg named "Missouri" Horton. He told how this wary and cunning and romantic-spirited outlaw had planned his attack, how he had hired the cellar next to the granite-walled citadel of opulence, how he had learned the location of the vaults, how he had figured out the thickness of the masonry, how he had slowly and quietly prepared for his lonely and Promethean attack.

Trotter's sallow young face grew chalkier as he wrote, though he was unconscious of either effort or weariness. They brought him luncheon, in due time, on a napkin-covered tray. He lifted the napkin peevishly, took a disdainful look at the food, gulped down a cup of black coffee, and pushed the mess away from him. He had serious work in hand.

He wrote on, unconscious of time. His mind seemed to sway, hypnotically, with the reverberations of his own rhetoric. He tossed in a classical allusion or two; here and there he left an Old Testament phrase to coruscate along the fringe of his text; he even called back one of his copy carriers, to revise an unelaborated figure of speech.

Then he told how the tunnel was begun, how brick by brick and stone by stone a passage was grubbed through every obstacle. He expatiated on the infinite patience of such a man as Horton, how Monte Cristo paled beside him, how vast difficulties had to be overcome, how every stone had to be stowed carefully away in the back of the cellar, how in time the mortar and cement had to be ground to a powder and carried secretly away. He told how the tunnel was pushed forward, foot by foot; how the bank was attacked in its one and only vital spot, precisely as a porcupine curled defensively up in the snow is seized by the fisher-marten, not through open attack, but by artfully tunneling up under the quill-less belly.

Then he retailed how the vast business of this great banking institution went tranquilly and ponderously on, how millions were handled and changed and stowed away while all the time the unknown enemy was inch by inch crawling nearer.

When a note came up from the *Advance* office signed by the managing editor—the managing editor who had never been known to praise one of his men in all his twelve-year *régime*—Trotter took it as a matter of course. "Your story is great," this note had read. "Keep it up." Trotter merely gave the scrawl a second hurried glance. It did not excite him; it did not intoxicate. He was already drunk with the wine of creation, as delirious as a whirling dervish. And he knew he still had work to do.

A white-whiskered gentleman wearing a pearl-buttoned white waistcoat stepped quietly up to the office door and peered guardedly in over his glasses. Then he tiptoed away unseen, with a condoning smile on his astute and thin-nosed old face. Trotter had no thought or memory of his surroundings. It was his Story; the Story of his life. He sat there, entangled and locked together with it, unconscious of what it was doing to him, oblivious of how, like a blood-sucking vampire, it was draining the vigor of his youth from him.

He was now in the very vortex of his story. He told how he had posted Tiernan at the head of the steps leading down into the plumber's shop. He cunningly enlarged on the huge Irishman's bewilderment, his incredulity, his blasphemously reiterated demand to know what it was all about. He told how he himself had silently entered the shop, how he had crept through to the second door, how he had waited for a moment to take out his revolver. He described the hot and reeking air of the tunnel as he crept into its mouth. He pictured the sudden glare of light at the shaft end where Horton stood burning away an outer vault wall with an electrode. He told how the heat and the fumes of that little underground hell bewildered him, how he stood gaping at the scene, watching the white-hot tongue of fire hissing and licking at its last barrier of steel. He did not neglect to paint how the hardened metal, under the electrolyzing current eroding its surface, became as chalk, decomposing into a charry mass which one blow of a hammer might penetrate.

He told how he crept up on the man, step by step, with his revolver in his hand. He told how he could see the safe-breaker's face shining with sweat, how he could smell scorching clothing, how his eyes began to ache with the light-glare until he threw up a forearm to protect them. He explained how it had been his intention to creep up on the criminal and seize him bodily, and how he was defeated in this by a sudden and unlooked-for movement on the part of his unsuspecting enemy.

Horton had quickly swung about—he was, in fact, groping along the passage floor for a two-quart tin pail partly filled with tap water. The glare had blinded him, for the time being, and he was in reality feeling for a drink. But the *Advance* reporter had thought the movement meant that his presence was discovered. And the two men had come together.

Trotter told of the fight there, hand to hand, in the choking tunnel with its tangle of deadly currents. He recounted how the other man's strength had been greater than his own, how he felt his breath going, how he saw himself being forced closer and closer back on the glaring electrode. He confessed that he had been excited and foolish enough to lose the revolver. He mentioned his indignation when he saw that the other man was actually trying to use his teeth. He described how for the first time it came home to him that he would be killed there, that Tiernan could not possibly hear his cries, that his heart could not possibly continue to beat without fresh air.

Then he had grown desperate. He had apparently gone mad. He had started to use his own teeth. He had set his jaw on the yeggman's hand as it groped for his throat. He had caught the index finger of the other blackened hand and levered it savagely backward, backward until the bone broke and it hung limp on the tortured tendon. He had sent the relaxed head skidding against the tunnel wall, once, twice, three times, until the sweat-stained arms fell away and left him free.

He had sat there for many minutes, stupidly staring at the unconscious man. Then he had found the revolver at his feet, and, being too weak to get up, he had still sat there, contentedly firing a volley of bullets against the steel vault wall until the bank officials were alarmed and an armed guard was sent scurrying about to investigate. And with the timely arrival of Tiernan and that armed guard came an end to the most audacious and staggering criminal *coup* of the century!

It was all very beautiful, the very finest of fine writing. Trotter poured his ardent and exultant young soul into it. And when his last page had been written and sent away, he sat back in the wide-armed, morocco-upholstered bank-room chair, white with weariness, the fires of creation burnt out to the last ember.

But one thing sustained and consoled him. He knew, as he whisked down to the *Advance* office in the Vice-President's French touring car, that his work was done. He also knew that it was well done.

It did not even startle him when Pyott himself held out a cold-fingered hand.

"Good business!" was his chief's sardonic commendation.

"Then I've made good?" asked the weary youth, without enthusiasm.

"You've made your *ten-strike!*" was the answer. "You're on the city staff at twenty dollars a week."

"When do I have to go over my proofs?" asked the tired-eyed and innocent youth.

"What proofs?"

"My story proofs!"

Pyott forced his eyes to meet those of the pale-faced boy looking up at him. The managing editor did so without an outward flinch. He was more or less used to such things.

"You've made good, my boy!" He casually turned away before he spoke the next sentence. *"But we've had to kill that story of yours!"*

Trotter did not move. He did not even gulp. He merely closed his tired eyes and at the same time let his lower lip fall a trifle away from the upper, as his breath came brokenly between them.

Then he sat down. For they had done more than kill his story. They had killed the spirit of Youth in him. There would be other battles, he knew, and perhaps other victories—but never again that fine, careless rapture of Youth! For they had killed his firstborn!

AN OPEN MIND: WILLIAM JAMES

By

WALTER LIPPMANN

WITHIN a week of the death of Professor William James of Harvard University, the newspapers had it that Mr. M. S. Ayer of Boston had received a message from his spirit. This news item provoked the ridicule of the people who don't believe in ghosts, but the joke was on Mr. Ayer of Boston. When, however, it was reported that Professor James himself had agreed to communicate with this world, if he could, and, in order to test the reports, had left a sealed message to be opened at a certain definite time after his death, the incredulous gasped at the professor's amazing "credulity."

William James wasn't "credulous." He was simply open-minded. Maybe the soul of man *is* immortal. The professors couldn't prove it wasn't, so James was willing to open his mind to evidence. He was willing to hunt for evidence, and to be convinced by it.

And in that he was simply keeping America's promise: he was actually doing what we, as a nation, proclaimed that we would do. He was tolerant; he was willing to listen to what seems preposterous, and to consider what might, though queer, be true. And he showed that this democratic attitude of mind is every bit as fruitful as the aristocratic determination to ignore new and strange-looking ideas. James was a democrat. He gave all men and all creeds, any idea, any theory, any superstition, a respectful hearing.

His interest in spiritualism is merely one illustration in a thousand. The hard scientists knew it was a hoax because they couldn't explain it, and the sentimentalists knew it was the truth because they wished it to be: but James wanted to know the facts. So he went to Mrs. Piper, and heard her out. Nay, he listened to Palladino and to Münsterberg. They pretended to know, and maybe they did.

And last year, when Frank Harris published his book on Shakespeare, to show that the "unknown" life and character of the poet could be drawn from his works, the other professors laughed the theory out of court. James went to Shakespeare and read the plays all over again to test the Harris theory. Maybe the poet *could* be known by his works. The fact that the theory was revolutionary did not alter the possibility that it might be true.

So with religion. A scientist, living in an age when science is dogmatically irreligious, he turned from its cocksure reasoning to ask for the facts. He went to the lives of the saints! Not to Herbert Spencer, you see. When he wanted to study the religious experience he went to the people who had had it, to Santa Theresa and Mrs. Eddy. They might know something the professors didn't know.

And again: at the age of sixty-five, with the whole of New England's individualism behind him, he asked about socialism. When he met H. G. Wells, he listened to the socialist, and, as it happens, was converted. So he said so. James was no more afraid of a new political theory than he was of ghosts, and he was no more afraid of proclaiming a new theory, or an old one, than he was of being a ghost. I think he would have listened with an open mind to the devil's account of heaven, and I'm sure he would have heard him out on hell.

James knew that he didn't know. He never acted upon the notion that the truth was his store of wisdom. Perhaps that is why he kept on rummaging about in other people's stores, and commending their goods. He seemed to take a delight in writing introductions, and appreciations of new books, and in going out of his way to listen to a young doctor of philosophy, or an undergraduate discussion of pragmatism, or the poetry of an obscure mystic. And, optimist that he was, by virtue of his unceasing freshness of interest, there is nothing more open-minded in our literature than his chivalrous respect for the pessimism of Francis Thompson.

> "Speak not of comfort where no comfort is,
> Speak not at all: can words make foul things fair?
> Our life's a cheat, our death a black abyss:
> Hush and be mute, envisaging despair."

He felt with all sorts of men. He understood their demand for immediate answers to the great speculative questions of life. God, freedom, immortality, nature as moral or non-moral—these were for him not matters of idle scientific wonder, but of urgent need. The scientific demand that men should wait "till doomsday, or till such time as our senses and intellect working together may have raked in evidence enough" for answers to these questions, is, says James, "the queerest idol ever manufactured in the philosophic cave." We cannot wait for a final solution. Our daily life is full of choices that we cannot dodge, and some guide we simply must have. There can be no loitering at the crossroads. We are busy. We must choose, whether we will it or not, and where all is doubt, who shall refuse us the right to believe what seems most adapted to our needs? Not know, you understand, but believe.

That is the famous position taken in "The Will to Believe." As James has since pointed out, its real title should have been "The Right to Believe." No doctrine in James's thinking has been more persistently misunderstood. Yet it rests on the simplest of insights: that atheism and theism are both dogmas, for there is scientific evidence for neither; that to withhold judgment is really to make a judgment, and act as if God didn't exist; that until the evidence is complete men have a right to believe what they most need.

James has acted upon that right. He has made a picture compounded of the insights of feeling, the elaborations of reason, and the daily requirements of men. It is a huge guess, if you like, to be verified only at the end of the world. But it has made many men at home in the universe. And this democrat understood the need of feeling at home in the world, and he understood also that the aristocrats are not at home here. (Perhaps that's why they are aristocrats.) "The luxurious classes," he says, "are blind to man's real relation to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently hard and solid foundations of his higher life." And he prescribed for them—for their culture, I mean—this treatment: "To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dishwashing, clotheswashing and windowwashing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stokeholes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas."

This, and thoughts like this, and kindnesses like this, put James not alone among the democrats of this uncertain world, but among the poets also; among the poetic philosophers who, like Goethe, Schopenhauer, and Whitman, have a sense of the pace of things. Sunlight and storm-cloud, the subdued busyness of outdoors, the rumble of cities, the mud of life's beginning and the heaven of its hopes, stain his pages with the glad, sweaty sense of life itself.

It is an encouraging thought that America should have produced perhaps the most tolerant man of our generation. It is a stimulating thought that he was a man whose tolerance never meant the kind of timidity which refuses to take a stand "because there is so much to be said on both sides." As every one knows, he fought hard for his ideas, because he believed in them, and because he wanted others to believe in them. The propagandist was strong in William James. He wished to give as well as receive. And he listened for truth from anybody, and from anywhere, and in any form. He listened for it from Emma Goldman, the pope, or a sophomore; preached from a pulpit, a throne, or a soap-box; in the language of science, in slang, in fine rhetoric, or in the talk of a ward boss.

And he told his conclusions. He told them, too, without the expert's arrogance toward the man in the street, and without the dainty and finicky horror of being popular and journalistic. He would quote Mr. Dooley on God to make himself understood among men. He would have heard God gladly in the overalls of a carpenter, even though He came to preach that the soul of man is immortal. So open-minded was he; so very much of a democrat.

FROSTY FERGUSON

By

LOWELL E. HARDY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

THE corral gate was pushed open a few inches from the inside and Mr. Bat Henderson stuck his head through the aperture. He peered cautiously at the ranch-house. Seeing no sign of the enemy, he led his buckskin pony out and closed the gate noiselessly after him.

He gave a low whistle.

The big hound whose agreeable companionship Mr. Henderson desired on his ride to Four Horse Flat lay asleep in the doorway of the house. No other life was visible. Mr. Henderson waited. The hound dreamed peacefully on.

Bat gave a little cough.

No result.

He tried another, a little louder, and glanced hastily at the open door as, to his apprehensive ears, the modest cough rang out on the still mountain air like an Indian war whoop. But the dog stirred not. Mr. Henderson muttered a low imprecation and stood looking helplessly about him with the bridle reins hanging loose in his hand. Then he fixed his gaze again on the dog and stared hard at the unconscious animal for a full minute.

The hound stirred uneasily. Suddenly he caught sight of his master. Mr. Henderson was beckoning to him earnestly with his right hand, and with his left he seductively patted his knee.

The hound got up hurriedly and started toward him. Halfway across the open space he quickened his gait and glanced furtively back over his shoulder at the house. At this moment, from the doorway came a voice in hoarse command:

"Come back here, Rusty!"

The dog stopped short with a discouraged yelp. The hair along his spine rose stiffly. His tail dropped, and he rolled his eyes and looked beseechingly at his master.

Mr. Henderson drew a long, exasperated breath and glared angrily at the house. He waited a moment. Nobody appeared. Turning his back, he mounted his horse and started boldly off. "Come on, old boy," he called to the dog, and Rusty again bounded joyfully toward him.

"Come back here, sir!" came in stern accents from the house, in excellent imitation of Mr. Henderson's voice.

The dog stopped, whining uneasily, and casting sheepish glances back toward the house. Doubt and indecision showed in every line of his body.

"Damn him!" said Bat, shaking his fist at the unseen speaker. "I'll twist his cussed head off one of these times!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in ribald tones from the enemy. "You're a liar and a hoss thief!"

The outraged Mr. Henderson stared fixedly at the doorway for a minute, and then looked back at the dog crouching on the ground. He raised his voice. "Hi! you, Uncle Nat!" he shouted.

A wizened, baldheaded little man with sparse grayish whiskers came to the door and peered out.

"What's the matter?" he inquired mildly. "Want your coat?"

"No, I don't!" shouted Mr. Henderson forcefully. "I want you to shut that parrot of yours up and let me call my dog along or I'll come back there and wring his neck!"

Mr. Nanny looked reproachfully at the speaker. "I'm surprised at you," he said in shocked tones. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A great big hulkin' feller like you a-talkin' that way about a poor, defenseless bird that has no father or mother and only one friend in the world, and he just a poor, worn-out, old has-been that any old, one-eyed hoss is good enough for." His voice rose higher and higher as he proceeded. "Anything is good enough for—!"

Mr. Henderson gave a feeble groan. He looked desperately about him. Jerking the buckskin's head around, he jabbed the big Mexican spurs into its sides and made his escape down the road at a gallop, followed by the grateful Rusty.

Out of sight around a turn he pulled his pony down to a walk and gave a deep sigh. He dug the "makings" from the pocket on his leather chaps and shook his head slowly as he rolled a cigarette.

"Damn him!" he said helplessly. "He's getting worse and worse. I 'most wish I'd let him drown, and that cussed parrot with him." Bat scratched the match across the back of his saddle and lit the cigarette. "I never figured savin' a man's life was such a complicated proposition as all this," he worried. "I wonder if I ever will get rid of him." The life-saver sighed heavily and rode slowly on his way.

Arriving at the stage station, Mr. Henderson dismounted before the New Orleans Saloon and tied his buckskin to the rail. He then sought out his friend and mentor, Mr. Frosty Ferguson.

"Look a-here, Frosty," he began, "you remember that old coot I dragged out of the river here last month?"

Mr. Ferguson signified that he did.

"Well," continued Bat, "I've got to get rid of him. He and his parrot are still camping down on me up there at the ranch and they're a-pesterin' the life out of me!"

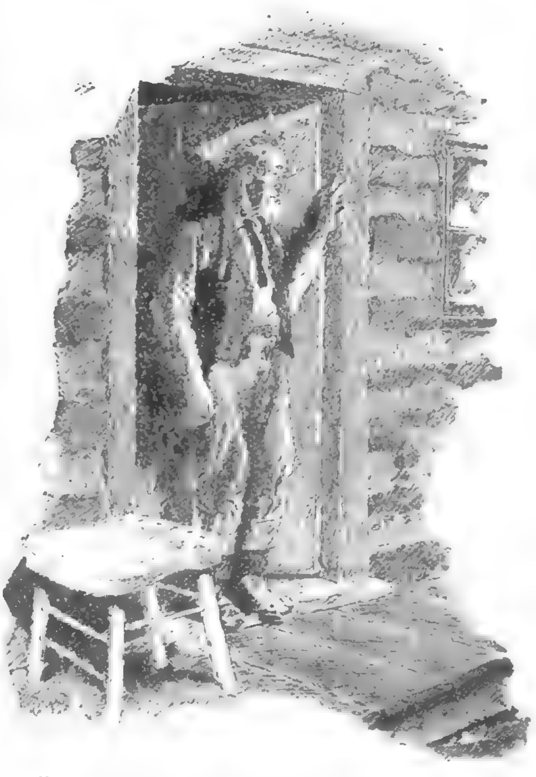
"I know just how you feel, Bat," observed Frosty sympathetically. "I suppose he keeps a-thanking you, and a-God-blessing you, and a-calling you his preserver from morning till night. Wants to try to repay——"

"You're 'way off," interrupted Mr. Henderson shortly. "In this here business of savin' lives I observe you've got the old-fashioned idea of what's due to a party who saves you from a watery grave in the quicksand." He gazed fixedly at Mr. Ferguson. "What would you think," continued Mr. Henderson slowly, "of a sport that sits calmly down after bein' rescued and asks you, now that you went ahead and saved him without his permission, what you're going to do with him?"

"I'd think he was crazy," observed Mr. Ferguson with decision.

Bat nodded. "When this party missed the ford at Battle Meadow Crossing that day, he lost his wagon and his old crow-bait hosses and everything else he owned on earth except the parrot, which he was a-clingin' to like a nigger to a ham bone, when I dragged them out. They bein' helpless and most drowned, I took them home to the ranch and sat up all night with them, a-keepin' him warm and a-givin' him hot drinks and a-dryin' out the parrot."

Mr. Ferguson gave a commendatory nod.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" HE INQUIRED MILDLY. "WANT YOUR COAT?"

"In the morning," continued Bat, "I fried him some ham and made a pot of coffee and brought it to him, and what do you think he said?"

Frosty couldn't think.

"'Did you freshen this here ham,' he says, 'in water before you fried it?'"

"I said I didn't, never having heard of such a proposition before.

"'Well,' says he, 'that's the only way to fix ham fit to eat!'—and he gave it to the dog."

"He tasted the coffee," went on the injured host, "and then he got up with the cup in his hand and went outside and poured it on to a bush a-growin' by the door and stood a-watchin' the bush. It was blame good coffee, too," he added aggrievedly. "I made it same as we always do. You know—four or five handfuls of coffee and a dipper of water."

Mr. Ferguson nodded concurringly.

"He makes the coffee now," Bat continued, "and I drink condensed milk. I stood out for two weeks on the ham proposition, but he went around looking so abused that I finally had to give in. I used to like ham, too," observed the narrator plaintively, "and I hated to spoil it by a-soakin' all the taste out of it before I fried it; but I couldn't stand him a-going around with that suffering look on his face and a-describing to me while I ate my dinner what it was a-doing to my insides."

Bat paused and gazed helplessly at his friend.

"How about the parrot?" inquired Frosty, interested.

"Damn the parrot!" said Bat forcibly.

"Why don't you throw them both out?" asked Frosty, grinning.

"Well, I s'pose I ought to," Bat said finally, taking off his hat and running his fingers through his hair. "But you see it's like this, Frosty: he takes the ground that I went ahead and saved his life without consulting him and now it's up to me to look after him. He says he didn't ask me to save him and if I ain't going to take care of him properly, why didn't I let him drown in peace. He's got me all mixed up." Bat looked appealingly at Mr. Ferguson and mopped his perplexed face.

"Well, what do you think of that for a high, wide, and handsome idea?" observed that gentleman admiringly.

"He's kicking now about the hoss I give him to ride," Bat went on plaintively. "It's my old pinto, and a good hoss, too, but he lost out an eye somewhere, which nacherly don't improve his looks any; but he's plenty good enough for an old feller like him to ride and a durn sight better hoss than them he lost in the river."

"The thing for you to do, Bat, is to chase him right off the place," said Frosty, firmly. "Won't he go?"

"Sure, he'll go all right," answered Bat, "but I'm ashamed to make him. And besides," he added, "he's a good-hearted old cuss, too. He's always after me to put on a coat when I go out, or to change my boots if I get them wet, and he's doping me all the time with onion syrup or some such mess he concocts. You'd think—to see him—I was some feeble old lady that was being kept alive by loving care alone. It's fierce!" he added with a groan.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" inquired Mr. Ferguson after a moment's sympathetic pause.

"I want you to figure out a scheme for getting rid of him without hurting his feelings, and I know you're just the one to do it."

"All right," replied Frosty, frowning heavily. "I'll do it. It will require a little study and thought, but the human mind is a wonderful thing, and when you know how to use it you can get wonderful results. Leave it to me. I'll think about it."

"Come over to the Golden Rule and think," urged Bat, taking Frosty by the arm. "I'm going to buy five dollars' worth of good fried ham, and eat it, with a gallon of real coffee on the side."

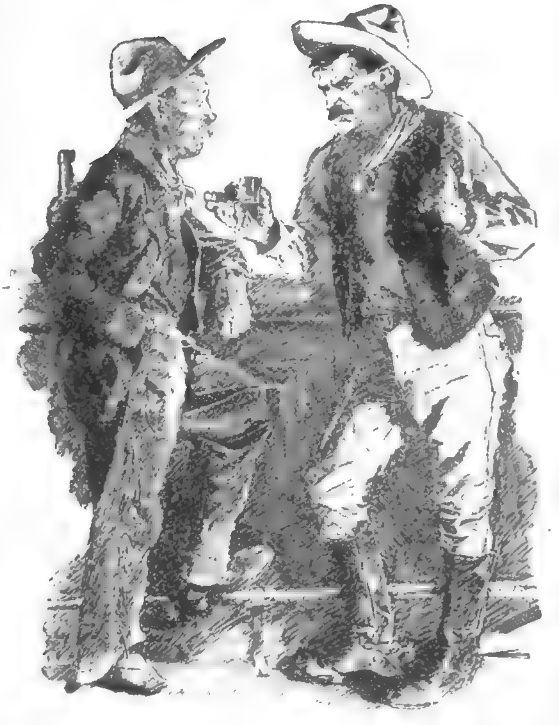
One morning, a week later, when Frosty rode up to Bat's ranch, he was gratified to see the result of his brain work in the shape of the pinto pony, in company with a loaded pack mule, standing before the house ready for a journey. He tied his horse to the fence and went in.

"Why, hello, Uncle Nat," he exclaimed in apparent surprise, winking at Bat. "Decided to go prospecting, did you?"

Mr. Nanny grunted.

"An old prospector like you is sure to strike it rich up there in that Meadow Lake country," Frosty continued glibly. "Those samples I showed you came right from there last week. I envy you your chance."

"You can have it," said Mr. Nanny gen-



"THE THING FOR YOU TO DO, BAT, IS TO CHASE HIM RIGHT OFF THE PLACE," SAID FROSTY, FIRMLY.

erously. He waved his hand toward the outfit. "Take 'em and go along."

"No, I can't go right now," Frosty explained, "and I wouldn't want to take your place, anyway. Hadn't you better be getting started now?" he suggested, as Mr. Nanny slowly finished his third cup of coffee and glanced around for the pot, which Frosty hastily captured and emptied into his own cup.

Mr. Nanny eyed his companion with some disfavor. "What's your hurry?" he asked, reaching slowly for his corn-cob. "Can't I take time to fill my pipe?"

"Here, have this cigar," said Frosty hurriedly, offering Uncle Nat the Havana he'd been saving to smoke on Sunday.

Mr. Nanny accepted it resentfully. He smelt of it, examined the band, and, after hesitating doubtfully for a moment, lighted it.

Frosty glared at him. "Come along, now," he said in a hard voice, when Uncle Nat had finally got the cigar going to his satisfaction.

The plotters escorted the reluctant traveler out to the road, where the pinto pony and the pack mule, loaded with provisions and blankets enough for an arctic expedition, stood ready for the voyager. Here considerable time was consumed in a minute veterinary examination which Uncle Nat made of the pack mule and in a heated argument which resulted when he discovered a ringbone on that animal. He was finally almost lifted into the saddle by the indignant Frosty.

"Good-by," said Mr. Nanny in a resigned voice, as he picked up the reins. "'Sharper than a sarpint's tooth is an ungrateful child,' is all I can think of when I observes myself bein' sent out into the world on a pinto hoss with one eye and a-leadin' of a ringboned mule. Good-by!" And he rode off.

When he reached a turn in the road he looked back. "Don't forgit to take them dandelion bitters regular," he shouted to Bat. "The onion syrup is on the shelf, and don't you forgit to feed James!"

Bat waved his hand and went into the house, where he gathered up the bottles containing the decoctions mentioned and hurled them viciously out of the window.

Once again good coffee, peace, and fried ham "*à la naturelle*," reigned on the ranch, and the emancipated Mr. Henderson, with James, the parrot, for company, enjoyed the undisputed possession of his home.

One day, two weeks after Uncle Nat's departure, Bat had ridden into Four Horse Flat and, in company with the leading citizens of that metropolis, was waiting on the platform before the stage company's office for the mail to be distributed.

Mr. Frosty Ferguson was entertaining the gathering meanwhile with a dissertation on the subject of "The Superiority of Brain Work Over Mere Animal Force."

"Strategy," observed Mr. Ferguson largely, as he leaned back on the express box against a convenient post and faced his audience, ranged up against the building, "is what the greatest minds of the world use in accomplishing what you terrapins would probably try to do by mere brute strength." Mr. Ferguson rearranged the bandanna knotted at his neck and gave a slight cough.

"Here was this Nanny man," he continued, "a-battening on, and a-sucking of, the life-blood of our little friend, Mr. Henderson.

"Mr. Henderson comes to me," Mr. Ferguson continued, "his intellect being sort of feeble when it comes to problems requiring deep thought, and what did I do? Did I grab this goat man and run him off the reservation? No, sir. I used strategy. I told him all about the big strikes being made up in the Meadow Lake Mines, where they were taking out the gold nuggets with ice hooks. That's what I call brain work—strategy!"

"It is, is it?" sourly observed Mr. Doolittle, one of the leading citizens. "I'd call it lyin'."

Mr. Ferguson gave him a look eloquent of his contempt for such simple-mindedness.

"That being a busted country up there," he went on with the scornful patience of the higher mind, "our friend will go bust also and won't be able to get back, and," Mr. Ferguson grinned pleasantly, "there he is!"

"How d'ye do, gentlemen!" said a cheerful voice from the road, and Frosty, starting violently, turned to see Uncle Nat dismounting from the pinto.

Mr. Nanny appeared to be in a remarkably pleasant frame of mind and state of dress for a man in such dire financial distress as Mr. Ferguson had just been predicting. He was smoking an expensive cigar and wore a new and shining pair of boots, while from his coat pocket peeped a bright new silk handkerchief. He removed the cigar from his mouth.

"Have you all been struck dumb?" he inquired pleasantly.

"No, we're all right, Uncle Nat," replied Mr. Doolittle gleefully. "How are you? You're looking fine. Where did you make the raise? Your friend, Mr. Ferguson, was just saying that——"

"Never mind what I was saying," interrupted Mr. Ferguson hastily. "Let's all go have a drink. Come on, Uncle Nat." He caught him by the arm and they moved in a body to the cool interior of the New Orleans.

"Did you find a gold mine?" inquired Mr. Doolittle, when Mr. Nanny had taken his refreshment and was preparing to start for the ranch.

"Nope," responded Uncle Nat promptly. "There's no gold up there." He eyed Frosty severely for a moment.

"Well, where did you make the raise, then?" asked Mr. Doolittle.

"A-buyin' gold bricks," replied Mr. Nanny calmly. "I made two hundred dollars at it, and then I sold the pack mule for twenty dollars—he was no good—ringboned, I told you he was——"

"Tell us about the gold bricks," suggested Frosty hoarsely.

"Oh! there's nothing much to tell," Mr. Nanny replied modestly. "You see, it was like this." He settled himself back against the rail. "I wuz up there in Copper City a-nosin' around, and one day a fine-dressed young feller, with a big di'mond pin and gold watch chains on, came up to me and he says: 'Me and my pal hev got a gold brick which,' he says, 'we bought cheap from an Indian, which stole it from a quartz mill up in the mountains. My pardner is sick and we hev got to hev some money. He won't trust me with the brick, but if you'll come up to the cabin with me and see it you can buy him out for eight hundred dollars. It's worth five thousand.'

"I didn't have any eight hundred dollars, but I thought I might be able to get a hold of some where there seemed to be so much layin' around, so I went along.

"We went out to the cabin, and as soon as we got near it the feller inside begun to cough fit to bust and I wuz afraid he wouldn't last till we got there. We went in and the sick man dug out the brick from between the blankets and showed it to me. It wasn't nothin' but a chunk of brass plated over, and I knowed it the minit I see it. Them two was bunco men and I made up my mind to teach 'em a lesson, so I figured around a while with 'em and tried to jew the sick feller down. Then they began to get peevish, and the first feller called me outside.

"'Are you goin' to buy?' says he, pretty short.

"I took him by the arm and led him over to a woodshed where there was some old pick handles and axes and things a-layin' around, and I says to him, 'What's the use?' says I.

"'What do you mean?' says he.

"'I mean this,' says I. 'What's the use of paying your pardner good coin for that brick? He's pretty near dead, anyway. Let's take a couple of clubs and beat his brains out and get the brick for nothin',' and I picked up the axe and started for the house."

Mr. Nanny gazed calmly about him at the circle of his horrified friends.

"What did he do then?" asked Mr. Doolittle in an awed voice.

Mr. Nanny grinned pleasantly. "He gave me two hundred dollars to go away and not kill his pardner," he said simply, "and I went."

After thanking Frosty for his refreshment, Uncle Nat mounted the pinto and rode off home amid a dead silence.

He at once reassumed his old position at the ranch, and Bat weakly submitted. He stood it for two weeks, but when one morning he discovered the old man chasing Rusty with a club because that long-suffering brute refused to come when James called him, he struck.

"It's gettin' to be something fierce!" said he with a worried expression on his face as he laid the matter before Mr. Ferguson, whom he met coming from town. "He's after me all the time about something. He jumped on me yesterday and 'most licked me because I hid my coat out in the barn so I wouldn't have to wear it to town, and he made me sit for two hours last night with my feet in a pail of mustard and water because I got my boots wet. It mighty near blistered the skin off of me. I can't stand it much longer!"

"You sure are having a hard time of it," observed Frosty sympathetically. "Are you going over to the dance at Hayfork to-night?" he inquired, with the idea of getting his friend's mind off his troubles.

"No, I reckon I won't go," answered Bat regretfully. "He makes such a fuss about it if I get home after eleven o'clock that I don't enjoy myself. I have to keep looking at the clock all the time and it makes me nervous."

"Does he lick you if you get home late?" inquired Frosty scornfully.

"No, he don't lick me," replied Bat slowly, "but he talks to me about how I'm a-dissipatin' my youth and vigor and a-debauchin' of my soul, which he says is 'hair hung and breeze shaken over hell,' until I could tear a limb off a tree with my teeth."

"The old rip!" observed Frosty in sympathetic tones.

"You remember that dance we went to over on Hot Creek here last week," went on Mr. Henderson plaintively. "Well, when I got home it was pretty near daylight. I took off my boots and sneaked in and got about half undressed, when he woke up.

"'That you?' says he, pretty sharp.

"'Yes, sir,' I answered him, shakin'!

"'What are you gettin' up so early for?' he says, and I had to stay up! . . . There's nothing funny about it." Bat glared at the grinning Mr. Ferguson.

"Do you know where he is now and what he's doing?" inquired Frosty.

"No, I don't. And I don't care, either," replied Bat sententiously.

"When I left the Flat he was in the New Orleans a-entertaining a little circle of your friends with an account of your meanness and a-trying to kill his sorrow with Dan Wilson's tarantula juice. He feels so bad over your ingratitude, after all he's done for you, that he's gone off on a time to forget his wrongs."

"What'll I do?" said Bat, gazing helplessly at Frosty. "Can't I get rid of him?"

For a minute Mr. Ferguson engaged in silent thought. Suddenly a great light shone on that schemer's face, and, reaching over, he grabbed his friend by the arm.

"Come here!" he said, nearly dragging him from his horse. Bat clung to his saddle horn and listened while Frosty, after peering cautiously about him at the rocks and timber of the mountainside, whispered in his ear.

Bat listened intently. A broad smile slowly appeared on his face, and then he began to laugh. He slapped his leather leggings a mighty smack and gave a loud "Whoopee!" while he spurred his pony into a buck jump to express his delight. Frosty sat back and looked with complacent dignity upon the unseemly antics of his friend.

"It's nothing," he said with a little cough. "Brains and strategy is what does it. Now I'll go back and get him."

He gathered up his reins and turned his pony toward town. "I'll be back soon," he called out, and rode off. About dusk he returned with Mr. Nanny somewhat mellow, and turned him over to his fellow-conspirator. He then hurriedly departed.

At midnight Bat and Mr. Nanny were aroused from their slumbers by the furious galloping of a horse which stopped before the house. The rider flung himself from the saddle and pounded vigorously on the door with the butt of his quirt and shouted for admittance. Bat hurried to the door, while Mr. Nanny sat up in bed blinking dazedly at the light.

"What's up?" shouted Bat.

"Open the door!" replied Mr. Ferguson's voice in peremptory tones; "and hurry up."

Bat swung the door open and Frosty burst into the room.

"Get up!" he yelled, rushing over to Mr. Nanny's bed.

"Wha' zer ma'r' '?" mildly inquired that bacchanalian.

"The sheriff's after you!" Frosty shouted, shaking him vigorously.

"Me?" inquired Mr. Nanny sleepily. "Wha' for?"

"For stealing a horse!" replied Mr. Ferguson. "You stole Bill Simmond's bay horse while you were intoxicated, and sold him for eight dollars to buy rum," Frosty added sternly. "A posse is out after you. They'll be here in ten minutes. I ran my horse all the way from town to save you. You're a dead man if they catch you!"

"Don' let 'em catch me then," observed Mr. Nanny, complacently, lying down again. "I leave it all to you, boys."

Mr. Ferguson glared at him for a minute, then jerked him up into a sitting position.

"Are you coming with me or will you stay here and be hung?" he demanded sternly.

Mr. Nanny appeared to cogitate for a minute, closing one eye shrewdly. "I'll go with you!" he said finally, looking proudly from one to the other.

"All right," replied Frosty, much relieved. "You get out and climb that pinto of yours and skip as lively as you can. I got a plan for your escape."

Mr. Nanny began to pull on his clothes. "Where'll I go?" he asked. "I'll get a cold in my head if I stay out at night."

"You'll be cold all over if they catch you," replied his rescuer. Mr. Nanny stared hard at him for a moment and then hurriedly finished dressing.

"Come on, now, if you're ready," said Frosty. "I've fixed it up with that old fellow that's camping down by the river with the big covered wagon, and he's going to hide you and get you out of the country. He's a traveling professor of some kind. Come on, now, or they'll get us both!"

Grabbing the now thoroughly alarmed Mr. Nanny by the arm, Frosty rushed him out, cutting short his minute instructions to Bat concerning the care and feeding of James, and they galloped off.

Frosty returned just as Bat was sitting down to breakfast. He looked tired and sleepy, but pride radiated from his face.

"How did you work it?" Bat inquired, as he poured his deliverer a large, vigorous cup of coffee.

"Easy enough," answered Frosty loftily. "Strategy did it. You see, the old professor is a traveling temperance revivalist, and I let him have Uncle Nat to use at his meetings for a horrible example. He was glad to get him. Gave me ten dollars for him."

Bat stared. "That Napoleon sport didn't have it any on you, Frosty," he observed in an awed voice.

"Oh, it's nothing," replied Mr. Ferguson modestly. "Strategy is the stuff. You have to have the brain for it, that's all. It's easy when you know how. Have some more of this ham, Bat; it's fine."

"Sure I will," replied Bat, passing up his plate. "Fry the whole blame ham and let's eat it, just to show our independence. I'll make some more of that coffee, too."

Suddenly a shrill whistle sounded from the porch, and Rusty came racing madly up from the corral. "Get out of here!" said the parrot severely, when the dog reached the door. Rusty dropped his tail between his legs and skulked away, casting foolish glances back over his shoulder. James went off into a gale of hoarse laughter.

"Ain't that bird the damnedest?" observed Bat admiringly. "He does that about twenty times a day. He's wearing the dog plumb out."

Ten days later, as Bat and Frosty, returning from a *rodeo* over on Hat Creek, forded the river below the ranch-house, they saw smoke rising from the chimney.

"Got a visitor at your house?" inquired Frosty.

Bat looked up nervously and stared at the house. "Say, Frosty," he said huskily, "you don't suppose he's come back?"

Frosty looked startled for a moment. "No, he wouldn't come back. He'd be afraid to. Don't worry about him, Bat. We fixed him." Mr. Ferguson laughed mirthlessly and eyed the house with anxiety.

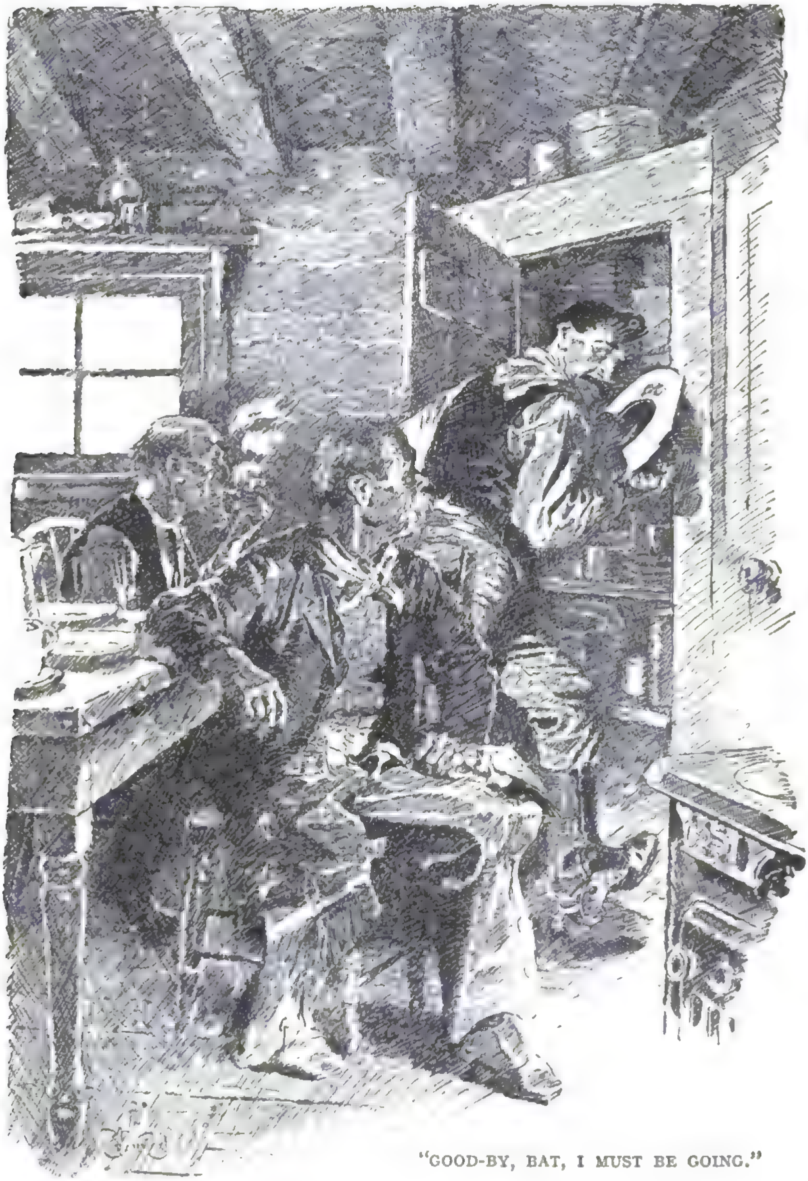
They dismounted at the door.

"Go along in, Frosty, and make yourself at home," urged Bat hospitably. "I want to fix this saddle. It will only take a minute."

"Let me help you," exclaimed Frosty generously, and he hurried over to his friend's side.

"Oh, never mind," said Bat ungraciously, dropping the stirrup. "I'll fix it later."

After a moment's confusion, owing to the polite reluctance of each to take precedence over his friend in entering the house, they opened the door and stepped inside.



"GOOD-BY, BAT, I MUST BE GOING."

"Shut that door," said a sharp voice, and Mr. Nanny straightened up from the stove where he was frying flapjacks. "Wuz you raised in a sawmill?"

"No, sir," said Bat meekly, and sat down.

Uncle Nat opened the stove and peered in. "Put on your coat and go get some wood," said he.

Bat went out. The old man eyed Frosty severely for a minute.

"What are you looking at?" finally inquired Mr. Ferguson uneasily.

"At my preserver," replied Uncle Nat sourly, still glaring at his victim. "Hev you rescued any more fugitives from justice lately?"

Before Frosty was able to formulate a

satisfactory reply, Bat entered with the wood. He threw it in the corner and sat down by the stove, and a dead silence ensued. They seated themselves at the table. The parrot climbed up on Bat's knee and lovingly chewed his finger.

"What became of the Professor?" Bat ventured to inquire of the traveler, when the last of Uncle Nat's flapjacks had disappeared.

"He's in jail," responded Mr. Nanny briefly, filling his corncob pipe.

"Oh, hell!" observed James, in shocked tones.

Bat laughed. "I thought he was a kind of temperance revivalist. What's he in jail for?"

"For bustin' a constable over the nose and bein' drunk and disorderly," replied Uncle Nat, complacently sucking his pipe.

"Where were you?" questioned Frosty.

"I was conductin' the meetin'," replied Mr. Nanny with a superior air. "We had a great many out that night, and the Professor not showing up, I opened the services with my song as usual."

"Your song?" said Bat, grinning. "What did you sing?"

"I sung a very touchin' little ballard entitled, 'Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine!' and there wasn't a dry eye in the house when I finished. It had eleven verses. I'll sing 'em for you."

"Never mind," said Bat. "Don't do it."

Mr. Nanny glared at him.

"I mean not now," Bat added hurriedly. "Wait till we're through dinner and can enjoy it."

"Tell us about the Professor," interposed Frosty. "He was drunk, was he?"

"He must 'a' been," affirmed Mr. Nanny. "He told me some turrible strange things." Uncle Nat eyed his auditors meaningly. "He told me I never stole any hoss and there wasn't no posse after me at all, and he said you got ten dollars——"

"That's all right," interrupted Frosty, getting up hurriedly. "I have ten dollars that I've been keeping for you. I'll give it to you to-morrow. Good-by, Bat, I must be going."

Mr. Ferguson grabbed up his hat and, opening a door, walked into the pantry.

"Come out of there," said Uncle Nat sternly. "Ain't you had enough to eat?"

Frosty backed hastily out and, finding the door, escaped.

Bat joined him outside. "What are you going to do now?" he said hoarsely, grabbing Frosty by the arm.

"Leave it to me," replied Mr. Ferguson, darkly. "I welcome the problem. I perceive that ordinary methods won't do in this case. It is going to take genius to handle it. But don't worry, Bat." The strategist tapped his head impressively. "Leave it to me," and he mounted his pony and rode off.

The following Sunday Uncle Nat came home from the post-office looking very important and acting mysteriously. Bat saw him standing before the fragment of mirror nailed to a post near the pump, examining his features with great interest and trying to look like Daniel Webster, while the parrot watched him intently.

"What are you doing, Uncle Nat?" Bat inquired. "Going to enter a beauty contest?"

Mr. Nanny scorned to reply. Glowering, he retreated to his room. Bat caught him several times that day reading a letter, which he at once secreted about his person at Bat's approach. Bat said nothing to Mr. Nanny but confided in Frosty.

"What do you suppose he's up to?" he inquired of that superior mind, when he had reported the occurrences.

Frosty gave an inscrutable smile.

"Don't you worry," he advised. "Lots of queer things are liable to happen in the next few weeks, and don't you do or say anything about them. You understand?" Bat didn't understand, but he followed his instructions blindly. Mr. Nanny spent the entire morning of the following day inditing an epistle to some unknown correspondent, while Bat did the housework.

A few days later Bat burst in on Frosty, as he was branding a little bunch of calves in the corral back of his house.

"What's the matter now?" inquired Mr. Ferguson, sitting on the calf's head.

"A whole lot's the matter!" replied Bat shortly. "That old cuss wants me to give him four dollars to get his picture taken. Says he might get killed any minute, 'a-riding of a blind hoss,' and I'd have no likeness of him on the whole place. What do you think of that?"

"Give him the four dollars," said Frosty earnestly, and he contorted his right eye in a strenuous wink.

Bat stared at him coldly. "I'll see him in hell first! What do I want of his picture?"

"If I'm going to run this game," said Frosty sternly, "you've got to obey orders."

"All right, then," observed Bat, resignedly. "I don't know what you're trying to do, but whatever it is, you cut it short as you can. He's ironed out my best black suit and is taking in the seams to fit him. I reckon he's going to wear it to get his picture taken in."

"That's all right," consoled Frosty. "It will soon be over, and what's a suit?" he added airily, lighting his cigarette.

"You let him have yours then," said Bat resentfully.

Frosty stared at him. "Don't I furnish the brains? I guess you can furnish the clothes," he said severely; and Bat retired, subdued but unconvinced.

Mr. Nanny saddled up the pinto pony on the following morning and rode off in high spirits—and Bat's best suit of clothes. He stayed in town all night while the traveling photographer finished up his pictures. In the afternoon he reappeared at the ranch and resumed his usual habiliments. He placed eleven likenesses of himself, as he appeared in the borrowed plumage, about the house at various advantageous points, driving Mr. Henderson nearly into a frenzy.

Upon receipt, several days later, of a letter and a large photograph, not his own, Uncle Nat, much excited, announced that business required his presence in San Francisco immediately and that he needed forty dollars. Mr. Henderson, without trusting himself to speak, saddled his horse and went in search of Frosty.

"This is the limit," he said grimly, and gave him an account of the latest impositions.

"It's the end of the limit, too," responded Frosty, confidently. "You'd better say good-by to him. It's the last you'll see of him."

"You're sure about that?" said Bat doubtfully.

"Sure as shooting," replied Frosty firmly. "Here's where strategy triumphs in the end."

"I wish I knew how you did it," said Bat, gazing in deep admiration at Mr. Ferguson.

Frosty gave a superior smile. "I'll tell you when he's gone," he promised.

When Mr. Nanny rode off the following morning on the faithful pinto, Bat watched him down the road after bidding him a really affectionate good-by.

"You can keep the pinto," he yelled after him, as a sudden thought struck him. "I give him to you."

Uncle Nat waved his hand. "You kin hev James," he called back, and thus they parted.

The spring round-up was now on, and between riding and branding both Bat and Frosty were extremely busy on their ranches. It was a week later when Frosty appeared at Bat's ranch one afternoon and, turning his pony into the corral, joined his friend on the bench before the house, where he sat, with the parrot for company.

Frosty beamed joyfully on his friend. "Hello, Bat! You're feeling pretty fine nowadays, huh?"

"Sure, I feel all right," Bat responded slowly. "But do you know, I miss having that old coot around. Seems kind of lonesome without him." He stuck his finger into the cage and scratched the parrot's head thoughtfully.

Frosty stared at his friend in amazement. "I thought you wanted to get rid of him," he said finally.

"Well, I did," answered Bat. "But I'll tell you how it is." He pulled his hat down over his eyes and looked at his boots. "You see, it's this way. I got kinder used to having him around, kicking all the time and fussing over me, and I sort of miss it now that he's gone."

"Well, what do you think of that?" observed Mr. Ferguson in a pained voice to the scenery.

"If I didn't get things just to suit him," Bat went on, ignoring his friend's remark, "he used to make a fuss and it sort of kept me up to scratch. Of course," he added slowly, "I didn't enjoy it, but now, durn it, there's nobody to give a damn how I fry the ham or make the coffee. I'm getting so I don't enjoy my meals any more. Don't take any interest in them, so to speak."

Bat turned his troubled face to his friend and suddenly began to laugh. "Isn't that the durnedest idea you ever heard of?" he observed.

"It certainly is," replied Frosty, grinning.

"Well, just the same," continued Bat slowly, "I wish instead of sending him off I had put him up on that hundred and sixty acres I have across the river. There's a good house there and he'd be all right and comfortable."

"Don't you worry about him, Bat," said Frosty soothingly. "He's gone for good now, and your troubles are over, but don't you ever save anybody's life again without seeing me about it first. I won't pull you out of the hole another time."

"Tell me about it," said Bat. "How did you do it?"

"I married him," replied Frosty calmly.

"You married him!" echoed Bat, staring at his informant, wide-eyed.

"Yep," responded Mr. Ferguson, "that is, I got him married to a lady."

"To a lady!" repeated Bat idiotically.

"Sure to a lady," said Frosty, irritably. "To a blonde widow lady with an affectionate disposition—quiet, refined, and home-loving, fond of children."

Bat gazed in amazement at his friend as he rolled off this speech with an air of familiarity.

"Uncle Nat," Frosty went on gleefully, "is a refined gentleman of means, who seeks a loving mate. Is musical, entertaining, and is prepared to shower upon the lady of his choice loving attention and a luxurious home. Object matrimony."

"But look a-here," interrupted Bat, as Frosty paused for breath, "that won't go. Why, the——"

"Don't you worry, my son," said Frosty, in his largest manner. "You've seen the last of Uncle Nat. I've attended to his case." He rolled a cigarette and waved it with an air of finality. "I told you I'd do it," he said loftily. "We fell down on the first few attempts, it's true, but I didn't take much pains with them. This time I used real strategy of the highest order, and it never fails." He waved his hand comprehensively at the landscape.

Bat was silent and stared at the ground.

"Perhaps," went on Mr. Ferguson, with a deprecatory little cough, "sometimes when you are sitting down to your real fried ham and good old-fashioned coffee" —Frosty paused dramatically while he scratched a match on the bench—"you will thank your deliv——"

His voice trailed off into thin air and he stopped with his mouth open and the burning match between his fingers.

Bat looked up. He stared for a moment down the road as though seeing a vision. Then he started forward with beaming face.

Around a turn came Uncle Nat, and he was leading the pinto pony. That faithful animal was almost hidden from view beneath a mountain of bundles, bags, and baskets, but from his one good eye shone a gleam of joy in his homecoming which was magnified many times in the face of the returned traveler.

The match burned itself out against Frosty's fingers. His legs were stretched limply before him, and he seemed to have lost the power of speech.

Bat took a few steps forward and then suddenly halted as though frozen in his tracks. From behind the pony appeared a tired-looking little woman, followed by four small, towheaded children. Her faded hair had fallen down about her face. She was pretty, but she looked a bit weary, as though the battle with the world had been too much for her.

Bat's hat was off, and he bowed low. She smiled a little, and clung to Uncle Nat's arm.

"How d'ye do, boys?" said Uncle Nat, with a jaunty attempt at unconcern.

The parrot cocked his head to one side. "And the cat came back!" he said disgustedly.

Uncle Nat glared angrily at the bird.

Bat strode forward, ignoring alike Uncle Nat's polite salutation and the parrot's pleasant greeting. He stretched out his long arms, with a great smile on his broad face, and caught up two of the children and held them high over his head. The others flung themselves gleefully on the weak but smiling Frosty and climbed the legs of his hairy chaps. Uncle Nat looked on with an air of pleased proprietorship, while the tired-looking little woman smiled happily.

"Boys," said Uncle Nat, making another attempt to attract some attention, "I want to introduce you to my wife and her—" he checked himself with a modest little cough, "and our children."

The parrot stuck his head far out between the bars of his cage.

"Oh, hell!" he croaked scornfully, and dodged hastily back as the outraged Uncle Nat aimed a vicious blow at his head.

IT

By

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE STRUGGLE FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT," "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," "UPBUILDERS," ETC.

IV

THE POLITICS OF BUSINESS

A *Deadly Parallel* between PRIVATE and PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

Editor's Note. *The qualities that make the work of Mr. Steffens valuable in the highest degree are peculiarly marked in the following article—his kindliness, his sincerity, and his inexorable pursuit of the truth, wherever the quest may lead him, to the very fundamentals. One reader may find his method involved, another may think it unduly simple. The truth is that it is the simple, direct pursuit of an involved question. "The House That Jack Built" may occur to the reader who enjoys a homely comparison—that literary masterpiece of progressive narrative which sticks in every one's memory. Mr. Steffens builds up his case, point by point, to inevitable conclusions that will justify every reader's close attention.*

Other magazines also are running series of articles on Wall Street, and we believe that our readers will find all of them helpful to an understanding of this subject. The work in McClure's *is being done by George Kibbe Turner and John Moody. Mr. Turner is a careful student and a trained, clear, interesting writer, and Mr. Moody, the author of "The Truth About the Trusts," is an expert statistician and a scientific economist, who, from his offices in the financial district of New York, has made himself an authority on the theory and practice of high finance. His diagnosis of the evils in business should be important. The other series began in the* Metropolitan Magazine *with the October number. It is entitled "The Life Story of J. P. Morgan," and Carl Hovey, who is writing it, is making it a simple but a very instructive, entertaining narrative of the financial history of Mr. Morgan.*

A YOUNG Easterner came with his bride to Denver and, having letters which gave him a business pull, got a position in a bank. His instincts, breeding, and connections threw him naturally with a group of other young people who, from the churches as centers, set out to reform their city. They began aright; they set about putting their own house in order first. And their house was the Republican party. The Republicans were not in power and they might have seemed to be not at fault for the evils that hurt Denver. But those reformers knew better. They saw that their party machine belonged to the men or interests that owned the Democratic party; that it "played in" with its competitor; and that there would be "no use" voting for its ticket unless they could get control.

And they got the control. That is to say, they carried its primaries. They elected a majority of their delegates. It was a narrow majority, some three or four, but no matter. It was a triumph. The Republican party was restored to Republicans.

The young Easterner's wife was one of the reform delegates. He had intended to run himself, but they knew enough, those reformers, to feel that, having a place in a bank, he might not be able to "get off" to attend the sessions. And there were other men in a similar predicament. But women vote in Colorado; they have more time than men, so he and some other reformers had let their wives stand in their stead for the convention. And (so they reasoned) since you can't buy women, nor influence them; and since no gentleman would try to force them to do wrong, the reformers felt pretty secure.

Then the pull began. Good people think of pull as a vulgar influence which weak, bad men alone are subject to. The leaders of this reform group felt this pull; it frightened them personally, and they saw in the sobered faces of their delegates that those ladies and gentlemen felt it too. Everybody ran around bracing up the courage of everybody else, and there was need for vigilance and strength. The corrupt old machine wanted only two or three more votes, and its pull for them was amazing. It didn't come through politicians at all. The reformers would have laughed the old war-horses to scorn, and the old war-horses knew that. They sent "nice" people to these reform delegates: respectable, prominent men; clergymen, great attorneys, society leaders, and leading business men. Very often the pull came from an employer or a patron of the delegate.

Among these calls was one over the telephone to the young Easterner. The voice at the other end of the wire was the voice of a friend, and it "advised" him not to let his wife go to the convention. Brought up to think he was a free man in a free country, the bank clerk was startled. But his friend was urgent. He knew whereof he spoke, and what he knew was that the lady "must" not go to the convention. A certain heeler would call for her proxy that evening, and she must be ready to deliver it to him.

The young American was dazed. He said things. But his friend, as a final argument, bade him, if he was in doubt, to consult with his employers there in the bank. And the bank clerk did that. He asked advice of his superiors, and they were very glad that he did. For it was the wish of the bank, and to its interest, to have its employees stick to business, and as for the wives of their employees, their place was at home. Politics was not fit for women and for bank clerks.

The young bank clerk thought it over. He understood. He felt like fighting, but he had a career to make, a wife to support, and a family to bring up. This young man decided, as most of us decide when such a crisis occurs, to give up his citizenship. He went home, told his wife that he and she were not free, that they could not take part as citizens in the affairs of their city, and that they must go back on their friends. I don't know what she said. All I know is that she signed and he handed to the heeler that evening her proxy, which went to the machine. And enough others had to "quit" to turn back the control of the Republican party to the Republican business men who ran it to be beaten by their Democratic "party," which ran Denver in the interests of business.

Poor Boss Moffat

Now the boss of the business bosses who bossed the political bosses of both political parties in Denver, Colorado, is Mr. David H. Moffat, the president of the leading bank in that city and state. He is the real head of the system there which practiced this sort of coercion upon his young bank clerk, the clerk's wife, and his young friends. And, much as they were inclined to respect a man in his position, the reformers, in talks with me, privately blamed Mr. Moffat. They were wrong.

Poor Moffat. He is the head devil of the system in Colorado, but he is in turn a victim of the system in the nation. He is the man, mentioned in a preceding article, who has been scheming for years to raise money to build the so-called "Moffat Road" from Denver to Salt Lake City.

Poor Denver! The old railroads which go there have discriminated against her in rates until she can hardly live. It costs as much to send freight from Chicago to Denver as it does to send it from Chicago to Los Angeles and back. This beautiful young city must find another (rail) way out if she is to grow, and Moffat, as the promoter of the "Moffat Road," is regarded by her citizens as her savior, in a sense. He ranks high financially. But he couldn't get the money for his road. His proposition is good, and several times he has come home from the East, reporting joyously that he had the money. And he did have some. Construction would proceed for a while. But always it would stop—for want of money. I've heard men in Denver infer that Moffat was a liar.

He wasn't. The explanation I get (from his opponents in the East) is that Moffat really did arrange several times with bankers and others for loans; he really had promises of money when he said he had the money. But three times "the controllers of other, competing railroads" countermanded his loans. The system, which he stood for in Colorado, had forbidden to Moffat credit, just as, through him, it had forbidden his young bank clerk's wife to go to a political convention.

Nor is this the end of the living chain. With these two incidents fresh in mind and hot in my feelings, I returned to New York determined to find out what they meant. And, being busy myself, I asked another reporter to go to James J. Hill, relate these cases to him, describe the system they illustrate, and ask him what it all meant. Hill was one of the "big fellows." As president of the Great Northern he was one of the influences that might have acted against Moffat. How was he able to do such things? How could he justify the use of such force, the abuse of such power? And how did he feel about a country in which such things could happen? And my friend called on Mr. Hill, and they had an interview. It began pleasantly and proceeded easily till the reporter came to the point. Then Mr. Hill balked.

"Oh, I see what you are after. You want me to tell you the truth about such things."

"Certainly. The truth," said my colleague.

And Mr. Hill told the truth. "Why," he said, "don't you know that if I should tell you the truth about such things, 'they' would put me and my road out of business?"

So poor James J. Hill isn't free either. He is one of the men we all think of when we say "they." He is a part of "It," and a big part. But "It" rules him, too. He has to stand in. Like the bank clerk, like the bank clerk's wife, like the big Colorado bank president, the big railroad man is not a citizen, but a subject of the system. And so are the other big fellows. They also are afraid of one another. They also are dominated by the Thing they build up.

Who, then, is free? That's a live question in this great, "free country" of ours. Who's free from the pressure of financial power? And the answer is—nobody. There are lots of people who think they are free. They never feel "It," so they don't know that they are "It's" subjects. The young Easterner didn't; his bride didn't; Judge Lindsey didn't; none of the reformers of Denver knew that there was a Beast till they tried to do something vitally right. Then they learned. They know now, and by that knowledge they are wiser than the wise men of the East whom I hear saying that they could do right if they only had the time. They can't, not without fighting, not without risking things they hold dear. Denver knows the power and ramifications of the Financial Power; and San Francisco knows; and Portland, Oregon; and Wisconsin; and Chicago knows something of it; and Pittsburg is learning. There are many individuals and there are a few communities that know what the Money Power can do to a man and to a city and a state.

What It is that Does It

But who knows what "It" is? Who has ever analyzed and described the financial power that can control the votes of women in Colorado; of men in San Francisco; and the rates of railroads everywhere? C. P. Huntington in a rage at Stockton, California, declared that the grass should grow in the streets there, and the grass grew. And Stockton knows how the Southern Pacific sowed and cultivated that grass. But who in Stockton, and who in New York knows what the power really is which stunted the growth of Stockton; which has drawn the acts of many legislatures; dictated the decisions of courts, the policies of railroads, banks, and industrial trusts?

Not the financiers. When the ex-railroad president who had been discharged by "the controllers of other competing railroads" said to me, "They had the power; I resigned," I asked him, quickly, what that power was.

"Oh, they own the earth," he said. "They own everything and everybody on the earth, in the waters beneath the earth, and in the air above. Why shouldn't they be able to do what they will with their own?"

Now, of course, there was more passion than thought in this answer, but, as we shall see, the idea that financial power is ownership was in his mind, and it is in the mind of Wall Street, too.

"But," I said, "you have implied that they didn't own your road."

That was right, he said. "They didn't own my road then. They do now. They had to buy it to oust me. But they didn't own a share of stock when they first moved against me."

"And did they actually buy up the stock of your company?" I asked.

"Well, no; not all of it, of course. They only needed a majority."

That was clear. "Majority" is a political term, and we all understand it, and we all understand also that the majority should rule in a city, or in a railroad. But you can't "buy" a majority in a city; that would be expensive and unnecessary. "Do they buy majorities in business?" I asked him.

The Control of a Railroad

"No," he said. "They didn't literally buy a majority of the stocks. They didn't have to buy that much. All they wanted was the control, you know."

Control! That's another political term, and we know what it means in politics. A city boss has the "control" of a city. A state boss "controls" a state. A party boss has the "control" of his party machine. What does "control" mean in business?

"Control?" he echoed. "Why, control—control is a majority holding of stocks."

"But," I protested, "you said they didn't have to have a majority to get the control."

"No, I didn't," he said. "I said they didn't have to buy it. All they had to buy was enough stock to make up a majority with what they could otherwise influence."

Influence. Another political term. It's as common in business as control, and it's so common in politics that it is almost vulgar. Politicians call it "pull," and the bank clerk at Denver and his wife found out what it means. And they know that a political pull reaches into business. But what is it in business? How far does it go?

"Well," said the railroad man, "it reached as far as my board of directors."

"How could it? What was it? What hold did they have on your directors?"

"Oh, Lord," he said, impatiently. "They owned all the other roads, so, of course, they had an influence upon my directors."

"How did their control of other roads give them a pull on the directors of your road?"

"Why," he exclaimed, "to begin with, they could send their through freight our way or not, as they pleased. And, in the second place, several of my directors were directors on their roads, and so, of course, their directors had to help them get proxies from the stockholders to beat me at the annual election."

This was clearer; and it was clearer because it sounded so very like politics. They "throw business your way" in politics, and they hold elections, and they beat one another. Was there politics in business? There's a lot of business in politics. Is the converse true? I didn't ask him that. I wanted to get a tighter grip on "pull" in business and, also, to find out about their "ownership of those other roads."

"You said," I said, "that they owned those other roads. Did they?"

He checked an impulse to answer quickly; he thought. Then he said: "Not literally, of course. They didn't own all the stock."

"What did they own?"

"Why, the control."

Control again! Sometimes we say in politics that a boss who controls a city "owns it." But we don't mean it in the sense of property. How about business?

"Control?" he echoed, and he started to give his old definition. "Control is a majority-holding of— No," he said. "I don't mean that they own a majority of the stock. They only own the control of a majority of the stock."

"And that's so with the rest of the earth," I suggested. "You and the Populists are wrong when you say that they 'own' everything and everybody. They don't own the earth; they only own the control of the earth."

He laughed. No theories are quite so absurd as those of practical men, and one of the absurdest of these theories is that which confuses power with ownership;

and the proprietorship with possession. A few well-known facts will bring home the difference.

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

BOSS MURPHY.

"MY STUDY OF BUSINESS HAS SO CONFUSED MY SENSE OF MORALS THAT I WOULDN'T DARE CONDEMN MR. MURPHY NOW OR MATT QUAY OR BOSS COX."

When William C. Whitney died he had no Metropolitan (New York) Street Railway stocks. He was the boss of the road; not the president of the company, but the boss. He "owned" it, and yet he had not a share of the stock to leave to his heirs.

When ex-Governor Flower, the boss (not the president, but the boss) of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, died, he had no B. R. T. stock. He was booming it; he was urging all men to buy it; he died suddenly at the height of the speculation. But he, himself—*he* had not a share of "B. R. T."

And so with H. O. Havemeyer. He *was* sugar. He was president of the company and its boss, and he made his fortune out of it in some way. But when he died his estate had only a hundred shares or so of sugar stock, just enough to qualify a director. He had possession; he had financial power over the trust, but he did not own the property or stock.

That, then, is clear. Financial power is not necessarily ownership. What is it—necessarily? I asked my railroad man. I recalled to him these illustrations which he knew all about and then I put him my question:

"What *did* these men have?"

He couldn't answer it.

I changed the form to bring it nearer home to him. I asked what "they" had who had taken away his road from him.

"They had power in your road," I said, "but they didn't own it or the stock. You say they had power in your road because they had power in other railroads, and yet you say that they didn't own the stock of those other roads either. Now what was their power?"

He scowled and thought; he fumbled and then he gave it up. "But," he said, "maybe, if I tell you what they did, you can find your own answer. They used their influence with my directors, and with all the bankers and brokers they could 'reach,' and with lawyers; they used all their influence to get the proxies of my stockholders. And, then, they bought up enough more stock to vote me out of office."

We were making progress. "They" didn't

own the railroads, nor the stock, nor even a majority of the stock. They "owned" only the directors, bankers, brokers, and lawyers. As in politics. A boss like Platt, who controlled a legislature, didn't "own" the state or even the legislature. He owned only the legislators. And we know, I think, how a politician gets possession of his dummy legislators. How do "business bosses" get possession of directors, bankers, brokers, and lawyers?

"Oh, every way," my railroad man answered, and I saw that his patience was exhausted. I carried my question to one of "his" directors.

The Poor Rich Again

Now, to understand what follows, you must understand that his directors were big men. That is to say, they were what most people would call big. I should like to name them, and I shall in another connection. But I mustn't do it here because I would not identify them or "their" president. And, by the way, I have altered unessential details all through these interviews to mislead inside guessers. Names are not necessary yet, and the use of them is too interesting. It distracts the attention from "It" to persons. Also, it hurts the persons named, and I don't want ever to hurt anybody any more. All I need to say for the present, then, is that all of these directors were big business men and that some of them were of Vanderbilt size.

The director I asked talked all around the subject. He spoke of "their ability" to send business this way or that; to "make" men and unmake them; and that is a fearful power. But that is a pull they get *after* they get possession of the directors of their railroads. How did they get the directors? He explained finally.

"We liked ——, yes," he said. "He was our personal friend and he was also an expert railroad man. And his policy was profitable and promising. But he couldn't carry out his plans for the future development of the road. He couldn't borrow money. Our plans called for big loans, and we couldn't raise them with him there. We were advised in terms that so long as —— was president, we would not be allowed to borrow the money needed to finance his plans for the road."

Here was light. Was it a true lead? I asked one of my bankers.

"Yes," he said. "That director told you the truth or, at any rate, a part of it. He told you he couldn't get money for that road, and I know that's a fact. But he didn't tell you he feared that if he hadn't voted the way he did, he might have had trouble getting credit for his own roads."

Credit, then. That was one secret of "pull" in business. Credit. They control credit. Let's put it down in the form of a conclusion, provisional, of course; a mere premise, as it were, but a stepping-stone to our further progress.

The financial power which controls railroads is founded, in part at least, upon the control of credit.

But what is that? What is credit? And what is the control of credit? It is the ability, which some men seem to have, of saying (to a greater or less degree) who shall borrow money and who shall not borrow money; and on what terms. But how do these men get their power?

I asked my free and independent commercial banker, and his answer came from his heart, not his head.

"Money," he said. "Money's the basis of credit, and since they own the banks, they own everything else."

Ownership again! More Populism in Wall Street. That is to say, more of what Wall Street would scorn as Populism.

"They don't own all the money that is the basis of credit, do they?" I began upon my banker.

"Of course not," he answered, very personally. "But they own the banks, and so——"

"But they don't own your bank," I protested.

"No, and of course I don't mean that they own all the banks. But they have the life insurance companies; and they own banks and trust companies; and a lot of the national banks and no end of trust companies. They own the principal depositories of money in New York and they are buying more, and they are buying up others all over the country."

Buying banks, depositories of money! Are they? Why? What is a bank? It's a depository of money. Whose money?

"Why," the banker said, "it's the depositors' money, of course."

"Not the bank's?"

"The bank puts in the capital, but its deposits are the thing, of course."

"And the deposits belong to the people?"

"Certainly. To the depositors."

"Then, even if they bought the banks, they wouldn't own the money in them?"

"No, not the deposits. But they control the deposits, they direct the disposition of that money, and that money is the basis of credit."

Control again. They don't own their railroads; they only control them and they control them by controlling credit. And they don't own the money that is the basis of credit; they only own the banks where the money of other people is kept. But *do* they own the banks? Are they buying banks all over the country? It seems to me even that would take more money than they own.

During the panic of 1907, a banker in a small city on the Pacific Coast was complaining that his New York depository had $300,000 of his bank deposits and wouldn't return any of it. He named his correspondent, a Standard Oil Bank, and, happening to know that he had formerly banked with another house, I asked him why he had changed. My question was idly put, only to make conversation, but his answer astonished me.

"Oh," he said, "the Standard Oil people bought a substantial block of our bank stock, and so, of course, we returned the compliment by going over to them."

The reason I was so astonished at this was that it was evidence that "they" were really trying to "buy up banks all over the country"! That our big borrowers should buy an influential interest in large New York depositories was natural enough. That they should buy into big banks in other financial centers, like Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, and San Francisco, was a large undertaking, but it was not unnatural or impossible. But here they were buying a hold on a bank in a small city! It is bad enough for outsiders to talk loosely about "owning the banks" of a nation as long and as broad as the United States. Was it possible that any great financier actually thought he could do it?

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

BOSS HAVEMEYER.

"HE *WAS* SUGAR."

I inquired in New York and I heard that no less a man than Mr. James Stillman, the former president of the National City Bank, had entered upon this policy. It was a friend of his, and a banker, who told me.

"Mr. Stillman," he said, "did set out to buy an interest in the many rich, little depositories all over the land. But, of course, it couldn't be done, and it wasn't necessary."

It wasn't necessary. That's the point. Not only is it impossible for a man, or a group of men, or even a group of groups of the richest men in this country to buy up and own the banks of this country—it isn't necessary. Financial power over banks is no more ownership than the possession of railroads is ownership, or the "ownership" of a city or a legislature or a court.

My commercial banker retreated right away when I had illustrated his words.

"Of course," he said, "when I say own, I don't mean that they own the stock of these depositories; not all of it. But I do mean that they own the control."

Control again. What is the control of a bank? The banker said something about "owning" a majority of stock. And he cited the recent purchase by J. P. Morgan from Thomas F. Ryan and from the Harriman estate, of the majority of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Company. But he was prompt to admit that this might be, and probably was, an exceptional case.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that Morgan does not actually own a majority of the shares of the banks and trust companies which he controls and which we call 'Morgan banks.' And yet he has a tremendous influence over them and over other depositories in which he probably owns no stock at all."

"Of course," he added, and I echo, "Of course." But it's often the matters of course that conceal the simple truth.

"Morgan doesn't own any banks then," I summed up, "excepting his own private bank. And even that he doesn't own outright. He has partners; several of them. It is J. P. Morgan & Co.

"And," I pressed, "he doesn't own a majority of the stock in all the other Morgan banks, does he?"

'Certainly not," the banker said.

"Then," I said, "how does he control them?"

"He controls them," he answered thoughtfully, "he controls his banks through his influence with the directors in those banks."

I recalled the course of my interview with the railroad man. He had landed where the banker had landed: upon the directors. And I guess I grinned, for the banker spoke as if he thought I doubted his assertion.

Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

BOSS QUAY.

HE WAS TRIED FOR DOING IN PENNSYLVANIA IN POLITICS WHAT MORGAN DOES IN STEEL, BEEF, AND THE RAILROADS.

"That's right," he said, and he reached up for the Directory of Directors. "There are certain directors who are known as Morgan directors, just as there are certain men who are known to us men as Standard Oil directors. Now look here." And opening the book, he pointed out how these same certain names were repeated on board after board.

"So he owns, not the banks," I interpreted, "but the bank directors."

He didn't like that way of putting it. He asked me to notice that some of these directors were very prominent, very rich and very powerful men "in their own right." And then he pointed out the size of the presidents and other officers of those banks.

"Exactly," I said. "And the wonder is that they are subject to the influence of other men, like Morgan, for example."

And I did wonder at that, and I do. I understand why a city council or a state legislature and even the congressmen and senators of the United States can be bossed by a boss. They are politicians, and politicians being — well, being rather "common, vulgar persons," we Americans have been accustomed to seeing them take orders from a rather—"common, vulgar political boss." That's one reason why some of us want business men to go into politics and be free, independent legislators and governors. But this banker was showing me the names of business men—gentlemen, no doubt, too, but all prominent business men; bank presidents and bank directors; railroad presidents and railroad directors, who, he said, were not only not free and independent, but were known in business to do in business what our dummy legislators and executives are known in politics to do in politics, viz.: take orders. They do what their bosses tell them to do.

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

BOSS COX.

HE DOESN'T OWN A CITY. HE CONTROLS ONE.

But let's go on. The control of railroads = the control of railroad directors. The control of railroad directors = the control of credit. The control of credit = the control of money. The control of money = the control of banks. And the control of banks = the control of bank directors. What is the control of bank directors? What is the hold that a business boss has upon his dummy bank directors and bank presidents? I asked my independent banker.

"You say Morgan owns not his banks but his directors of the banks. What is his property interest in these gentlemen?"

The banker protested at the form of the question. He said Mr. Morgan didn't "exactly own" the directors who directed his banks. No.

"But, Lord," he said, "he owns everything else — he and his crowd and the Standard Oil crowd."

Populism again; owning the earth once more!

"What do they own, for example?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "they own Standard Oil, and Steel, and Beef; they own all the big trusts, and practically all the railroads."

So we are back where we started from. We found that the control of railroads was founded upon the control of banks. And now we find that the control of banks is founded upon the control of railroads.

Discouraging, isn't it? But let's amend our general conclusion and go on:

The financial power which controls railroads is founded, in part at least, upon the control of credit; which, in turn, is founded upon the control of railroads.

"They don't have to own the banks," the banker explained. "Having everything else, they can force money out of other banks into their banks."

"Force?" That sounded like power at last, and the banker stuck to the word even after I had echoed it thus.

"Yes, force," he said, and he gave me examples. And many other bankers gave me examples. We shall have some of these later. One will do now. The vice-president of a national bank related it.

"It happened here recently," he said. "An old customer of ours, the president of a country bank, came in, as he always does when in town, and he told me he must take away his account and give it to a Standard Oil bank, which he named. He was sorry, he said, but he had to do it. It seemed that a year or so ago an agent of the Standard Oil bank called on him and asked for his account. He explained his old connection with us; it was satisfactory, he said, and he thought that that ended it. A few months later another agent called and, though he was more urgent, he also seemed to accept a refusal to make the change. And that seemed to settle the matter. But here the other day a customer of his, his largest customer, called, and he also said he was sorry, but he must warn him (the country banker) that unless he left us and went to the Standard Oil bank in New York, he (the big customer) would have to leave him."

"But," I asked, "what was the hold of the Standard Oil bank on the big customer of your country banker?"

"Oh," he said, "it was a Standard Oil concern. My country banker didn't know it before; he hadn't realized the ramifications of that interest. But Standard Oil owned the concern."

Ownership again. The Standard Oil bank could get an independent country bank's account because the Standard Oil crowd "owned" the country banker's best customer's concern.

"Do you believe the Standard Oil crowd really owned that concern?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he answered. "They probably owned only the control."

Control again. I dropped that inquiry there. The banker didn't know the facts; he was only guessing. But my bank president knew all about Steel and Beef and the railroads, and he said that Morgan could, and did, "force" *their* deposits into his banks. How?

"That's easy," the banker said. "Take Steel, for an example. Morgan owns the Steel Trust, so he can direct that all the banking business be done through his banks in New York, in Pittsburg, and other places. And so with the railroads. His railroads all bank either with him or with his national banks as he may direct, either in New York or out."

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

PRESIDENT GARY.

"MORGAN IS THE REAL HEAD OF THE STEEL TRUST."

"YES."

"BUT HE ISN'T THE PRESIDENT."

"NO. GARY IS PRESIDENT."

"Then," I summed up, "Morgan and his kind control the banks through their control of the railroads, the big trusts, and other concerns that have funds to deposit and handle."

"That's it," he said. "That is to say, that's substantially the way of it."

Now I admit that we seem to be running round and round in a circle. Having determined that the control of railroads is founded, in part, upon the control of the banks, we discover next that the control of the banks is founded, in part, upon the control of the railroads, etc. This may be confusing, but don't give up the chase. I think we are following, not a circle, but a spiral, and that we shall come out somewhere, and soon.

The influence my banker described Morgan as using upon Steel, Beef, and his railroads to make them deposit in his banks is the sort of "pull" Boss Quay was denounced, and at one time tried, for using, to get the treasurer of Pennsylvania to deposit the state's funds in "his" banks. It's the "pull" the Pittsburg bankers have recently been convicted of paying bribes to councillors for; they wanted to have the city's money deposited in their banks. This sort of thing is one of the regular "grafts" in politics.

"And so," I concluded with my banker, "Mr. Morgan uses his power as a boss of railroads, and so forth, to make their treasurers deposit their companies' moneys in his banks."

"Mr. Morgan does nothing wrong," he said, and I agreed to that. Maybe it was wrong to agree; maybe Morgan does do wrong sometimes. But my study of business has so confused my sense of morals that I wouldn't

Photograph by Fredericks, New York.

BOSS FLOWER.

HE WAS NOT THE PRESIDENT BUT THE BOSS OF THE BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY.

dare to condemn Mr. Murphy now or Matt Quay or Boss Cox. Political vices are virtues in business. Bad politics is good business. But when my banker went on to protest that, "Morgan is not a boss, you know," I balked.

"Does Morgan own the Steel company?" I asked.

"N-n-no," he said. "But he owns a large block of stock."

The Steel Company published its list of stockholders last May, and it did indeed show that Mr. Morgan owned a large block of stock. But it was a very small proportion of all the stock of the company. I drew that list on my banker.

"Oh, yes," said he, "but look here," and he ran his pencil down that list of stockholders, making checks here and there. "All these names are of men who hold and vote stock for Morgan. They are followers of his."

Business Heelers

"Followers?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the banker. "All these financial leaders have followers who follow their lead and——"

"Are they anything like what in politics we call 'heelers'?"

It was the banker's turn to balk. "Heelers" he exclaimed. "Heelers—why heelers are—as I understand it, heelers are low politicans who do the bidding of the bosses, hustle out voters, and—well, they do all the dirty work of the political bosses."

That was a pretty good description of a heeler in politics, I thought. I could give a better one; I should not have described the heeler in politics so as to exclude the very respectable attorneys, business men, and gentlemen who do nice, clean work for big political leaders. But that was beside the point.

"What," I asked, "what do business heelers do? And what do they get for it?"

"Well," he said, slowly, his mind distracted by my language, I guessed. "Well, they—well, business heelers, as you call them—they do in business just about what political heelers do in politics."

"They are what I call the poor rich; aren't they?" I said. "They take tips of stock movements from their leaders; they buy the stock for a rise, and meanwhile, in gratitude to their patron, they vote the stock at his behest."

"Y-y-yes," he said. "That's just what they do. But—" he added, "they are not despised, you know. They are, well, as a matter of fact, they are rather looked up to down here."

"Are they respected by their bosses?" I asked. "And by themselves?"

He didn't follow me readily that far, so I recalled the well-known "heelers" who, when the fight was on for Northern Pacific and the price of the common stock rose to $500 and even $600, dared to sell out "for a turn." When their leaders called upon them for their stock, to vote it for the control, and found that they had had the face to sell their own stock on their own motion for their own profit, they kicked some of these gentlemen out of Wall Street. And any low-down politician will understand why. These gentlemen were what politicians call "ingrates," and I remember that one of them died of shame or sorrow, and another went into politics—not low-down politics, but the diplomatic service.

But let us follow the main channel of our inquiry. What is financial power? We have found in general that it is not ownership, but control; the control of railroads, for example; which depends upon the control of credit, which means the control of banks, which means the control of railroads, etc., which means the control of banks. And having found that the control of these things amounts, in part at least, to the control of the directors, we are asking about the means by which the directors are controlled. The banker had said that one hold a man like Morgan had upon the Steel Trust lay in the ownership by him and by his followers of a large block of stock.

"Not a majority," I reckoned, by adding up all the blocks of stock opposite the names his pencil checked off.

"No," he agreed, "not a majority, not by a long way."

"Then how does Morgan get his majority?" I asked.

The banker wasn't prepared for that question. He went back to beginnings, which is a good thing to do.

"Why," he said, "Morgan organized the Steel company. He elected the first officers and directors and so he got control and he simply keeps it."

"Controls the officers?"

"Well, yes, so to speak."

"Just as a political boss controls a mayor and council?"

"N-no," he said.

"No? Morgan is the real head of the Steel Trust?"

"Yes."

"But he isn't the president."

"No. Gary is president. But Morgan is a director."

"Is Morgan a director or an officer in all the companies he is boss of?"

"N-n-no; probably not. Of course not. That isn't possible. And it isn't necessary. He has men who serve as operators and directors."

"In other words," I concluded, "it's no more necessary for a business boss to be in office than it is for a political boss to be in office?"

The banker stared.

"And, having elected his ticket, he keeps his hold on his heelers and followers by gratitude, inertia, natural subordination—and fear, and so forth and so forth, just as in politics."

The banker nodded slowly. He saw, no doubt, where we were coming out.

"And he doesn't have to own all the stock; nor a majority of it; and Whitney, Havemeyer, and Governor Flower had little or no stock in the companies they controlled?"

The banker nodded.

"Most of these companies—railroads, banks, trust companies, insurance companies, and the industrial trusts—most of these belong, really, as cities do, to the public."

"Small stockholders commonly own a great majority of the stock," he said.

"Then the stockholders of a corporation are like the citizens of a city. Do they rule?"

"No. Of course they don't. They can't."

"Do they vote?"

"Not all of them. But many do."

"How do they vote?" I asked.

"Why," he said, reflecting a moment, "they send in proxies."

"Don't go to the polls themselves?"

"Well, they don't all go to stockholders' meetings. How can they?"

"Well, how are they voted?" I asked. "We know how the citizens of a city are voted. How is it done in business?"

He thought a moment. Then he answered, and his answer is interesting: "The officers of the company send out to them asking for their proxies."

"That is to say, the party in power asks the citizens to stand pat, and the voters vote it blind."

"There are no parties in business," the banker said, and he broke my parallel there.

"No contests?" I asked. "Is there no choice of tickets in business?"

"Oh," he said, "when there's a contest, the officers get all the proxies they can, and as for the rest, they buy stock and get bankers and brokers to gather up more."

"Then bankers and brokers in business correspond to the ward leaders of politics?"

The banker was shocked. I had forgotten that he was a banker.

"What are you driving at?" he asked.

I told him what I was driving at.

A Deadly Parallel

Business is government. The management of a private business corresponds exactly to the administration of the public business of a city, state, or nation. The parallel is perfect even as to forms. Small businesses are little monarchies; as all primitive states were and as some states are to-day. The head of a little shop or of a small, competing factory is the absolute ruler of his private business. And public business used to be called the king's business; and it was his. Even the people were his, his subjects. They had nothing to say about the public business; they had no more representation in the government than the depositors of a bank have in their bank. And that seemed natural and right to kings and people once. But so many kings abused their power that the management of public business passed gradually out of the monarchical stage into the republican form and we see the beginnings of democracy in politics. And that's where business management seems to be going.

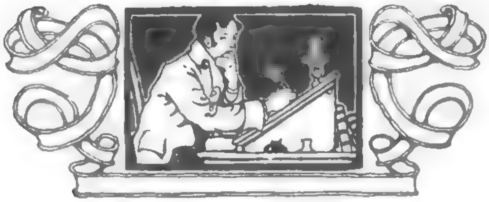
A corporation is a republic. It has a constitution and elections. There is a property qualification; only stockholders vote; not the workers, for example; but it is a representative government. And if the stockholders of a corporation would attend to their duties as voters, they could, as in politics, govern. But, as in politics, they neglect their duties. They pay out their money, take their shares, and leave the business to the party in power. In the case of banks, the citizens, so to speak, deliver their money in hard cash, just as citizens turn in their taxes, and the depositors, like the taxpayers, don't know and don't ask what is done with the money. All this is the opportunity of strong, active personalities.

And, just as in politics, strong personalities seize the opportunity. They organize a machine or a party—they collect this money, stock, and power, as political bosses collect ballots, contributions, and influence. The boss in business has his ring of followers, who herd the voters, and he nominates them on tickets; one ticket in business, two in politics, and so the boss puts in office his friends, men who are loyal to him, presidents and directors who represent him, not the public and not the stockholders, but—the boss. So the business boss "controls" the corporations, and, having the people's money, uses it to buy up the people's political bosses, so he has a "pull" in politics, too. The business boss is the boss both of business and of politics.

No wonder he has power. His power is enormous. We call it financial power and we think of money. And money is a part of it. Money is the footstool of credit, and credit is the very crown of financial power. But the control of credit comes through the control of banks and railroads, and public service corporations which corrupt and control cities, states, the United States. It is sovereign, the money power, but the money power is not based on money; not alone; certainly not on "their money." It is founded upon the control of men, presidents of companies, directors, stockholders, depositors, and the public. In other words, financial power is not merely financial, it is political. It is a matter of the management of men.

And there's our key to the mystery of business. Since we are beginning to understand politics a little, we may be able to understand business a little, when we take certain businesses and, as we did with cities and states, study them from the point of view of politics, apply to them political standards, and ask how they are governed, by whom, and for what.

The Next Instalment of "**IT**" will be in the February Number under the title: "**A Business Republic.**"



MEN SHOUTED, WOMEN SCREAMED, CHILDREN SHRIEKED, FIGURES APPEARED UPON THE FIRE-LIT BALCONIES.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL

By

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILERS," "THE SILVER HORDE," "GOING SOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND ANDRE CASTAIGNE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

"All the young fellow's good for is to spend money": This is the opinion of Kirk Anthony held by the public and his own father at the opening of the story. The son of a millionaire railway man, young Anthony had elected, upon his graduation from Yale, to remain there as football coach rather than to accept the career his father offered him.

After a great football victory he starts out, with the boon companions whom his father so dislikes, for an all-night celebration in New York restaurants. When the group has thinned down to half a dozen, Higgins—Anthony's closest friend—introduces one Jefferson Locke, from Missouri. Locke, claiming that he is being followed for his money, offers to play host to the company if they will stay with him till he sails, the following morning. When things are at their gayest, a waiter tells Locke that there is a man outside who wants to borrow coat and apron in order to get into the room in disguise. Anthony immediately proposes to impersonate Locke, and when the pseudo-waiter enters, Anthony and the rest jump on him. In the midst of the struggle, Higgins, half drunk by this time, fells the intruder with a bottle—and the group is sobered by the shock of the discovery that he is a plain-clothes man. The proprietor, in response to certain yellow-backed bills of Locke's, agrees to "fix" things, and the celebrators continue their restaurant rounds. At dawn Locke persuades Higgins, now quite irresponsible, to help him put through, as a practical joke, a plan for sending Anthony off, penniless, on a steamer bound for Panama—the point of the joke being to make Anthony work, and the point of the plot apparently being to divert pursuit and suspicion from Locke. Higgins agrees, and, as a result, the next-day Anthony wakes up, very sick and bewildered, on a ship, where he finds himself known as Jefferson Locke. Having no baggage, his first effort is to borrow clean linen. He is unsuccessful, but at last the purser, who regards him with deep distrust, lets him have some fresh things, on the surety of a diamond ring—Kirk's sole remaining asset. In the course of a day or two Kirk meets the Cortlandts, who are in the diplomatic service in Panama, and a friendship grows up between him and Mrs. Cortlandt, a woman of charm and intellectual power, some years Kirk's senior. She talks to him, among other things, of work and of the Canal, and gives his mind a new bent. When they land at Colon, the purser refuses to let Kirk stay on the ship, the cable office refuses to send a collect message, and Kirk finds himself forced to appeal to the American consul.

CHAPTER VI—*Continued*

KIRK entered to find a huge, globular man clad in soiled linens sprawled in a musty Morris chair and sipping a highball. The man's face and neck were of a purplish, apoplectic hue; he seemed to radiate heat waves like a base-burner.

"Is this Mr. Weeks?" Kirk inquired.

"That's me."

"My name is Anthony."

"Glad to meet you," wheezed the fat man, extending a limp, moist hand without rising. When Kirk had grasped it he felt like wiping his own palm. "Have a seat." The speaker indicated a broken-backed rocker encumbered with damp clothes, newspapers, and books. "Just dump that rubbish on the floor; it don't matter where." Then he piped at the top of his thin, little voice, "Zeelah! Hey, Zeelah! Bring some more ice."

One glance showed Anthony that the place was indescribably disordered; a rickety desk was half concealed beneath a litter of papers, books, breakfast dishes, and what not; a typewriter occupied a chair, and all about the floor were scattered documents where the wind had blown them. Shoes and articles of clothing were piled in the corners; there was not a sound piece of furniture in the place, and through an open door leading to another room at the rear could be seen a cheap iron bed, sagging hammock-like, its head and foot posts slanting like tepee poles, doubtless from the weight of its owner.

In answer to Mr. Weeks's shout, a slatternly negress with dragging skirts and overrun shoes entered, carrying a washbowl partly filled with ice.

"Just get in, Mr. Anthony?"

"Yes sir, on the *Santa Cruz.*"

"Fine ship." Mr. Weeks rose ponderously and wiped out a glass with a bath towel, while Kirk noticed that two damp half-moons had come through his stiffly starched linen trousers where his dripping knees had pressed. He walked with a peculiar, springy roll, as if pads of fat had grown between his joints, and once an impulse had been given his massive frame it required time in which to become effective. The sound of his breathing was plainly audible as he prepared his guest's beverage.

"You'll like that," he predicted. "There's one good thing we get in Colon, and that's whisky." With a palsied hand he presented the glass. His cuffs were limp and tight, his red wrists were ringed like those of a baby. As he rolled back toward the Morris chair, his stomach surged up and down as if about to break from its moorings.

"I came in to ask a favor," Anthony announced. "I suppose every tourist does the same."

"That's part of a consul's duty," Mr. Weeks panted, while his soft cheeks swelled with every exhalation. "That's what I'm here for."

"I want to cable home for money."

"A little poker game on the way down, eh?" He began to shake ponderously.

"I'm broke, and they won't take a collect message at the cable office. You see, I didn't know I was coming; some of my friends gave me a knock-out and shipped me off on the *Santa Cruz.* The wireless wasn't working, we didn't stop at Jamaica, so this is my first chance to get word home."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Cable for me and see that I have a place to stop until I get an answer."

A look of distrust crept slowly into the consul's little eyes.

"Are you absolutely broke?"

"I haven't got a jingle.

"How long will it take to hear from your people?"

"If my father is at home, I'll hear instantly."

"And if he isn't?"

"I'll have to wait."

"What makes you think he'll wire you money?"

"He's never failed yet. You see, I'm something like a comet; he knows I'll be around every so often."

Mr. Weeks began to complain. "I don't know you, Mr.—what's the name again? Anthony? I'm a poor man and I've been an easy mark for every tropical tramp from Vera Cruz to Guayaquil. Your father may not be able to help you, and then I'll be holding the bag."

"I think you don't understand who he is. Did you ever hear of Darwin K. Anthony, of Albany, New York?"

Mr. Week's thick lids opened, this time to display a far different emotion. "Certainly."

"Well, he's the goat."

Slowly, grandly, the American consul set his frame in motion, whereat Kirk said quickly, "Don't get up; I understand." But Mr. Weeks had gone too far to check himself, so he lurched resiliently into an upright positon, then across the floor, and, reaching out past his undulating front, as a man reaches forth from the midst of a crowd, shook his guest heartily by the hand.

"Why didn't you say so?" he bubbled. "I'm here to accommodate folks like you. Darwin K. Anthony! Well, *rather.*"

"Thanks." The young man wiped his hand surreptitiously. "If you will fix it so I can cable him and sleep aboard the ship, I'll be greatly obliged."

"Nothing of the sort," Mr. Weeks blew through his wet lips. "I'll cable him myself and you'll stay right here as my guest. Delighted to have the privilege."

Kirk cast another glance over the place and demurred hastily. "Really, I couldn't think of putting you out. I can stay on the *Santa Cruz* as well as not."

"I couldn't hear to such a thing. You're tired of ship life—everybody is—and I have lots of room—too much room. It's a pleasure to meet real people—this damn country is so full of crooks and dead beats. No sir, you'll stay right here where it is cool and comfortable." With a pudgy forefinger he stripped his purple brow of a row of glistening sweat drops. "I'll have Zeelah fix up a bed where this glorious breeze will play on you. Mr. Anthony, that trade wind blows just like that all the time—never dies down—it's the only thing that makes life bear-able here—that and the whisky. Have another highball."

"No, I thank you."

"Darwin ——. Say, I'll send a cart for your baggage, right now."

"I have it with me—six shirts, all guilty."

"Then I'll send your father a message this minute. I'm delighted at the privilege of being the first to advise him of your safety and to relieve his mental anguish." Mr. Weeks rocked toward the desk, adjusted a chair behind him, spread his legs apart, and sat down sidewise so that he could reach the inkwell. He overhung his chair so generously that from the front he appeared to be perched precariously upon its edge or to be holding some one in his lap. "Where are those cable blanks!" he cried irritably, stirring up the confusion in front of him.

"Here they are." Anthony picked one up from the floor.

"It's that damn wind again. I can't keep anything in place unless I sit on it. That's the trouble with this country—there's always a breeze blowing. Thanks! I'm getting a trifle heavy to stoop—makes me dizzy."

In a moment he read what he had written:

"DARWIN K. ANTHONY,
"Albany, New York.
"Your son well and safe. Here as my guest. Asks you cable him money for return.
"WEEKS,
"American Consul.

"That tells the story. It'll please him to know I'm looking after you, my boy."

"You are very kind."

"Don't speak of it. I'm glad to get in touch with your father. We need capital in this country."

"He's a hard man in money matters," said Darwin K. Anthony's son. "I believe I enjoy the distinction of being the only person who ever made him loosen."

"All successful men are cautious," Weeks declared. "But if he knew the wonderful opportunities this country presents—" The speaker leaned forward, while his chair creaked dangerously, and said with impressiveness; "My dear sir, do you realize that a cocoa palm after it is seven years old drops a nut worth five cents every day in the year and requires no care whatever except to gather the fruit?"

"No."

"Fact! And we grow the best ones in the world right here. But the demand is increasing so rapidly that in ten years there will be a famine. Think of it—a famine of cocoanuts!" Mr. Weeks paused to lend dramatic effect.

"That's fierce," Kirk acknowledged. "What are they good for?"

"Eating! People make cakes out of them, and oil, and candy. Good cocoanut land can be bought for fifty cents an acre, selected seeds for five cents each, labor is sixty cents a day. No frosts, no worms, no bugs. You sit still and they drop in your lap."

"The bugs?"

"No! No! The cocoanuts."

"Fine!"

"But that's nothing. Do you realize that this soil will raise sugar cane the size of your—of my—thigh, and once you plant it you can't keep it cut out?"

"It's all news to me."

"You can buy sugar-cane land for a dollar an acre; it costs—"

"I'm no good at figures, Mr. Weeks."

"And rubber! *There's* the chance for a man with capital. Rubber!

"I will—I mean, is that so?"

"Ever see any rubber trees?"

"Only in Brooklyn."

"I mean wild rubber. This country is full of it; the natives bring it in. All you have to do is buy timber land—you can get it for a song—plant your rubber seed and let 'er go Gallagher. In ten years you go back, cut off your timber, sell it for enough to make you rich, and there is your rubber—velvet!" he concluded triumphantly.

"Rubber velvet?"

"Yes. It's 'velvet'—all clear. You can't lose. My boy, there's a thousand ways to get rich down here, and I know 'em all. What I need is capital. If I had your father's backing— Say! It's a mighty good thing you came to see me. I can do your old man a lot of good. I'm conservative, I am, and what he needs is a good, conservative man to manage his investments. Why, talk about quick money—" the speaker thrust forth a finger that looked like a peeled banana—"I've got a gold mine—"

"Not a bit like it." Kirk shook his head. "They don't behave."

"This one will. It's an old Spanish mine and hasn't been worked for three centuries. It's rich, *rich!* I'll take you in as my partner, and we'll get your father to open it up.

What do you say? If he doesn't like that, we'll get him a street-railway franchise; I'm close to the Government and there isn't a steel rail in any city of the Republic. I know all the Spiggoty politicians."

"The what?"

"The Spiggoties! That's what we call the Panamanians. They 'no spiggoty English'; understand?"

"It's a funny name."

"Now, my boy, there's one thing I want you to be careful of. Don't let some of these fellows around here get you excited. This country is full of promoters, cheap skates, and that sort, and they'll try to stampede you into some investment. You trust to me; I'm conservative. I'll put you up at the club, and when you get straightened around we'll talk business. Meanwhile, I'll send this cable."

Mr. Weeks was even better than his word. He took Kirk with him, and went heaving down the street, his body quivering at every step as if hung upon a whalebone framework, the breath wheezing noisily in and out of his chest, the perspiration streaming from his purple face in rivulets. He put up his guest at the club and invited some of his friends to join them for dinner that evening on the wide balcony; then, noting Anthony's heavy clothing, he said:

"You need some linens, Kirk. That suit looks like a dog bed. You don't mind my calling you Kirk, do you?"

"I'm flattered. However, I can't get ready-made clothes large enough, and besides it's hardly worth while for the length of time—"

"Nonsense. Now you're here we won't let you go right back. There's a Chinese tailor on Bottle Alley who'll have you a suit to measure by noon to-morrow, and he only charges seven dollars, goods and all."

Accordingly, the two journeyed to Bottle Alley and selected some linen, whereupon, instead of one suit, the consul ordered three, having them charged to his account.

Kirk really enjoyed that evening at the Wayfarers' Club, for, once the cool of evening had come, the place filled up rapidly with as fine a crowd of men as he had ever met. There were young fellows from the railroad offices, merchants from the town, engineers from the big job, the proximity of which made itself felt like a mysterious presence. There was a trader from down the San Blas coast, a benevolent, white-haired judge, with a fund of excellent stories, a lieutenant in the Zone Police who impressed Kirk as a real Remington trooper come to life, and many another. They all welcomed the Yale man with that freedom which one finds only on the frontier, and as he listened to them he began to gain some idea of the tremendous task that occupied their minds. They were all men with work to do; there were no idlers, there was no class distinction. One topic of conversation prevailed, and, although the talk drifted away from it at times, it invariably came back to The Job in the end.

Weeks did himself credit as a host. His table, spread on the latticed balcony where the never-failing trade winds fanned it, was decorated tastefully with flowers; red-shaded candles, white linen, and gleaming silver gave it a metropolitan air. Both the food and the wine were well served, and the consul's half-dozen guests soon became mellowed and friendly. Kirk felt he had fallen among kindred spirits, for it was almost like a fraternity dinner.

When finally they arose, some one proposed a game of draw poker and insisted upon Kirk's joining. He was about to refuse when Weeks drew him aside to say:

"Don't let the money question stand in your way, Kirk. You're my guest and your I. O. U. is as good as a Government bond; so go as far as you like."

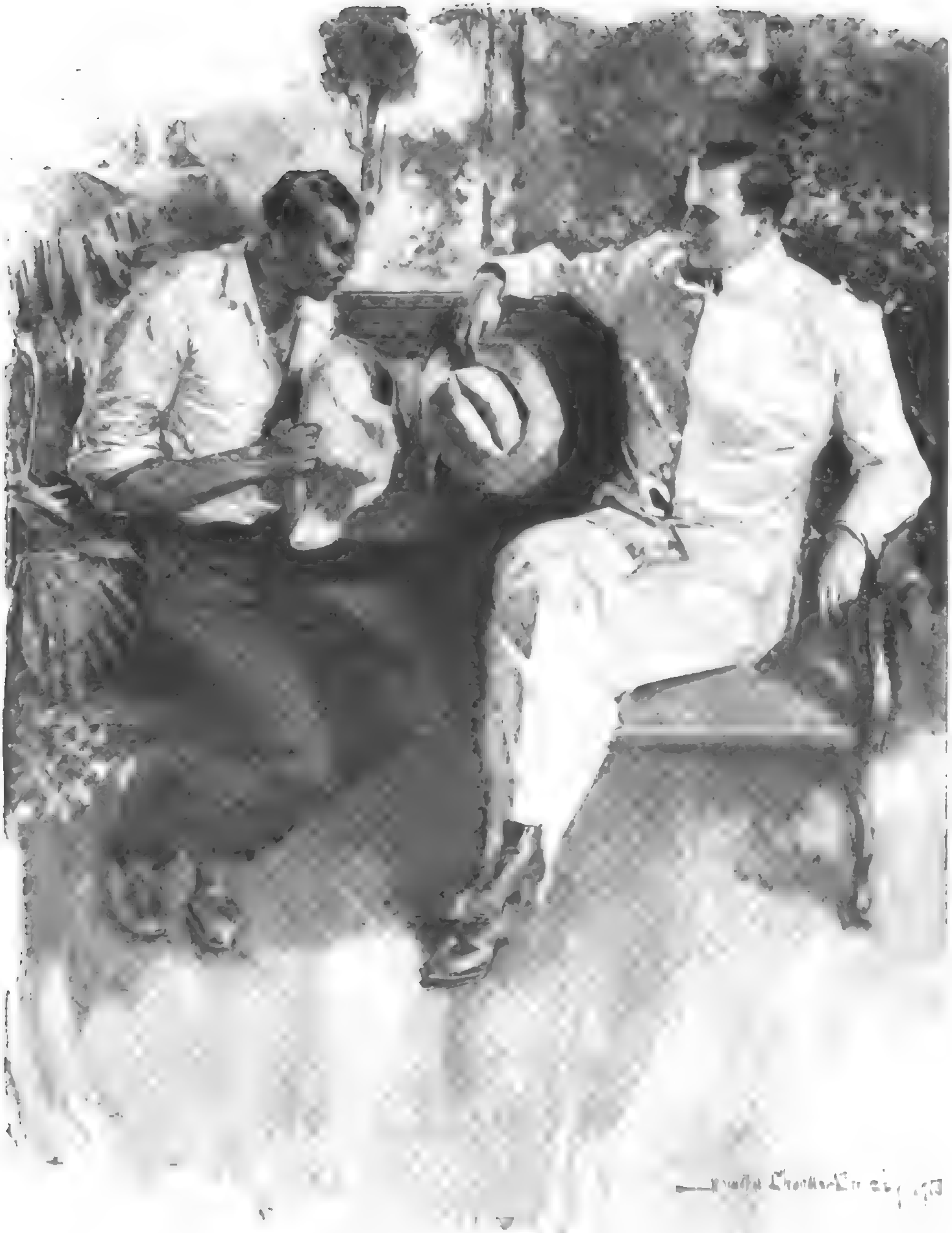
A considerable portion of Anthony's time in college had been devoted to a course in draw poker—recitations, so to speak, being conducted in the upper rooms of a Greek letter "frat," and he cherished the belief that he had at least learned to distinguish a spade flush from an "Arkansas blaze." But he soon found that these men had forgotten more about the game than he could ever hope to learn at any university, and when the crowd broke up at midnight, he signed his name to a tab for forty dollars.

Early the next day the following cablegram was left at the American Consulate:

WEEKS, Consul,
Colon.
Anthony absent, returns Friday.
COPLEY.

"Copley is the Governor's secretary," Kirk explained. "That means that I'll miss the *Santa Cruz* and have to wait another week."

"I'm delighted," the consul said heartily.



"NOW, SPEAKING AS ONE GENTLEMAN TO ANOTHER," SAID KIRK GRAVELY, "DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET A HAND-OUT?"

"Perhaps you could stake me to a ticket. I'll remit when I get to New York."

"My pay isn't due for a fortnight," Weeks explained after an instant's hesitation. "You see, I'm interested in so many ventures it keeps me—well, broke. Anyhow, you can't go until we have arranged an investment for your father."

Kirk could not help thinking that a man of the consul's wide acquaintance and business capacity could have raised the necessary funds without much trouble; but, not wishing to embarrass his host, he refrained from pressing the matter, and resigned himself as best he could to an extension of his exile. Meanwhile, he decided to visit the Canal, for on every side he heard nothing but echoes of the great work, and he began to feel that he owed it to himself to view it. But his plans were upset by the weather. On the following day it began to rain, and it continued to rain day and night thereafter until Colon became a sodden, dripping horror. The soil melted into a quagmire, the streets became sluices, the heavens closed down like a leaden pall, and the very air became saturated. It was hot also, and sticky. Indoors a mold began to form, rust grew like a fungus; outdoors the waving palm tops spilled a deluge upon roof and sidewalk at every gust; their trunks streamed like hydrants.

Kirk had never seen such a rain; it kept up hour after hour, day after day, until the monotony became maddening. The instant he stepped out from shelter he was drenched, and even in his rooms he could discover no means of drying his clothes. His garments, hanging beside his bed at night, were clammy and overlaid with moisture in the morning. Things began to smell musty; leather objects grew long, hoary whiskers of green mold. To his amazement, the inhabitants seemed quite oblivious to the change, however, and, while they agreed that the weather was a trifle misty, they pursued their duties as usual, assuring him that the rain might continue for a month.

It was too much for Kirk, however, and he deferred his trip over the "Line," spending his time instead at the Wayfarers' Club. In his daylight hours he listened to Weeks's unending dissertations upon the riches of the tropics; at night he played poker with such uniform bad luck that his opponents developed for him an increasing affection.

But all things have an end, and Friday morning broke clear and hot.

"We'll hear from the old gentleman today, sure," he told Weeks at breakfast. "He's regularity itself. The train dispatchers set their watches by him."

"Now that it has cleared off, we must look into the cocoanut business," the consul announced. "I'll make you a rich man, Kirk."

"I'm rich, anyhow, or I will be. Money doesn't mean much to me."

"Your father is—many times a millionaire, isn't he?" Weeks's little red eyes were very bright and curious. Kirk had seen that look many times before and knew its meaning. Hence he replied rather brusquely:

"So I believe," and a moment later declared his determination to avail himself of the good weather and see something of the town. The prospect of squaring his account with this fawning fat man filled him with relief, and once away from the Consulate he stayed until late in the afternoon. It was nearly dark when he strolled in, to inquire:

"Well, did you get an answer?"

"Yes." Weeks fumbled excitedly through the papers on his desk.

"How much did he send?"

"Here's the message; read it yourself."

Kirk read as follows:

WEEKS, Consul,
Colon.
Your guest an impostor. Have no son.
ANTHONY.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he ejaculated. "This is a joke!"

Weeks was beginning to pant. "A joke, hey? I suppose it was a joke to impose on me?"

"Don't you believe I'm Kirk Anthony?"

"No, I do not. I just discovered to-day that your name is Jefferson Locke. Stein told me."

Anthony laughed lightly.

"Oh, laugh, if you want to. You're a smooth article with your talk about football, and automobiles, and millionaire fathers, but you happened to select the wrong millionaire for a father this time, and I'm going to give you a taste of our Spiggoty jails."

"You can't arrest me. You offered to take me in."

The fat man grew redder than ever; he seemed upon the point of exploding; his whole body shook and quivered as if a head of steam were steadily gathering inside him.

"You can't get out of it that way," he cried at the top of his little voice. "I've fed you for a week. I put you up at my club. That very suit of clothes you have on is mine."

"Well, don't burst a seam over the matter. My Governor doesn't know the facts. I'll cable him myself this time."

"And live off me for another week, I suppose? Not if I know it! He says he has no son; isn't that enough?"

"He doesn't understand."

"And how about those gambling debts?" chattered the mountain of flesh. "You thought you'd fool me for a week, while you won enough money from my friends to get away. Now *I'll* have to pay them. Oh, I'll fix you!"

"You go slow about having me pinched," Kirk said darkly, "or I'll make you jump through a hoop. I'll pay my debts."

"You're a rich man, eh? Money doesn't mean much to you, hey?" mocked the infuriated consul. "I suppose this is an old game of yours. Well, you stuck me all right, because you knew I couldn't have you arrested—I'd be a laughing-stock forever. But I've had your card canceled and I've left word for the waiters to throw you out if you show up at the Wayfarers'."

"Will you lend me enough money to cable again?" asked Anthony, with an effort.

"More money? *NO!*" fairly screamed the other. "You get out of my house, Mr. 'Kirk Anthony,' and don't show yourself around here again. I'll keep the rest of your wardrobe."

His erstwhile guest underwent an abrupt reversal of emotion. To the indignant amazement of Mr. Weeks, he burst into a genuine laugh, saying:

"All right, landlord, keep my baggage. I believe that's the custom, but—oh, gee! This *is* funny." He was still laughing when he reached the public square, for at last he had begun to see the full humor of Adelbert Higgins's joke.

CHAPTER VII

THE REWARD OF MERIT

FACING for the first time in his life an instant and absolute need of money, Kirk found himself singularly lacking in resource; and a period of sober contemplation brought him no helpful thought. Perhaps, after all, he decided, his best course would be to seek relief from the Cortlandts. Accordingly, he strolled into the offices of the steamship company near by and asked leave to telephone. But on calling up the Hotel Tivoli, he was told that his friends were out; nor could he learn the probable hour of their return. As he hung up the receiver he noticed that the office was closing, and, seeing the agent about to quit the place, addressed him:

"I'd like to ask a favor."

"What is it?"

"Will you introduce me to the best hotel in town? I have friends in Panama City, but they're out and it's getting late."

"There isn't a good hotel here, but you don't need an introduction: just walk in. They're not full."

"I'm broke, and I have no baggage."

"Don't you know anybody?"

"I know the American consul—been stopping at his house for a week—but he threw me out."

A great light seemed suddenly to dawn upon the agent. "Oh, you're Locke!" said he, with the air of one who detects a fraud too obvious to be taken seriously. "Now I understand. The purser on the *Santa Cruz* told me about you. Sorry I can't help you, but I'm a salaried man."

"I've got to sleep," stoutly maintained the other. "Somebody will have to take care of me; I can't sit up all night."

"See here, my friend, I don't know what your game is, but you can't sting me." The agent finished locking up, then walked away, leaving his visitor to reflect anew upon the average human being's ignoble lack of faith in his fellows.

It was growing dark. From farther down the water front the lights of the Wayfarers' Club shone invitingly, and Kirk decided to appeal there for assistance. In spite of Weeks's warning, he felt sure he could prevail upon some of the members to tide him over for the night, but as he neared the place he underwent a sudden change of heart. Slowly mounting the stairs ahead of him like a trained hippopotamus was the colossal, panting figure of the American consul, at sight of which Kirk's pride rose up in arms and forbade him to follow. Doubtless Weeks had spread his story broadcast; it was manifestly impossible for him to appeal to his recent card partners—they would believe he had deliberately imposed upon them. It was humiliating, yet there seemed nothing to do except to await the Cortlandts' return, and if he failed to reach them by telephone, to spend the night in the open. It occurred to him that he might try to locate Stein or some other of his late fellow-passengers, but they were probably scattered across the Isthmus by this time.

A band was playing in the plaza when he came back—a very good band, too—and, finding a bench, he allowed his mind the relief of idly listening to the music. The square was filling with Spanish people, who soon caught and held his attention, recalling Mrs. Cortlandt's words regarding the intermixture of bloods in this country; for every imaginable variety of mongrel breed looked out from the loitering crowd. But no matter what the racial blend, black was the fundamental tone. Undeniably the Castilian strain was running out; not one passer-by in ten seemed really white. Naturally, there was no color line. Well-dressed girls, evidently white, or nearly so, went arm and arm with wenches as black as night; men of every shade fraternized freely.

It was a picturesque and ever-changing scene. Kirk saw dark-faced girls wearing their unfailing badge of maidenhood—a white mantilla—followed invariably at a distance by respectful admirers who never presumed to walk beside them; wives whom marriage had forced to exchange the white shawl for the black, escorted by their husbands; huge, slouching Jamaican negroes of both sexes; silent-footed, stately Barbadians who gave a touch of savagery to the procession. Some of the women wore giant fire bugs, whose glowing eyes lent a ghostly radiance to hair or lace, at once weird and beautiful. Round and round the people walked to the strains of their national music, among them dozens upon dozens of the ever-present little black-and-tan policemen, who constitute the Republic's standing army.

As the evening drew on, Kirk became conscious of an unwonted sensation. Once before he had had the same feeling—while on a moose trail in Maine. But now there was no guide with a packful of food, to come to his relief, and he could not muster up the spirit that enables men to bear vacation hardships with cheerfulness.

He began to wonder whether a fast of twenty-four hours would seriously weaken a man, and, rather than make the experiment, he again called up the Tivoli, rejoicing anew in the fact that there was no toll on Isthmian messages. But again he was disappointed. This time he was told that the Cortlandts were doubtless spending the night out of town with friends.

Soon after his second return to the park, the concert ended, the crowd melted away, and he found himself occupying a bench with a negro of about the same age as himself. For perhaps an hour the two sat there harkening to the dying noises of the city; then Kirk, unable to endure the monotony longer, turned sharply on his companion and said:

"Why don't you go home?"

The negro started, his eyes flew open, then he laughed: "Oh, boss, I got no home."

"Really?"

"No sar."

Kirk reflected that he had found not only the right place, but also fitting company, for his vigil.

"What does a person do in that case?" he asked.

"Oh, he goes to work, sar."

"For the night, I mean. Are you going to stay here until morning?"

"Yes, sar, if the policeman will h'admit of it."

The fellow's dialect was so strange that Kirk inquired: "Where did you come from?"

"Jamaica, sar. I was barn on the narth coast of the h'island, sar."

"Did you just arrive here?"

"Oh, Lard, no! I have been a liver here for two year."

"A liver!" Kirk could not help smiling.

"Yes sar! Sometimes I labor on the docks, again in the h'office. Lahst week lose I my position, and to-day my room h'also. Landladies is bad females, sar, very common."

"You've been shooting craps," said Kirk accusingly.

"Crops, sar! What is crops?"

"You don't know what craps is! I mean you've been gambling."

"Oh, boss, I h'invest my money."

"Indeed!"

"Lahst Sunday nearly won I the big prize. I 'ad h'all but three numbers."

"Lottery ticket, eh?"

"H'eight! H'eight chawnces in all," the negro sighed. "But dreams is false, sar."

"So I've heard. Well, it seems we're in the same boat this beautiful evening. I have no place to sleep, either."

"You are humbugging me."

"No, I'm flat broke."

"Oh, chot me true, mon."

"I am chatting you true. I'm an outcast of fortune like yourself."

"Such talk! You make I laugh this house."

"What?"

"You make I laugh," repeated the other in a broad Devonshire dialect. "Praise God, you h'appear like a gentleman."

"I trust this little experience will not permanently affect my social standing. By the way, what is your name?"

"H'Allan."

"Hallan?"

"No, sar. H'Allan."

"Is that your first or last name?"

"Both sar—h'Allan h'Allan."

"Mr. Allan Allan, you're unusually dark for a Scotchman," said Kirk gravely. "Now, speaking as one gentleman to another, do you happen to know where we can get a hand-out?"

"'And-out?" inquired the puzzled negro.

"Yes; a lunch. Can't you lead me to a banana vine or a breadfruit bakery? I'm starving. They grow the finest cocoanuts in the world right here—worth five cents apiece; they require no care, have no worms, no bugs. You sit still and they drop in your lap. Can't you show me a tree where we can sit and wait for something to drop?"

Allan replied seriously: "But when the cocoanut falls, it is no good for h'eating, sar. The milk is h'acid."

"I see you have a sense of humor; you should be in the consular service. But h'acid or sweet, h'eating or cooling, I must get something into my stomach—it's as flat as a wet envelope."

The Jamaican rose, saying: "Step this way, please. I know the place where a very good female is. Per'aps she will make us a present."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, not too far," Allan replied optimistically, and Kirk hopefully followed him.

But at the opposite side of the square they were halted by a sudden commotion which drove all thoughts of food out of their minds. From a building across the street issued a bugle call, upon which an indescribable confusion broke forth. Men began running to and fro; a voice in authority shouted orders, each of which was the signal for another bugle call. Through the wide-open doors the Panamanians could be seen, scurrying around a hose cart, apparently in search of clothes; some were struggling into red shirts, others were stamping their feet into short boots or girding themselves with wide canvas belts. Meanwhile, the chief issued more orders and the bugle continued to blow.

"Oh, look, boss!" Allan cried quickly. "There must be a 'flagration."

"It's a Spiggoty hose company, as I live. Come on!"

Already a glare could be seen above the crowded portion of the city, and the two set off in that direction at a run, leaving the bugle sounding in the rear and the gallant firemen still wrestling with their uniforms. They had nearly reached the fire when around a corner back of them, with frightful speed and clangor, came a modern automobile fire-truck, clinging to which was a swarm of little brown men in red shirts and helmets. They reminded the American of monkeys on a circus horse, and, although he had been counted a reckless driver, he exclaimed in astonishment at the daring way in which the chauffeur took the turn.

It was truly amazing, for the machine, which was the latest improvement in imported fire-fighting machinery, skidded the full width of the street, threatening to rip its tires off and turn turtle, then leaped upon the curb before its driver could straighten it up, and in a magnificent sweep carried away the wooden supports of an overhanging balcony. The timbers parted like straws, there came a shrill uproar from inside the building as the sleeping occupants poured forth, but without a pause the Yankee machine whizzed on up the street, its gong clanging, its occupants holding on for dear life, the peaceful inhabitants of Colon fleeing from its path like quail before the hoofs of a runaway horse.

"Hit her up!" Kirk yelled delightedly, then leaned against a lamp post and laughed until he was weak. In the midst of his merriment appeared the company he had just seen making up. They had found their uniforms at last, it seemed, down to the final belt and shoelace, and now came charging gallantly along in the tracks of the more speedy motor. They were drawing their hand reel, each brave lad tugging lustily and panting with fatigue.

Kirk and his guide fell in behind and jogged to the scene of the conflagration.

A three-storied building was already half gutted; out of its windows roared long, fiery tongues; the structure snapped and volleyed a chorus to the sullen monotone of destruction. The street was littered with the household belongings of the neighborhood, and from the galleries and windows near by came such a flight of miscellaneous articles as to menace the safety of those below. Men shouted, women screamed, children shrieked, figures appeared upon the fire-lit balconies hurling forth armfuls of cooking utensils, bedding, lamps, food, and furniture, utterly careless of where they fell or of the damage they suffered. Kirk saw one man fling a graphophone from a top window, then lower a mattress with a rope. On all sides was a bedlam which the arrival of the firemen only augmented. The fire captains shouted orders to the buglers, the buglers blew feebly upon their horns, the companies deployed in obedience to the bugles, then everybody waited for further directions.

Again the trumpet sounded, whereupon each fireman began to interfere with his neighbor; a series of quarrels arose as couplings were made or broken; then, after an interminable delay, water began to flow, as if by a miracle. But except in rare instances it failed to reach the flames. A ladder truck drawn by another excited company now rumbled upon the scene, its arrival adding to the general disorder. Meanwhile, the steady trade wind fanned the blaze to ever growing proportions.

"Why the devil don't they get closer?" Kirk inquired of his Jamaican companion.

Allan's eyes were wide and ringed with white; his teeth gleamed in a grin of ecstasy as he replied:

"Oh, Lard, my God, it is too 'ot, sar; greatly too 'ot! It would take a stout 'eart to do such a thing."

"Nonsense. They'll never put it out this way. Hey!" Kirk attracted the attention of a near-by nozzle-man. "Walk up to it. It won't bite you." But the valiant fire-fighter held stubbornly to his post, while the stream he directed continued to describe a graceful curve and spatter upon the sidewalk in front of the burning building. "You're spoiling that old woman's bed," Anthony warned him, at which a policeman with drawn club forced him back as if resentful of criticism. Other peace officers compelled the crowd to give way, then fell upon the distracted property holders and beat them off their piles of furniture.

For perhaps ten minutes there was no further change in the situation; then a great shout arose as it was seen that the roof of the adjoining building had burst into flame. At this the fanfare of trumpets sounded again; firemen rushed down the street, dragging a line of hose and drenching the onlookers. But despite their hurry, they halted too soon, and their stream just failed to reach the blazing roof. By now the heat had grown really intense, and the more hardy heroes in the vanguard retreated to less trying positions. The voice of the crowd had arisen to a roar rivaling that of the flames.

"They must intend to let the whole town burn!" cried Anthony.

"Yes, sar! Very probably, sar."

Kirk pointed to the nearest fireman. "If he'd get up under that wall he could save the roof and be out of the heat." He undertook to convey this suggestion to the fellow, but without result. "I can't stand this," he exclaimed at last. "Let's give him a hand, Allan."

"Very well, sar."

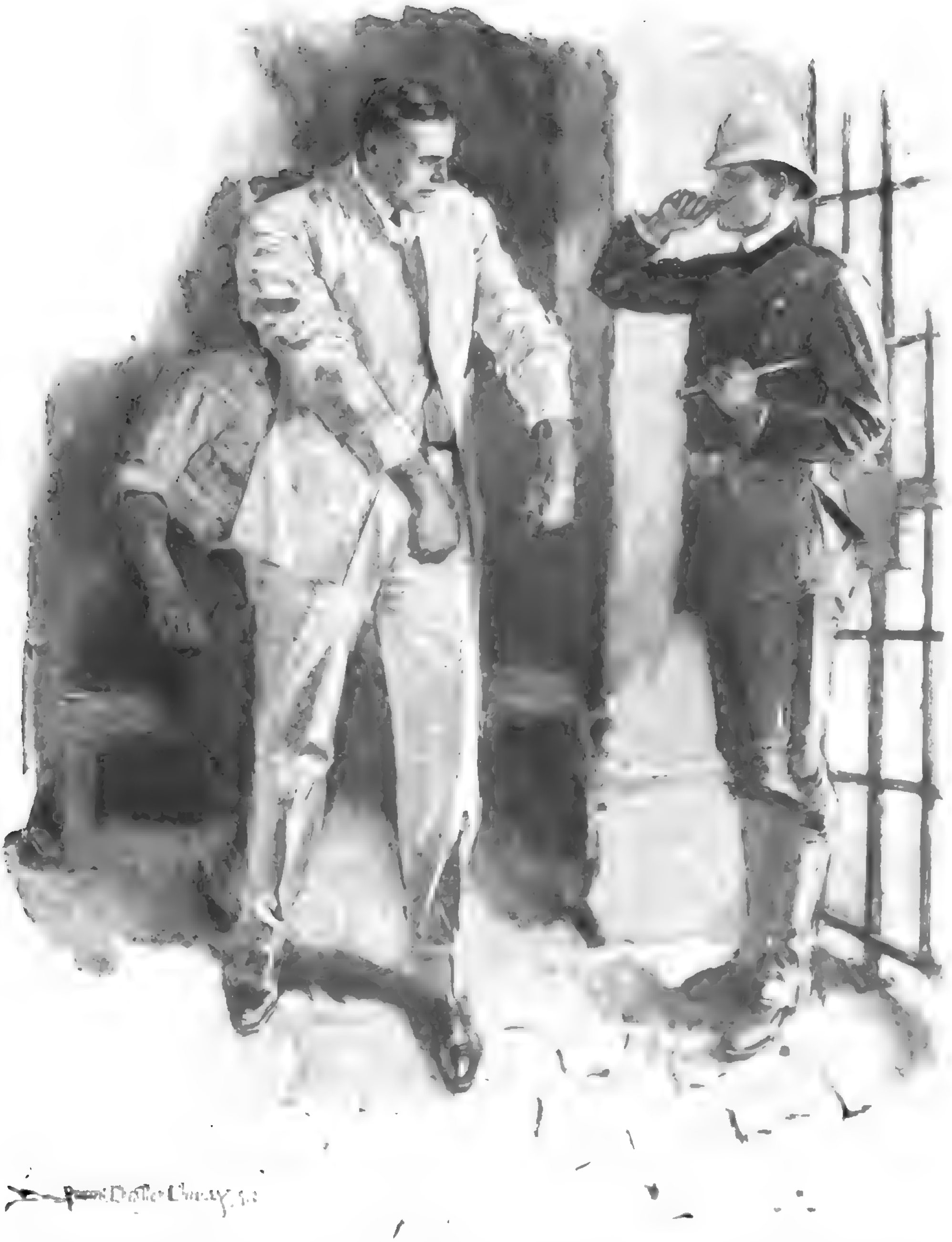
"Here! help me get a kink in this hose. There! Now you hold it until you feel me pull." Kirk forced his way out through the crowd, to find the fireman holding the nozzle, from which a feeble stream was dribbling, and mechanically directing it at the fire. Kirk laid hold of the canvas and with a heave dragged it, along with its rightful guardian, ten feet forward; but there had been no bugle-blown order for this, and the uniformed man pulled backward with all his might, chattering at Kirk in Spanish.

"Well, then let go." Anthony shook the Panamanikin loose, then ran forward across the street until he brought up at the end of the slack and felt the hose behind him writhe and swell as Allan released his hold. The next instant the negro was at his side, and the two found themselves half blistered by the heat that rolled out upon them. But the newly ignited roof was within range, and the stream they played upon it made the shingles fly.

"Oh, Lard!" Allan was crying. "Oh, Lard! I shall h'expire."

"Pull down your hat and shield your face."

The fireman they had despoiled began to drag at the hose from a safe distance; but


Howard Chandler Christy

"LOOK AT THIS!" THE YOUNG MAN HELD OUT HIS SHAKING, SWOLLEN WRISTS, UPON WHICH THE BLOOD WAS SCARCELY DRY. "LOOK AT IT!"

when Kirk made as if to turn the nozzle upon him, he scampered away amid the jeers of the crowd. A few moments later, the American felt a hand upon his arm and saw an angry policeman who was evidently ordering him back. Behind him stood the excited nozzle-man with two companions.

"He says you should return the 'ose where you found it," Allan translated.

"Leave us alone," Kirk replied. "You fellows help the others; we'll attend to this." More rapid words and gesticulations followed, in the midst of which a dapper young man in a uniform somewhat more impressive than the others dashed up, flung himself upon Anthony, and endeavored to wrench the hose from his hands. Meanwhile, he uttered epithets in broken English which the other had no difficulty in understanding. Kirk promptly turned the nozzle upon him, and the full force of Colon's water pressure struck him squarely in the stomach, doubling him up like the kick of a mule. Down the newcomer went, then half rolled, half slid across the street as the stream continued to play upon him. He scrambled to his feet, a sorry spectacle of waving arms and dripping garments, his cries of rage drowned in the delighted clamor of the beholders.

"I guess they'll keep away now," laughed Kirk, as he turned back to his self-appointed task.

But Allan exclaimed fearfully: "Oh, boss, I fear he is some 'igh h'officer."

"Never mind. We're having a lot of fun. It's medals for us—gold medals for bravery, Allan. To-morrow the board of aldermen will thank us."

But this prediction seemed ill-founded. An instant later a half-dozen policemen advanced in a businesslike manner, and their leader announced: "Come! You are arrest."

"Pinched! What for? We're doing a lot of good here."

"Come, queeck!"

"Oh, Lard, my God!" Allan mumbled. "I shall die and kill myself."

"They won't do anything to us," Kirk assured him. "I've been pinched lots of times. We'll have to quit, though, and that's a pity. It was just getting good."

He surrendered the hose to a fireman, who promptly retreated with it to a discreet position, then followed his captors, who were now buzzing like bees.

"Don't get excited," he said to Allan, noting his frightened look. "They'll turn us loose all right."

But a moment after they were clear of the crowd, he was surprised to see that the negro's captors had snapped "come-alongs" upon him in spite of his repeated promises to go quietly.

These handcuffs, Kirk saw, were of the type used upon desperate criminals, consisting of chains fitted with handles so contrived that a mere twist of the officer's hand would cut the prisoner's flesh to the bone.

"You don't need to do that," he assured the fellow who had made the arrest, but, instead of heeding his words, the men on each side of the Jamaican twisted stoutly, forcing the black boy to cry out in pain. He hung back, protesting:

"All right sar, I'll come. I'll come." But again they tightened their instruments of torture, and their victim began to struggle. At this an evil-faced man in blue struck him brutally upon the head with his club, then upon the shoulders, as if to silence his groans. The boy flung up his manacled hands to shield himself, and the light from a street lamp showed blood flowing where the chains had cut. The whole proceeding was so unprovoked, so sickening in its cruelty, that Kirk, who until this instant had looked upon the affair as a rather enjoyable lark, flew into a fury and, disregarding his own captors, leaped forward before the policeman could strike a third time. He swung his fist, and the man with the club hurtled across the street as if shot from a bow, then lay still in the gutter. With another blow he felled one of the handcuff-men, but at the same time other hands grasped at him and he was forced to lay about vigorously on all sides.

They rushed him with the ferocity of mad dogs, and he knocked them spinning, one after another. A whistle blew shrilly, other uniforms came running, more whistles piped, and almost before he realized it he found himself in the center of a pack of lean-faced brown men who were struggling to pull him down and striking at him with their clubs. With a sudden wild thrill he realized that this was no ordinary street fight; this was deadly; he must beat off these fellows or be killed. But as fast as he cleared them away, others appeared as if by magic, until a dozen or more were swarming upon him like hungry ants. They clung to his arms, his legs, his clothing, with a desperate courage wholly admirable in itself, while strokes were aimed at him from every quarter. Time and again they dragged him off his feet, only to have him shake them loose. But though most of their blows went wild or found a mark among their own numbers, he was felled at last, and a moment later, with head reeling and wits flickering, he was dragged to his knees by handcuffs like those on Allan's wrists. The pain as the chains bit into his flesh brought him to his feet despite the blows and kicks that were rained upon him, crying hoarsely:

"Let me go, damn you! Let me go!"

But a wrench at the gyves took the fight out of him, for he felt that the bones in his wrist must surely be crushed. One side of his head was strangely big and numb, a warm stream trickled down his cheek; but he had no time to think of his condition, for his assailants fell upon him with fresh fury and he reeled about striving to shield himself. Every movement, however, was construed as resistance, and his punishment continued, until at last he must have fainted from pain or had his wits scattered by a blow to the head; for when he recovered consciousness he found himself in a filthy, ill-lighted room, flung upon a wooden platform that ran along the wall, evidently serving as a bed. Near him Allan was huddled, his black face distorted with pain and ashen with apprehension.

CHAPTER VIII

EL COMANDANTE TAKES A HAND

"WHERE are we?" queried Anthony as he took in the surroundings.

"This is the prison, sar."

"Gee! I'm sick." Kirk lay back upon the platform and closed his eyes. "Did they hurt you much?"

"Oh, yes. Very considerably."

"Sorry I got you into it, Allan. I never thought they'd be so cranky." Again he groaned. "I want a drink."

"Let me get it. Those Spiggoties will not give it to you."

Allan went to the door and called to the guard. An instant later he returned with a tin cup.

"I guess they knocked me out," Kirk said dazedly. "I never was hit like that before—and jailed! Say! We must get out of here. Call the chief or the man in charge, will you? I can't speak the language."

"Please, sar, if you h'anger them they will beat us again."

"Beat!—Not here?"

"Oh, yes. They might kill us."

"They wouldn't do that!"

"A white man they killed lahst h'autumn, and several of my people have passed away in this prison. Nobody can 'ear nothing. Nobody knows what 'appens 'ere."

"Oh, well, they wouldn't dare touch us—I'm an American citizen. I'll notify the consul."

Roused at the mere suggestion, Kirk staggered to the door and shouted lustily. When no one answered, he shook the iron grating, whereupon a guard leisurely approached, and, after listening stolidly to his request, went back to his post at the other end of the hall. This time the American sent forth such an uproar that a man evidently corresponding in authority to a sergeant appeared with the command to be quiet.

"Let me out of here," loudly demanded the prisoner. "I want the chief or the *Alcalde* or somebody in charge. I want to know what I'm booked for, I want to telephone—*telephone*, don't you understand?—and arrange bail. Quick now!"

But the officer merely frowned at him, obviously threatening a resort to force if this outburst did not cease at once.

"I tell you I want to get out," insisted Kirk. "I want to know what I'm charged with and have my friends get bail."

The man nodded his understanding and went away, but an hour passed and he did not return. Then another hour followed, and Anthony, who had now begun to feel the effect of his drubbing more keenly, renewed his clamor, with the result that a half-dozen policemen appeared, causing Allan to retreat to a corner and mumble prayers. From their demeanor it looked as though they were really bent upon mischief, but Kirk soon saw that an official had come in answer to his call. He felt less reassured when he perceived that the person in uniform who now stepped forward was the same upon whom he had turned the hose earlier in the evening.

This was a black-haired, black-eyed young fellow of perhaps thirty. While his skin was swarthy, even in this poor light it could be seen that he was of the real Castilian type and of a much better class than the others. He was slender and straight, his mouth small and decorated by a carefully penciled little mustache, which was groomed to a needle sharpness. His hands and feet were as dainty as those of a woman. He was undeniably striking in appearance, and might have passed for handsome had it not been for the scowl that distorted his features.

"Eh! 'ere you are," he began angrily.

"Yes; I want to get out, too. What does this treatment mean?"

The newcomer stepped toward the other occupant of the cell, at which Allan broke out in terror: "Don't you touch me. I'm a British object."

But it was evidently not the man's intention to offer any further indignity to his prisoners at that time. After scanning the Jamaican carefully, he issued an order to one of his men, who left the room.

"And I'm an American," Anthony declared. "You'll have to answer for this."

"Per'aps you don' know 'oo I am. I am Ramón Alfarez, Comandante of Police, an' you dare' to t'row the water of the 'ose wagon upon my person. Your gover'ment will settle for those insolt." His white teeth showed in a furious snarl.

"I don't give a damn who you are. I'll get bail or do whatever your law requires, but I want to get out and I want to get out now."

The commandant's eyes flashed as he asked shortly: "W'at is your name?"

"Anthony. Your men tried to kill that boy, and when I wouldn't stand for it, they beat me up."

"You strock me wit' the water of the 'ose carriage," repeated the other. "You 'ave assault the dignity of my country."

"I didn't know who you were. I was helping to stop that fire when you butted in. Now are you going to let me out, or do you want my people to pull this jail down around your ears?"

At this threat Señor Alfarez restrained his rage with an obvious effort. "You will reply to those outrage, señor."

"Sure, I'll reply. But in the meantime I want to telephone to the American consul. Look at this!" The young man held out his shaking, swollen wrists, upon which the blood was scarcely dry. "Look at it! Those runts of yours got handcuffs on me and then beat me up. I'm sick. So's that boy. We need a doctor."

Alfarez shook his head. "You resis' the police. Even in your country one mus' not do that. 'Ave I been there, I would keel you both, but I am 'aving a cheel at the moment from those stream of col' water."

"Will you take me to a telephone?"

"It is not permit."

"Will you notify Mr. Weeks?"

Receiving no reply to this request, Kirk broke out: "Well, then, what *are* you going to do! Let us stay here all night?"

"W'at is your bizness?"

"I haven't any."

"You don' work on the Canal?"

"No. I'm a tourist. My father is a big railroad man in the States. I'm telling you this so you'll know how to act."

"W'ere do you leeve—w'at 'otel?"

"I've been stopping with Mr. Weeks."

Señor Alfarez' attitude became somewhat less overbearing.

"In due time he will be notify of your outrage to my person," he announced.

The fellow who had left the room a moment before now reappeared, carrying a bucket of water and some towels, with which he directed Allan to remove the blood from his face and hands. When it came Kirk's turn, however, he objected.

"I think I'll wait until Weeks sees me," he said.

But Alfarez retorted sharply: "It is not permit"; and, seeing that resistance would be useless, Kirk acquiesced as gracefully as he could, remarking as he did so:

"You'll have hard work washing off this, and this." He indicated the traces of the handcuffs and the gash in his scalp.

The commandant turned to his men and addressed them at some length, calling them to task, as Allan later informed his companion, for using their clubs in a manner to mark their prisoners so conspicuously. Then he followed them into the corridor, closing the grating behind him.

The hours passed, and daylight came with no word from the American consul. By this time the two prisoners were really in need of medical attention. Their contusions pained them severely. Kirk felt as if one or more of his ribs were broken, and his suffering, combined with hunger, prevented sleep. He became feverish and fretful, but his demands for communication with the outside world were calmly ignored, although he felt certain that his wishes were fully understood. When the morning had passed without his being arraigned for a hearing, he grew alarmed. Evidently he had been flung into confinement and forgotten.

The Next Instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the January Number.

THE PLAYERS

MORE interesting than the play are the audiences that go to see "Mother," a domestic tragedy by Jules Eckert Goodman—audiences that have a perfectly lovely time weeping with enthusiasm. For the drama, crude and faulty as it is, in its essence is movingly, painfully true, and it has some powerful scenes. It has pathos. And nothing on the stage is so familiar as imitation pathos and nothing so rare as real pathos. Above all, it has a theme with the most universal, the strongest appeal—mother love.

It is a familiar, simple story of the boundless, unquenchable affection of a mother for a flock of selfish children who cold-bloodedly rob her of everything she has, save her love for them. She accepts it all with outward cheerfulness, while pain racks her heart—and that of the audience. The author spares no one. He is brutally truthful for the most part, even in banality, and there are scenes that strike home with poignant effectiveness.

Emma Dunn, who won sudden fame by her performance in "Peer Gynt" with Richard Mansfield, has the title rôle in Mr. Goodman's play, and she seems to exhaust its possibilities; while Frederick Perry, as the eldest and worst of the family, presents the abominable character with artistic verisimilitude. Nothing is lost through the acting.

To those children whose mothers find them without flaw—and with some justification—this play brings the pain that comes from a consciousness of shortcomings, and they cry a little, the while making resolutions. To those to whom Mother is a memory, tender, blessed, all-pervading through the mist of years, it brings a suffering too deep for tears, a suffering embittered by the remembrance of things forgot, of careless, unthinking acts that may not be changed. Mother never remembered them any more than she remembered the raindrops of the summer shower after the spots they made on her new gown had disappeared, and they meant no more to her. But you remember, and all the tears of the universe cannot wash away the stain.

It is the children who are like those in "Mother" who will revel in the play; their sobs will be loudest, their tears most copious. Ever so many of us seem to find absolution for our sins in weeping or rising to indignation over the suffering caused by these same sins in others. The young hooligan who floods the variety theatre with his clamorous blubbering over a mawkish mother song and then goes home to beat his own mother because she can't give him money to buy beer isn't an anomaly but only an exaggeration.

There are people—and the number is anything but small—who measure the value of a play by the number of handkerchiefs required to mop their easily flooded eyes. I am told that "Mother" is a six-handkerchief play, which is pretty near to high-water mark. This means that it will be an enormous financial success in the long run. Any play that can make audiences shed a continuous river of unsalt tears for three hours is worth to author and manager about ten times as much as the greatest comic success—for its life is so much longer. Witness the awful "East Lynne" and the mawkish "Camille," to cite two horrible examples, and then search for a laughter play—or possibly any other except "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is of the same kind—that has had a tenth part of their success. Of course, a few classic comedies have endured, but either of these two famous sobbers has more presentations in a single season than any classical comedy in ten.

If the prolific W. Somerset Maugham would learn to write plays as well as he writes dialogue, if he could handle situations as well as he does incidents, if his construction were worthy of his ideas and his impish humor, he would produce some

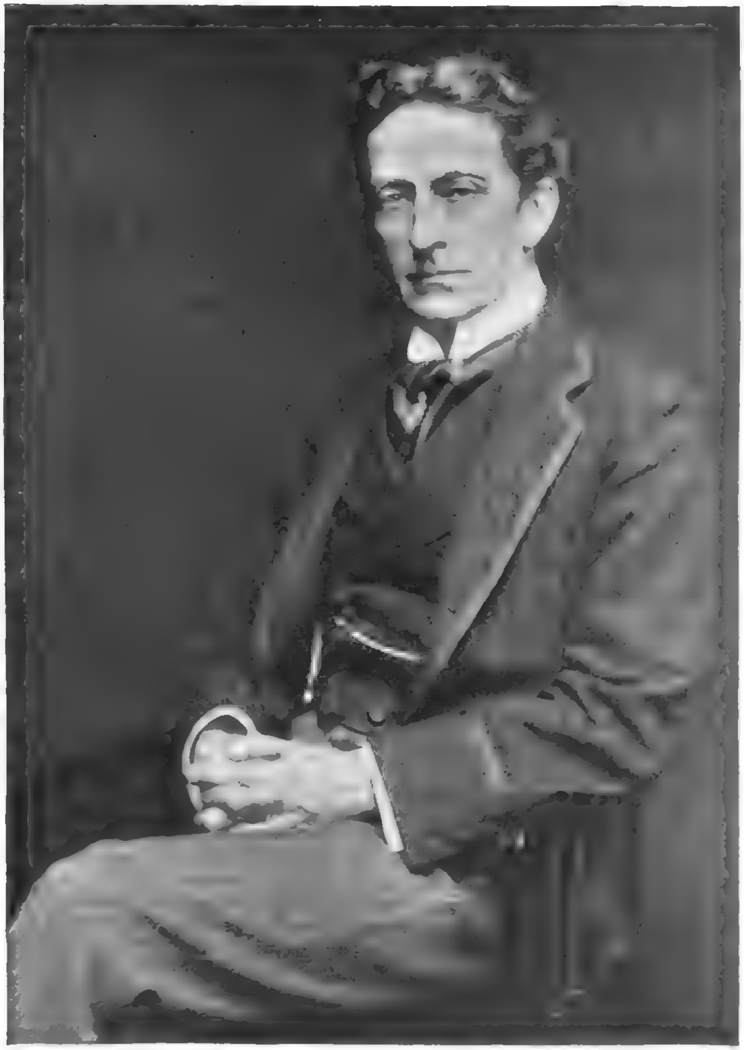
KITTY GORDON AS *ALMA*
IN "ALMA, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

wonderfully brilliant comedies. "Smith," in which John Drew is starring, is the best of Maugham's plays thus far seen in this country, but——!

It has a gorgeous notion: A well-born young Englishman has broken away from the gay Lond life for lack of funds and has redeemed himself by becoming a successful farmer in South Afri After a long absence he retu home, overflowing with affection for his only sister and with great eagerness to be with his own kind again. He finds that his sister has become shallower, more selfish, more pleasure-loving than she was when he went away. The whole set in which she moves is cold and heartless. The sister has a youthful exquisite who is her devoted follower and who frankly admits that he belongs to a new profession—that of the tame cats—who make a living by amusing fashionable women.

In this chill, soulless household, the only wholesome, natural, useful person seems to be a maidservant, *Smith.* The hero proposes to *Smith,* first in a spirit of resentment against the environment and then because he falls in love with her. From an English point of view this is most revolutionary. In this country much of the humor and dramatic value of this development are lost because our class distinctions are not so firmly established. We haven't any clearly defined serving class, but only certain people forced by circumstances to accept temporary occupation while waiting to see what the Lord will send them.

Like most of the English playwrights of this day, Mr. Maugham makes his comedy a rather bitter assault upon smart London society, and it is a more or less effective one. His character drawing is marvelous in its clearness and distinctiveness. *Algernon Peppercorn,* as the tame cat, is truly remarkable, and Hassard Short plays the part with so full an appreciation of it



Photograph by McCluer Studio, New York.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF FORBES-ROBERTSON.

possibilities, with such skill and finesse, that it seems a perfect creation.

There is one scene in the play which should be very powerful and dramatic. It shows a fashionable woman deep in a game of bridge, refusing to answer a summons from her sick child. Only when the news comes over the telephone that the child is dead is the game interrupted. But the scene is handled so maladroitly that most of its force is lost.

Mr. Drew is handicapped by his physique. The rôle of *Thomas Freeman* was never meant for him, but for a burly man of great muscular strength. Mr. Drew always suggests the drawing-room, while *Freeman* belongs to the robust out-of-doors. Yet so fine an actor is Mr. Drew, so thoroughly a master of his profession, that he manages to present the spirit of the character in such a way as almost to make one forget his physical shortcomings. Isabel Irving is extremely effective in the thankless rôle of the fashionable sister, and it is a very difficult one. Mary Boland, in the title rôle, isn't convincing at all. The author has drawn the character of *Smith* with vivid clearness. She belongs to the intelligent, faithful, competent English type of servant who never expects to be anything else. She not only recognizes but respects class distinctions, and her point of view is always that of a servant, a triumph of consistency for which Mr. Maugham deserves a crown. But Miss Boland gives the impression of a woman of the world masquerading as a servant.

"Decorating Clementine" is the most joyous, the most delightful French farce that has been transplanted in many years, and Gladys Unger, who made the adaptation, deserves much of the credit, for she has done her work admirably. The humor is not dependent upon the eternal triangle and the efforts of the guilty to escape detection. It is really a brilliant satire, with an appeal to intelligence.

A popular novelist has married a healthy, wholesome, rather stupid man who is really a grown-up boy, and they adore each other. The disturbing element comes with the announcement that a rival author—really a man who writes under a feminine pen-name, as it transpires later—is to be decorated by the French Academy. *Clementine's* ambition is aroused and she sets about scheming to get the honor for herself. She begins by trying to fascinate the Director of Fine Arts, *M. Morel*, really a very vain, ignorant, and extremely successful *poseur*. While the satire is funny enough in English, it must have been infinitely more effective in France, where the Director of Fine Arts is a real figure.

Clementine also persuades her husband to pay court to the Art Director's very pretty, very susceptible, very flirtatious young wife, who always screams and faints at the first sight of an attractive man. The many situations are complicated by a Russian count, who devoutly believes that every woman he sees can't resist falling in love with him—and that also is satire more keenly appreciated in Paris than it could be here. The count's specialty is dancing, and the way in which G. P. Huntley translates emotions into that art, his illustrations and descriptions, are riotously funny. Mr. Huntley is, first of all, a finished actor and a real comedian afterward, with unusual originality and resource. No other player can be so intelligently silly as he.

Doris Keane made a real hit as the flirtatious wife, and she is quite a revelation. After coming perilously near to failure in several emotional rôles following the excellent impression she made in "The Hypocrites," she apparently has found herself in comedy. She has exquisite charm, and she bubbles over with humor and the joy of living, making the most of a brilliant opportunity.

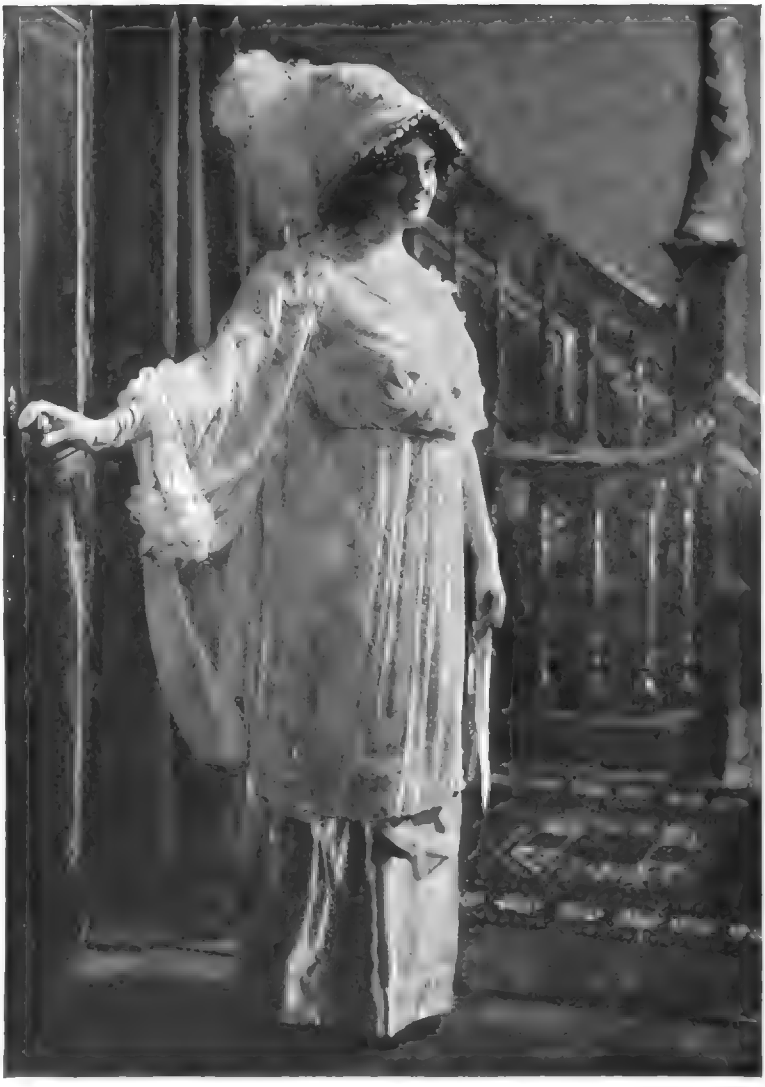
Hattie Williams, who is announced as a co-star with Mr. Huntley in this farce, plays *Clementine*, and it is quite the best thing she has attempted since she abandoned musical comedy. Louis Massen is delightful as the Art Director.

"Anti-Matrimony" is a curious mixture of the very good and the very bad clumsily tied up in dramatic form. In the first place, Henrietta Crosman is the star, and any play in which she appears must give much genuine delight, for she is easily the first light comedienne in the country. Her naturalness, her keen appreciation of humor, her marvelous skill in interpreting it, which seems to involve not the slightest effort, make her presence on the stage a constant joy.

Percy Mackaye, the author of the farce—for it becomes that, although it starts in the realm of high comedy—doesn't bother much about the laws of the stage; but one always

Photograph by Frank Bangs,
New York.

PAULINE CHASE AS *MARY GIBBS* IN "OUR MISS GIBBS."



Photograph by White, New York.

WILLETTE KERSHAW AS *AMY LEROY* IN "THE COUNTRY BOY."

may be sure that he will present an idea that is worth while. The first two acts of "Anti-Matrimony" are the most delightful satire that I have ever known upon the modern intellectual bluff of that higher life which is possible only through individualism. The author's sport with the half-baked minds that assume themselves to be on a superior plane because they understand a little Nietzsche and Ibsen is so brilliant and at times so subtle that it places too great a tax on a considerable part of the audience. Mr. Mackaye is mostly to blame for this, because of his lack of technical knowledge and of the dramatic way to obtain his effects. The last two acts, which most people like best, become straight-out farce, none too expertly handled. But the play has one fine virtue—a high literary quality.

The notion is so rich in opportunity that one resents the fact that its possibilities are not developed. Into a New England parsonage come the brother of the minister and the sister of his wife, boldly proclaiming themselves apostles of the new religion of individual freedom. They boast that they are not married, although they have a child, and that their mission is to destroy the institution of matrimony. The speeches and posings of the two idiots are overwhelmingly funny, and the idea is made all the more effective by the fact that the pair really have been married, by a civil process in Belgium. The clergyman's wife—that is Miss Crosman's rôle—sets about reforming the egotistical idiots with her husband's aid, by pretending to be converted to the new belief and promptly claiming the man apostle of it as her "affinity." With an idea like that to work upon, the comedy should be the cleverest, brightest, most successful that the stage has known in years, and with Miss Crosman in the title rôle its success should be phenomenal. But ideas and high literary capacity do not qualify one to write

Photograph by Hall, New York.

SAM BERNARD
IN "HE CAME FROM MILWAUKEE."

Photograph by White, New York.

EVA DENNISON AND ROBERT EDESON IN "WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES."

plays any more than a scholarly knowledge of music gives one capacity to play the violin, unless one has learned how.

Two dramatizations of stories by George Randolph Chester were presented in the early part of the season. "Bobby Burnit," which seemed to offer the fewer difficulties, failed completely because the stage version was absolutely hopeless and Wallace Eddinger was miscast in the leading rôle. On the other hand, "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," adapted by George M. Cohan, is one of the biggest successes of the year. Mr. Cohan's achievement is very remarkable, for *Wallingford* is a scamp and, in the stories, he was not always a pleasant one, although he was invariably interesting. Mr. Cohan makes it appear that *Wallingford's* crookedness is really a great big lark, that he is merely matching his own cleverness against other crooks for love of the game and that at heart he is a decent fellow. In fact, his involuntary reformation is one of the funniest things in a comedy that has only laughter in it from beginning to end. It is the kind of a comedy that reminds one of the brilliant satires of Charles H. Hoyt, and there is much room on the stage for them.

Hale Hamilton jumped from obscurity in "The Fortune Hunter" to play the leading part, and he plays it with an unctuous hilarity that is likely to make him a star, while Grant Mitchell gives a really remarkable characterization as the avaricious hotel clerk.

Measured by their different standards, musical comedy has distanced the drama in the progress that has been made in the past two or three years. After stagnating in inane stupidity for many seasons, the musical shows have mounted upward by leaps and bounds. It is true that the best of them have come from foreign sources and that many hands have been concerned in the making, but the results only are important. It would seem that managers abroad were the first to discover the wisdom of having a book capable of standing by itself, wedded to good music—a point that was obvious enough if they had studied the old-time successes, and proceeded to act accordingly.

"Madame Sherry," originally presented in French, came to America by way of London, Otto Hauerbach making the American version, while Karl Hoschna, of "Three Twins" fame, wrote the music, including one song that leaped into instant and widespread popularity. It is true that Ralph Herz, the chief comedian, wearies ever so many people, and Jack Gardner appeals chiefly to the matinée girl who is very young, but the cast is headed by the vivacious, wonderfully clever, and altogether charming Lina Abarbanell, with her Viennese vivacity and voice, who was graduated from grand opera because, as in the case of Fritzi Scheff, the gloom of the classical opera oppressed her. Miss Abarbanell isn't at all pretty, but she has a fascination much greater than mere beauty. Also there is the droll Elizabeth Murray, who has the comic gift and who makes people laugh whenever she pleases.

The first two acts of "Madame Sherry" move swiftly, joyously, tunefully, carrying so much entertainment that one is disposed to rank it high among the best musical comedies ever written. The last act is dull, and it is further marred by a young woman who adds to her unattractiveness by dressing as immodestly as possible.

"Alma, Where Do You Live?" takes its name from perhaps the best song of a season particularly rich in fine melodies. It has a most alluring, seductive charm. It is a comedy with music, but without a chorus—a vaudeville, they call it in France—and it had been talked about a great deal, for it had been presented in German—although the original is French—before Joseph Weber gave it in English. The German version was so *risqué* that even callous authorities forbade it, but George V. Hobart made an adaptation that is free from vulgarity and unpleasant suggestiveness. And there is left humor enough for two shows. It has a lively, jolly plot and the best songs I ever heard in one musical show—no fewer than four being distinct hits. The "Alma" song is so good that it doesn't lose its charm with a dozen repetitions.

Kitty Gordon, the English player who sings beautifully without having much of a voice, who acts excellently without doing very much, is exquisitely graceful and very handsome in a spectacular way. Also, she wears most magnificent gowns, and she made a most pronounced impression. Charles A. Bigelow is riotously funny, wringing laughter from those who usually detest his antics. Indeed, the whole cast seems as nearly perfect as a cast can be. From the very start the comedy was a great success.

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

GETTING EVEN WITH MR. BOSWELL

By M. DAVIS

IN the bunk-house, after supper, there was fun afloat. The rain beat upon the shake-roof with the quiet persistence characteristic of the Pacific coast winter. Some few of the men lay hidden in their cavernous bunks, but most of them lounged upon the benches, talking, laughing, and spitting tobacco upon the stove. As usual, somebody was getting an unmerciful "joshing." This evening it was John Greenough, who sat quietly by the table, reading.

John was the one man in camp whom the camp did not quite understand. Rumor hinted of a past that had once been his; but he was very young. All that was known of him was that he was sociable, yet devoted to his work; that he could fight when he had to; and that he kept his trunk at Dad McKee's ranch on Winatchie Prairie.

There was a pause in the fun-making, and Nougatine Nick, the head timber faller in Tom McIntyre's logging crew, got a chance to make a remark. He was called Nougatine just now because the last time he was drunk—which is to say, the last time he was in town—he had been seen to lay a gold eagle on the counter at a candy stand, telling the proprietor to set out candy for all the kids in town.

"I say," declared Nougatine, "that Johnny would be a rich man, only for one thing. The reason I mean is that he's too willin' to work. An', then, he believes every man is tellin' him the God's truth, when it's a sad fact that most of the things one man tells another is dam' lies. An' he gits more lies in his'n than most fellers, 'cause he's so confidin'-like."

The subject of discussion had so far taken no notice of the talk. He now looked up from his engineering book and smiled. "Oh, go to bed, Nick," he advised. "You'll need all that breath you're wasting, when you get hold of the saw to-morrow morning."

"Got breath to spare," answered the faller, "when you're on t'other end of the saw."

This caused a laugh, for John was the third man in two weeks that had sawed with big Nick. He had, however, lasted longer than the other two together. When he had started falling timber, there were several bets of two to one that he wouldn't last two days; but now it was an even bet that he would hold his job.

Old man Lawffer got started next. He was bull-cook. He had cut the stove wood, kindled the morning fire, swept the shack, and carried the water ever since Tom McIntyre had started logging.

"This here Hay-wire Boswell," began the old man, gently prodding a prodigious specimen who sat beside him, "this here Hay-wire is a great judge of human natur'. An' he used to be a pretty good hand balin' hay down to his dad's ranch." They all laughed, for it was known that Hay-wire's disgust with hay-baling as an occupation had made him take to the woods.

"I expect you fellers never heard how Hay-wire cut Johnny Greenough out with that pretty schoolmarm down to the Prairie last winter. Well, it was comical. Hay-wire knowed that the kid was figurin' on takin' her to the dance one Saturday evenin'. John was drivin' the tote-team at that time. He could handle horses all right, but what he didn't know about 'em would fill an encyclopeedy. He had put the team in the stable along to'rds evenin', an' was mowin' the bunch grass off his face, all ready to light out for the Prairie after supper, when Hay-wire waltzes in. He was goin' to the dance, too.

"'John,' says he, 'Plowboy has got an awful bad leg. You must 'a' been drivin' mighty reckless.'

"John, he bit, an' they goes out to the stable together. Hay-wire goes up to the big bay, an' begins runnin' his hand up an' down one foreleg. He would jamb his thumb in between the two leg bones, an' Plowboy would naturally stomp an' draw his leg away. 'You see where it's sore,' says Hay-wire. 'I noticed him standin' peculiar-like, so I took him out, an' he walked awful lame!'

"'He didn't walk lame when we came in,' the kid says.

"Hay-wire kept on spinnin' 'em. 'Oh, no, he wouldn't show it till he'd been standin' an hour or so. The devil of it is that he'll sure go lame in the mornin', an' if I know Tom McIntyre, you'll be hittin' down the road.'

"'Couldn't I doctor it up,' asks John, 'so's it will be all right in the morning?'

"'Lord, no,' says Hay-wire. 'To git that leg in shape by mornin', you'd have to rub liniment on it every hour or so, all night. I'd never do that if I were in your place. I'd sooner lose my job than lose my sleep.' You see how nice Hay-wire had his fish sized up. He knowed John would ruther lose a leg than his job. An' sure enough, fishie swallered hook, bait, line, fishpole an' all. 'You just leave that to me,' he says. An' blamed if he didn't set up all night, rubbin' liniment on the poor horse's leg. Hay-wire, of course, he hikes over the hill to the Prairie, an' gives Miss Schoolmarm a big con about how Mister Greenough had been detained at camp by pressing business, and wished him to make excuses, and would she give him, Mister Calvin Boswell, the pleasure of goin' to the dance with her. An' she handed him that pleasure.

"Well, next mornin' Johnny was most tickled to death to see Plowboy walked as good as ever. The push was standin' in front of the office when John druv by. 'Hey there,' says the boss, sniffin' the air, 'been givin' them horses a liniment shower bath?'

"Well, pretty quick McIntyre had the whole thing out of him. 'I hope,' says the big feller, makin' that bull's voice of his awful soft an' ladylike, 'I hope you told Hay-wire to give her your love.'"

John Greenough joined heartily in the laugh that followed this story. "I was pretty green, last winter," he admitted, "and I certainly got all the jollying that was coming to me, after that."

The mighty Mr. Boswell now chimed in: "You wouldn't blame me," he declared, "if you knowed the schoolmarm. She's a posy, you bet. Dead game sport, too. I bet the way she can throw fancy drinks down her gullet——"

John Greenough had snapped his book shut. There was no smile on his face this time.

"Boswell," he said calmly, "you lie." He did not move as the big rancher sprang to his feet. But Nougatine Nick deftly caught Hay-wire's arm and sat him down.

"Cool off there," he growled. "You know you're lyin', and, what's more, if you start a rough-house at this time of night some of the lads will tumble out of bed and throw you into the horse-trough."

Mr. Boswell, still with an unpleasant look on his face, began to strip off his overalls preparatory to going to bed. Nick started to do the same, but changed his mind and went over to John. "Say, boy," he whispered, "don't start no racket with that feller. He might kill you."

"Maybe," John admitted, "but there would be some fun before the funeral."

As usual, it was raining the next morning when Tom McIntyre came out of the office and called, "All aboard, boys," and the men filtered out from the bunk-house. The boss stood where the men would pass close to him as they went to the woods. Occasionally he would stop a man to give him some order about his day's work.

As Nougatine Nick came out of the filing shack with a fresh saw over his shoulder, the foreman stopped him. "You fellers start fallin' at the back end of the skid-road to-day. I want to git the long haul cleared up before the road gits all cut up. The new man that come in last night will saw with you in place of young Greenough. Hey there, John!"—for John had gone on ahead.

"Ever work on the river?" the boss asked briefly.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy; "the only hard work I ever did before I came here was on the drive. But I'd rather not change jobs just now."

"The hell you'd ruther not!" observed the boss; then, after a pause: "I want you and that pertickler side-kicker of yours, Hay-wire Boswell, to go out and start some of them logs downstream. If they keep pilin' up in that dead water much longer, it will take a whole flock of donkey engines to move them."

Tom McIntyre had the true business man's instinct as to how much he should say to a man. To some he would have said, "You do as you are told or you hit the road."

Nick had waited to hear the conversation, and his amusement was audible—that is, to any one not more than half a mile away. He showed even more joy at John's next and last speech, as he turned to do as the foreman directed: "The only reason I didn't want to change jobs, Mr. McIntyre, was because I wanted to show old Nougatine that I could stay on the end of a saw with him, if we had to fall every tree in the county. He thinks I can't stand the work."

Encouraged by the foreman's odd smile, Nick now had his say. "Sure and I know the reason he don't want to change jobs. There's one of them dances at the hall down to Winatchie a week from Saturday, and the lad was figurin' on cuttin' Hay-wire out this time, for fair; an' he knows how much time there'll be for dancin' when he's workin' on the river. Cheer up, though, boy," he added, for John's benefit, "if you can't go, neither can he."

John Greenough took no notice of Nick's speech. "Whenever Boswell's ready, then I I am," he said briefly.

At the end of a week's hard, wet work, John came to the conclusion that Cal Boswell—John had got out of the way of calling him Hay-wire—was a pretty decent chap, after all. Since his one false start in the bunk-house that night, he had refrained from amusing himself with talk about women that John knew; and his splendid strength, his good fellowship, and his entire willingness in taking orders from a man four years his junior made John his friend.

All day Friday they worked hard in the rain with their peavies and pond-hooks, rolling and shoving the big fir logs off the shallows into the main current of the tearing Shushula. At quitting time the dead water lay nearly clear of logs, and John and Cal splashed joyfully ashore. As they reached the bank, they threw their peavies with sure aim into the old drift log, where the points stuck fast. Cal hit his partner a mighty slap on the back.

"Cheer up, you old log-roller!" he yelled. "We'll get an easy day's work to-morrow, and then it's me and you on the hike to the Prairie."

"The Prairie?" said John innocently. "Why, what's doing there?"

Cal gave him a keen look and chuckled. "You old stiff, it's well you know. You've been figurin' all day how you can cut me out and take Miss Donald to the hall yourself."

John noted the respectful "Miss Donald" with approval, and grew suddenly genial. "You're a mind-reader, Hay-wire," he confessed. "Tell you what we'll do! We'll toss up a four-bit piece that is the sum of my wealth. Heads it's me, tails it's you."

But on Saturday morning a fresh lot of logs had come down from the landing and had drifted into the backwater. There was a long day's work in sight, and Cal was a little cranky. The two men worked hard all morning, but at noon they had not got half the logs out.

As they climbed up the steep river-bank to dinner, Mr. Boswell wore a preoccupied look. After dinner this look became almost ominous. "I must put some more calks in my shoes before I tackle it," he said slowly, and looking John straight in the eyes. "I'll be down in about a half hour."

John picked up his hat and started for the river. He took his peavy from the log, and was soon so occupied in his work that he forgot all about his partner. He was trying to start a specially large log when he heard some one on the rocky beach. He looked around just as Tom McIntyre called to him: "Boswell went to town. Said he had the toothache, but I know different. Wants to get drunk."

John Greenough took in the news slowly. A peculiar smile showed at the corners of his mouth. Then, "No, he don't want to get drunk," he said, with emphasis, and his smile enlightened the boss, who was quick at divining things.

"Why, the whelp!" he said. "So he's goin' to get ahead of you for that dance to-night, eh? Well, that's a dirty, low-down trick! And I'll fire the pup when he gets back, for he knows I wanted awful bad to keep these here shallows clear of logs. I expect I'd better help you awhile myself. That looks like a tough customer you're tacklin' now."

The two men worked almost in silence for an hour or more. Few words were necessary. When one could not start a log alone, the other would splash over to him and take hold with his peavy while his partner got a new leverage. At last the foreman called, "Hold a minute, John."

The young man's glance rapidly followed McIntyre's, and he saw at once what was the trouble. At the outer end of the sand-bar a magnificent forty-foot log, more than four feet in diameter, was stuck fast squarely across the current. One end was aground on the bar, and the other was caught on a rock that showed above the water in the rapids. The swift rush of the current struck the big log fairly, and leaped and splashed over it, but could not budge it. Unless the men could dislodge it before they loosed the logs between it and shore, they could not get at it. Both men saw this.

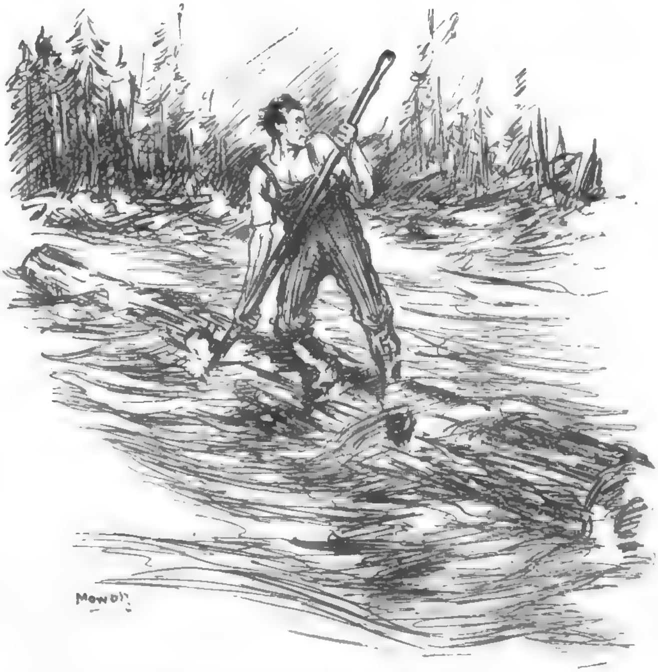
"We'd ought to have a boat to handle that gent by rights. A man will have to jump awful quick after he shoves that end off the rock, for in that kind of water she'll jerk downstream pretty fierce," Tom McIntyre said this slowly, thinking hard all the while. John was thinking, too.

"I believe I can do it," he said at last. "I think just a little pinch against that rock will free the farther end, and I can get back on to the other logs before she gets away entirely."

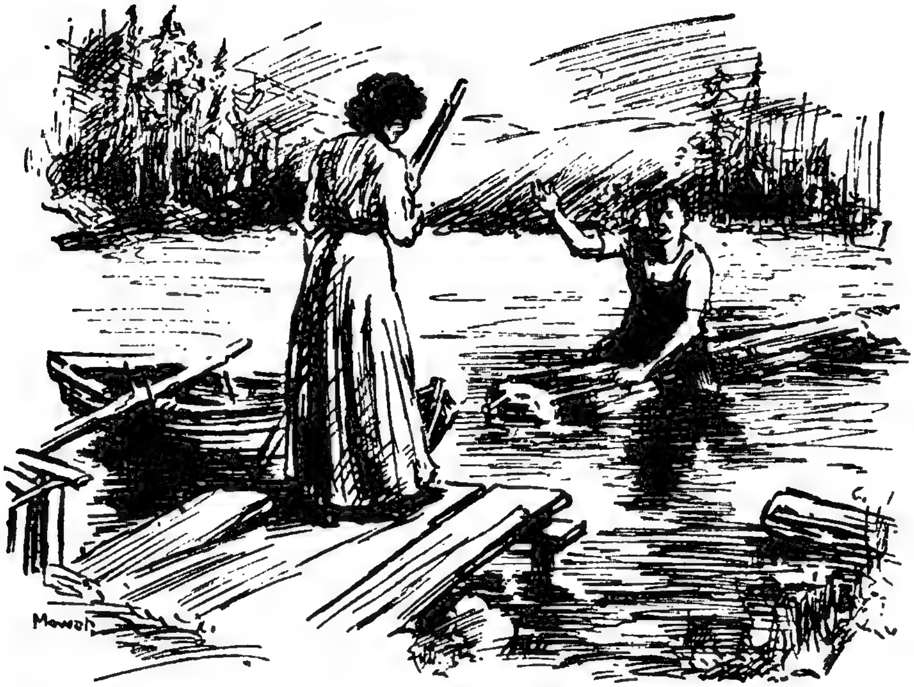
He made his way easily from log to log, and finally stood upon the big one, with the water dashing over his feet. Bracing himself, and using his peavy as a lever, he pried with all his strength between the log and the rock.

"Take care, boy," cautioned McIntyre.

It all happened in a moment. The log swung clear in the current, nearly rolling John off his feet. He turned quick as a snake, but before he could take a step he felt that the log was afloat. It was twenty—thirty—forty feet to the nearest log in the shallows. He could not jump to it. Could he swim it? Swim it—in the Shushula rapids? He heard the foreman's fierce, desperate shout; saw the gliding banks; heard, almost felt, the roaring hunger of the river for the sea. The waters around him were mad. He seemed to see the white gleam of sharks' bellies as they plunged for



WITH BOOTCALKS CLINGING LIGHTLY TO THE BARK, HE SWAYED AND SIDE-STEPPED TO FOLLOW THE BLIND LURCHING OF HIS CRAFT.



SHE SAW A BEDRAGGLED YOUTH IN A YELLOW UNDERSHIRT AND BROWN OVERALLS FLOATING MAJESTICALLY TOWARD HER.

their prey; then he knew it was the feathery plumes of the rapids that he saw, rushing, turning, vanishing. There were no sharks in that water—but there was worse.

The big log gave a sudden sharp roll under him, and he jumped to meet its quick turn, saving himself from death. Action brought back all his wits. He took careful hold of his peavy, one hand near each end, and this helped him to keep his balance. With bootcalks clinging lightly to the bark, he swayed and side-stepped to follow the blind lurching of his rudderless craft.

To this day, John Greenough has never been able to tell exactly how he rode his saw-log safely through Dead Driver's Cañon, where the swift-flowing Shushula crowds itself into a bare twenty feet between straight walls of moss-covered basalt. At the lower end of the cañon, just before the river calms itself into the quiet reaches that border Winatchie Prairie, there is a glistening plunge of water over a low ledge of rock. John saw it coming, and took a deep breath just as he was thrown off his feet. He threw away the peavy—it had served its purpose—and lay limp in the water until he felt himself out of the suction. Then he came easily to the surface, and saw his good ship sailing sedately ahead of him in the still pools. He reached the log with a few strokes, scrambled aboard, and stood there with the water dripping from him.

He looked around. On his right the noble firs came down to the water's edge, and a wilderness of tree-tops clothed the mountainside up to where the low, damp clouds hung heavily. To the left was a broad break in the mountains, where lay the fair, rolling Prairie.

It suddenly came to him where he was. He gave a mighty tug at his precious rawhide watch-chain. It was only five o'clock. The crafty Mr. Boswell, at a good, stiff pace, would be just about crossing the ridge on the steep and winding road, still an hour's walk from the Prairie; while here he was, drifting past a long line of cottonwoods that ended at Dad McKee's orchard.

He dropped his watch with a jerk, and let it dangle crazily, while he laughed and laughed, hopping from one sloppy foot to the other.

"Whoop-ee!" he yelled, so that it echoed against the trees. "Whoop-ee-ee!"

There were Dad McKee's prune trees, coming down almost to the water's edge. A girl was shoving a pair of oars into a boat, and she looked up and saw a bedraggled youth in a yellow undershirt and brown overalls floating majestically toward her. He was on a log. At last she recognized him.

"Well, John Greenough, what in the world——?" began Miss Donald, as the man on the log, gravely bowing, came almost within handshaking distance of her. "Evidently I am just in time to rescue you."

Whereupon John jumped easily into the water, and in a moment stood dripping and hatless before the young schoolmistress.

"I came down, Margaret," he said, with great dignity, "to ask you to go to the dance with me this evening. Not having much time to spare, I—er—came by boat."

Margaret laughed out, showing her white

teeth. "You're such an awful fraud, John. I think myself you are on your way to Steilacoom—to the asylum. But, my goodness, you must come and get your dry clothes on right away. You can tell me about it afterward. Mother McKee will certainly be surprised."

John always saw a dim rosy light steal over his surroundings when he walked beside this girl. She was so like the girls in Chapter One—yes, superior even to them; so different from the other girls he had met in this Chapter Two. He turned to look back at the mountain forest on the farthest side of the river. He wondered if he would sometime be logging there himself, and making enough money to buy the ranch next to McKee's.

Almost before he knew it, he was in the big attic room, diving into his trunk after fresh clothes, while the two McKee boys popped rapid-fire questions at him. Clean and shaved, he came downstairs into the kitchen in time to hear a scraping of feet on the porch, and a familiar voice at the open door: "Howdy-do, Miss Donald—" the voice sounded a bit out of breath—"I come in on my way home to see if you'd go to the dance with me this evenin'."

Before Miss Donald could frame an answer, John Greenough strolled casually into sight of the amazed Mr. Boswell. "Why, hello, Calvin," he said, with careful condescension. "You made good time over the mountain. I hope we'll see you at the dance this evening."

THE GIFT

By ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

IN the arbor covered with fertile grape vines it was dark and cool and blossom-sweet. An hour earlier they had been merely comrades, frankly fond of each other but as frankly independent. Now the full moon and the autumn night and the touch of sensitive hands had worked a miracle. Adrienne still leaned her head against the lattice and sat motionless, as though she were carved from lovely, rose-hued marble, but Rob's dark head was close, his cheek touched her cheek, and his low laugh rang with something more vital than comradeship, something warmer, sweeter, more tense, more thrilling.

In response to that laugh at last Adrienne sighed.

"But, Rob, I don't want to marry! All the married people we know are such pokes. They live, move, breathe the atmosphere of commonplace. They say 'we' and 'our,' they talk about the household allowance and the plumbing and how much it costs to commute. And they all get to playing bridge —after they've given up tennis and dancing and all the things that are worth while!"

Rob had stopped laughing. He, too, made a sound as much like a genuine sigh as a normal, healthy, prosperous youth of twenty-three can manage.

"And yet Dad and Mother have an awfully good time together," he commented. "But they do talk about the cost of things, and they play bridge, even two handed on Saturday nights. Isn't it awful?"

Then he forgot how awful it all was, and kissed her; and Adrienne's lips answered him in the one ancient, eloquent, wordless way.

But after a while they came back to that engrossing topic, the deadly prose of married life.

"It's so monotonous." Thus Adrienne.

"It's so beastly conventional." This from Rob.

Adrienne mused. "It's horribly expensive, and it gets you in a rut for the rest of your life, and it's morally unwholesome because it develops egoism, and it's a dangerous example to people who haven't a talent for reading human nature, and it's selfish and stupid and hackneyed and ——"

But Rob stopped the verbal deluge with a force and in a manner that took away Adrienne's breath.

"A fellow might suppose you didn't care a hang," he cried reproachfully.

Adrienne made no protestation. She considered that none was necessary. After a little she spoke reminiscently.

"I'm twenty, almost twenty-one. And I've never done it before."

Curiously, Rob understood. "Why haven't you, Adrienne? Was it because you thought it wrong?"

She considered. "No, I don't think it's wrong. Lots of nice girls do it—and mean it at the time—and the boys generally understand, I think."

"Then why didn't you, dear, until now?"

This time the boy's kiss was exquisitely gentle, as though he were trying to express some chivalric appreciation too subtle for mere words.

"I think," she said slowly, feeling for the right words, "that perhaps it was because above all things I have always wanted to play fair, to be quite honest. You know, since Mother died—and I was a little girl then—there haven't been many people with the right to kiss me. Aunts, of course, and old friends of the family, and the two girls I liked best at college. But nobody *awfully* close, like your mother or sister, or your dad. So I've felt a little as if a kiss were sacred, that it meant real fondness, a thrill deep down."

"And you haven't felt it—for any of the fellows?" asked Rob.

The girl blushed; he could see the blush even in the moonlight.

"I've wanted to, once or twice, but I wasn't *sure*—so I waited, and now I believe I am glad I did."

For the first time Rob kissed her hand. "I'm glad, too—Adrienne. Only if you *had*, it would still have been all right. I know that."

They were silent for a long time, not touching each other, and yet in some strange way closer linked than they had ever been. Adrienne was remembering her young mother, dead so long ago, wondering whether she knew and understood all this warm flood of safety and happiness which was supporting her child's eager spirit.

And Rob was thinking what a mysterious thing love is, how much it is like religion and reverence and unnamed, holy things which he did not understand nor profess to believe, yet which he *felt* far down in the secret recesses of consciousness.

At last Adrienne drew a long breath, and then smiled at him. "Rob—it's so wonderful to feel how you really care—to know that it is going to last and grow all through our lives. It's not the marriage part that matters; it's the love that makes people marry so they can keep together, like this."

The boy's arm trembled. "But there's more to it, Adrienne." He spoke in a low voice, shyly; his words shook a little. They were both silent for a moment. Then Adrienne seemed suddenly to have grown older. She took the boy's face in her hands. Her look and gesture had the exquisite, protective quality which is maternal.

"I know it, dear. And I think I understand. I'm not afraid—because it's *you*. And then I want to take care of you, always."

Again silence in the perfumed darkness. About the young figures seemed to float a winged presence, the dim and lovely shape of that "True Romance" of which a modern poet sings.

At length the boy spoke, slowly, half regretfully, as though afraid to frighten away the dear presence.

"Adrienne, I want to tell you something."

The girl turned her dreaming eyes upon him, and for the first time fear altered the sweetness of her mouth. She was, despite her temperament, a girl of the period and a college girl. She had read a great deal, and once or twice she had shuddered at that wisdom which is folly, the wisdom of the average married woman. She knew enough to be afraid.

But the boy was not looking at her. Hardly was he thinking of her. He stared straight out of the doorway upon the wide, rolling lawn flecked with leaf shadows in the pale radiance of the night.

"Adrienne," he began, "even nowadays men are very different from women. When they are young boys, hardly more than children, in a sense they're out in the world. They hear things talked about, they learn a different code of honor from the code of their sisters and mothers, and they get to taking a lot of things for granted that—well, that aren't so."

Adrienne had an impulse which she forced herself to ignore. She wanted to move away, so that Rob need not so much as touch her dress. There was a pang at her heart; she knew, suddenly, that she was no longer an irresponsible girl, but a woman. And because of this she moved not farther from, but closer to, this boy whom she loved—and who was living that mysterious life, the life of a young man.

Rob went on quietly: "Temptations come early to most boys, temptations you wouldn't dream of, Adrienne. I was only seventeen when I realized that for every decent boy on earth there is a fight on, *the fight just to keep decent.* It was queer, but the day it came I had a telegram from Dad. I was staying with a school chum, in a little manufacturing town out West. We'd been having great larks because his family were away, and we were keeping bachelor hall together like two grown men. And then the wire came—Mother was ill—and I went home on the Limited, and when I got there she was delirious and the only person she recognized for almost two weeks was not Mildred, nor Father, but me."

He shifted his position a little, and now Adrienne was free of the arm which a little while ago she had resented.

"Somehow Mother and I got closer and chummier as she was getting strong than we had ever been before. We had long talks, new ones. She seemed to me younger—more like a pal than like a chap's mother. One night, out on the lawn in the moonlight, like this, she said something I never forgot. She had been talking about Father—what a corking man he is—I knew that—and she told me what a wonderful lover he had been; not just a good husband but a lover, guarding the romance of youth under all the apparent prose of marriage. As she talked she seemed to me rather wonderful, too—for a mother to be able to show such intimate, splendid things to her own son.

"And then she said: 'Rob, I want to tell you something. The most precious gift a man can bring his wife, when he loves and marries, is not success, not culture nor great achievements nor money, but this one thing—a record as clean as her own! Rob, when a man does this, he crowns his wife; she is a queen among women. And all her life she wears her invisible crown proudly!'"

Rob paused for a long, long moment. "After that, Adrienne, the fight really was on. I had always honored Dad, now I worshipped him, for I had learned to see him through Mother's eyes. But that fall I went to college. And there I got my taste of the real thing—temptation. It made all other things—mothers and ideals and clean, simple prayers—pale into a kind of far-away mist of dreams.

"Before I went back after Christmas my senior year, I had made up my mind. Every man has to live his own life, meet his own fate, I told myself. Dad and I were different, made differently. And I might never marry. I remember when I kissed Mother good-by that time, I had a sense that she was saying good-by to the boy she knew.

"Dad and I walked to the station together; it was a mile and a half, even by the path, but we didn't want the machine. He had left papers piled a foot high on his desk to be with me. He was doing the biggest and most scientific work he had ever done, and he loved his work, but he said he needed the walk.

"On the way he talked a bit about Mother. He said: 'Your mother is the purest, the best, and the bravest woman I have ever known.'"

"I said: 'The best ever, Dad. But she has never needed courage when she has had you.'

"He didn't say anything for a minute. Then he looked at me hard, and his big chin set in that firm line—I could see that what he was going to tell me hurt him. Finally he came out with it.

"'You and I are alike, Rob. We have the capacity for loving a few people greatly—and, I believe, of recognizing the right woman, when she comes. But we are also obstinate, hot-blooded, passionate. Ordinary warnings avail not an atom! When I married your mother I had the average man's confession to make her—but she had her dreams, her white ideals—and what I told her nearly broke her heart.'

"I was so stunned that I stood still in the path and stared at him. I told him what Mother had said to me—but he was not surprised.

"'She is too loyal to let you know that I ever disappointed her, Rob. But I'm afraid that all her life she herself has missed the feel of that crown on her dear head.'

"When he shook hands before we reached the station he said: 'Each generation should climb a rung higher than the last, my son. If some day you can give your wife the thing I did not bring your mother, she and I will not have lived in vain.'"

Adrienne breathed a passionate sigh that was almost a sob. "Yet we called marriage prosaic—when it holds pain—and love—like that. Oh, Rob, we were fools!"

"You understand what I mean you to know—Adrienne?"

Then he saw the light in her eyes—he knew that his reward was the purest joy a man may experience. Adrienne raised his hand to her lips, then laid it on her head.

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

THERE is a certain maneuver in professional tactics that the strong-armed and light-fingered gentry of the nether world not infrequently resort to. Tim the Toucher, for instance, when a series of masterly exploits has brought him into unwelcome prominence, will occasionally enter one door of a double-fronted building and emerge a little later from the other, having meanwhile sloughed off the outward tags of a familiar personality. He may even, if he thinks that a few shreds of resemblance have survived the first transformation, repeat the process in another quarter. He has, in the language of his coterie, "made a clean get-away." For reasons that are very much less apparent than in the case of the above-mentioned Timothy, Mr. William De Morgan, an old, beloved, and greatly honored friend of ours, has chosen thus to withdraw himself from our recognition in his latest fiction, "An Affair of Dishonor" (Holt). His tactics are inadroit but successful. He has not only passed from the nineteenth century to the seventeenth, but in the passing he has assumed the disguise of an innocuous writer of the eighteenth century who, in his turn, pretends to be merely rehabilitating the forgotten narrative of a neglected predecessor. If De Morgan's name had not appeared on the title page, it is probable that even the watchful policemen on the critical squad would have touched elbows with the book without suspicion.

It has already been said in this department that the most delightful character in each of Mr. De Morgan's novels has been De Morgan himself. "An Affair of Dishonor," the first of his books from which he has been absent, proves this statement by elimination and brings into clearer view an allied limitation of its author's genius. One of the supreme tests of fiction has been declared to be its constituting "a criticism of life." Mr. De Morgan's novels have been so filled—pressed down and running over—with the keen yet genial criticism of his personal comment on life that we have not cared, and indeed have not always noticed, that in themselves, structurally and by the synthetic implications of their working out, they have not constituted such a criticism. In this present story of a past-day libertine the fact is baldly obvious. "An Affair of Dishonor" is little more than an unadventurous story of adventure. Compared with De Morgan's other work, it is "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark.

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The dark of the moon is the time to watch the stars; and so there can be no better occasion than the present, when several of the transatlantic luminaries are in eclipse, to turn our interested attention to one or two young writers in America whose recent work shows what our friend Allen Upward calls "going strength" of a hopeful and heartening kind. Charles Tenney Jackson and Reginald Wright Kauffman are the writers in question, and although, in their respective novels, "My Brother's Keeper" (Bobbs-Merrill) and "The House of Bondage" (Moffat, Yard), they face each other squarely across an unbridgable gulf of creative impulse and inspiration, they are at one in their unadulterated Americanism and in their rough and ready yet measurable promise that sooner or later something indigenous, non-commercial, purposive, and finely self-fulfilling shall come out of that literary Nazareth. This is not only a consummation devoutly to be wished, but one that no sane and unsoured observer can doubt—except in moments of depression. But glimpses of the promised land, however hazy, brighten the eyes of faith.

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Mr. Jackson and Mr. Kauffman each come to us with a message, and both come from that firing-line of modern battle where the raw recruits of a new ideal are pressing the entrenched forces of greed. But Mr. Jackson comes as a war correspondent whose artist's intuition has caught a subtle glory of truth and beauty between the smoke puffs; and Mr. Kauffman comes as an officer of reconnaissance with a detailed map of one of the enemy's redoubts. "My Brother's Keeper" is a gem set in tinsel; a prophecy that now and then lapses into *patois*. A man of forty—the only son of a rich mill-owner and Chicago jurist—an unfrocked priest, a wastrel, wanderer, tramp, and criminal, takes refuge from his pursuers in his father's house. Here, by the somewhat clumsy devices of the author, he finds a set of characters admirably adapted to act as foils to his personality and as subjects for his exploitation. And in a series of rather openly contrived but brilliantly utilized scenes the inscrutable protagonist of this realistic yet symbolic drama scourges each in turn to self-knowledge and self-surrender. On its face the book is a study of a strange character worked out in the story of a prodigal's return. In its inescapable suggestion it foretells the coming of the Messianic spirit of the new age: its sardonic sources, its saturnine self-knowledge, and its irresistible appeal.

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"The House of Bondage" is a sociologist's contour map of the profile of the pit. It is the fictitious yet authentic story of a young girl who is lured away from a Pennsylvania village and sold into sex-slavery on the East Side in New York. It is the history of her engulfment, feebly and futilely struggling, feebly and futilely reached out to by helpers as ignorant as herself, yet all the while merely a grain of grist in that hell's mill of politics, profits, and pollution the rumbling of whose machinery we shut our ears against. It is a horrible and revolting tale, with the conviction of truth and the convincingness of actuality to heighten its effect. It is not calculated to satisfy the curiosity of the morbid, but rather to turn their stomachs. It is not written because the writer thought that it would sell, but because he wanted us to know.

If you care to see how bigly young America is striving for self-expression, read "My Brother's Keeper." If you dare to know the truths about America that Mr. Kauffman dares to tell us, read "The House of Bondage."

One of the axioms that we Americans seem, as yet, too impatient to comprehend is that a fine artistic purpose can be fittingly fulfilled only by the antecedent mastering of a fine technique. American Art—that much talked-of abstraction—has been so often ridiculed and disbelieved in less because Americans have had little to say than because for the most part they have felt that, time being money, it behooved them to say it quickly and get on to something else. Our pioneer extraction is enough, by itself, to account for this. A nation that, taken by and large, is but a few generations removed from conditions where survival depended upon versatility of resource and promptness of performance, may well be excused for coming somewhat slowly to the appreciation of specialized perfections or for reaching such appreciations in practical matters, like pulling teeth, before it does in works of supererogation, like writing novels.

All of which is by way of turning, without offensive brusqueness, from the extempore forcefulness of young America to the exquisitely tempered strength of Anatole France. "The Elm Tree on the Mall," the latest translation from this author's works, for which we are indebted to the John Lane Company, is an apparent fragment, broken cross-sectionwise from the life of a provincial town of contemporary France. It is not, in any accepted sense, a story, since it begins at seeming haphazard and ends, to all outward appearance, in the air. It is like a chance glimpse caught from a passing train or a scene arbitrarily revealed by an opened door. But after we have laid it down—astonished, like enough, at its irrelevant conclusion, or rather cessation—we see with dawning appreciation that it is irrevocably complete in its incompletion. The author has desired to sum up the provincialism of his day and has made the summing-up look like a fragment because a fragment suggests the whole from which it is broken. The scene has been prepared with infinite skill; the passing train has been allowed for; the door has been opened to the fraction of an inch and closed at the chosen nick of time. What we took for chance is the triumph of a perfected technique serving a subtle artistic purpose—a cunningly devised criticism and condemnation.

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I am by no means certain that among lovers of simple and happy tales freshly and feelingly told there are not those who suspect a conspiracy of silence on the part of the confraternity of reviewers against the comforting fiction of their choice. I have, or think I have (and it is not a guilty conscience that prompts the thought), caught a lurking accusation of some such villainy in more than one questioning voice and estimating eye. It is, therefore, with a twofold satisfaction that I beg the attention of all and sundry to the fact that Edward C. Booth, the author of "The Post Girl," has published a new novel in which, on the basis of a thrice threadbare little plot, he spontaneously and imaginatively reaffirms youth's heritage of hope and the human heart's rejoicing in homely happiness. For dear would-be optimists, whose optimism is forever crying to the hack novelist of the day, "Sir, we believe; help thou our unbelief!" the truth is not that we tea-tasters of current literature have palates dulled to the recognition of your favorite brand, but that, except upon rare occasions, only counterfeit and spurious invoices of it come to our testing tables.

"The Doctor's Lass" (Century) is authentic Orange Pekoe. It is the old, unchanged love story of a middle-aged guardian and a young ward. But it is new by virtue of the author's personal vision and bubbling spring of verbal imagery; and it is authentic because it is the happy embodiment of what the author feels, instead of a calculated expression of what he thinks we want.

◆

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Franklin Winslow Kane" (Century) is addressed to those a little less dependent upon external cheer for their own cheerfulness, being a story whose delicate delineations deal with a mishandled crisis in the lives of four people who are typical by-products of modern life. Two of these are Americans abroad. Two are English social adventurers. No one of them has the full courage of his own intentions, and all four are so likable in their controlling weaknesses and so irritatingly of our own blood in their ill-directed strengths that we alternately love them and damn them for being our spiritual next of kin. There are doubtless many readers who will pride themselves upon their impatience with the book; and it is true that the deftness with which its characters are made to reveal themselves is more suggestive of the botanizer's analysis than of the gardener's horticulture. But it nevertheless represents mighty intelligent and very skillful botany.

◆

I am writing a short paragraph upon Clayton Hamilton's surprisingly illuminative essays upon "The Theory of the Theatre" (Holt), but I should like to be writing an essay upon Cats and Chaos. Not because the latter subject is more interesting, but because it is so apropos. For Mr. Hamilton, in dealing with admirable insight, clearness, and candor with such questions as "What is a Play?" "Dramatic Art and the Theatrical Business," "The Happy Endings in the Theatre," "The Psychology of Theatre Audiences," and a score of others, has gone simply, directly, and arousingly to work on a familiar muddle (a muddle that we are nearly all unaffectedly interested in and are, most of us, consciously unable to make head or tail of) and, having reduced it to comparative order, presents it to us to exercise our wits upon. And I am fully persuaded that the instinctive attitude of the human intellect toward muddles, mysteries, and all diminutive portions of chaos is exactly analogous to that of cats toward mice, moles, gophers, and all diminutive quadrupeds. It regards them, not only as its natural prey and ultimate sustenance, but in a certain abstract sense as the spice of life. In default of the flesh and blood article a cat will pretend that an empty spool is a ground squirrel; while the intellect, at a pinch, will tackle a picture puzzle.

If, in reading Mr. Hamilton's book, you do not experience the joy of a kitten whose mother has brought it a half-killed chipmunk and invited it to finish the job, then there is something wrong with my analogy or with your intellect. The trouble will not lie with Mr. Hamilton's book.

OTHER BOOKS

"Lord Alistair's Rebellion" (Kennerley). A novel by Allen Upward, author of "The New Word," which proves that a critical and synthetic thinker, of however great acumen and however brilliantly endowed, is not necessarily on speaking terms with the muse of creative fiction.

"Types from City Streets" (Funk and Wagnalls). A collection of New York notes, impressions, portraits, and character studies gathered in Bohemia, bum-land, and on the Bowery, by Hutchins Hapgood. An interesting book, with a fine note of frank yet thoughtful curiosity about it, and containing the unfused elements of a point of view.

Parker H. Fillmore's Margery Bailey and Willie Jones story, "The Hickory Limb," has been published as a Christmas book by John Lane. This statement is offered to the readers of EVERYBODY'S as a word to the wise.

"The Making of a Trade School" (Whitcomb and Barrows, Boston). A history of the successful pioneer institution, the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, referred to by Mr. Hard in his articles on "The Women of To-morrow." The book is written by Mary Schenck Woolman, and is full of detailed and valuable information.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."

* * *

A society woman wrote to an army officer at Fort Sam Houston: "Mrs. Smythe requests the pleasure of Captain Bunker's company at a reception, July Sixteenth."

Next day she received this note of acceptance: "With the exception of three men who have the measles and one who is in the guardhouse, Captain Bunker's company accepts Mrs. Smythe's kind invitation for the sixteenth."

* * *

The big steamer had left the pier. The young man on the tar barrel still waved his handkerchief desperately.

"Oh, what're you waiting for? Come on," said his companions disgustedly.

"I *daren't*"—with one fearful glance backward.

"What's the matter?"

"She has a field glass," said the young man.

* * *

The new minister had preached eloquently on the wisdom of God, and His goodness in providing for us according to our needs. "It is the same with the flowers," he said. "Sunshine for your geraniums and heliotrope, a shady corner for your fuchsia."

The little woman who had listened intently came forward to thank him. "I profited so much by your sermon," she exclaimed. The minister beamed. "I never knew before," she went on, "just what was the matter with my fuchsias."

* * *

A Quebec shoe-dealer recently received the following order from a French-Canadian customer:

"You will put some shoe on my little families like this, and send by Sam Jameson the carrier: One man, Jean St. Jean (me), 42 years; one woman, Sophie St. Jean (she), 41 years; Hermedes and Lenore, 19 years; Honoré, 18 years; Celina, 17 years; Narcisse, Octavia, and Phyllis, 16 years; Olive, 14 years; Philippa, 13 years; Alexandre, 12 years; Rosina, 11 years; Bruno, 10 years; Pierre, 9 years; Eugene, we lose him; Edouard and Elisa, 7 years; Adrien, 6 years; Camille, 5 years; Zoël, 4 years; Joseph, 3 years; Moise, 2 years; Muriel, 1 year; Hilaire, he go barefoot. How much?"

* * *

"Madam"—an Oklahoma census-taker was speaking to her who answered his knock—"how many children over six and under twenty-one years of age have you?"

"Lemme see," she reflected. "Lemme see. Wal, sir, thar be two over six an' two under twenty-one."

* * *

A few years ago, when John L. Sullivan was playing a short, tumultuous engagement as Simon Legree with a road company, a newspaper reporter in Joplin, Missouri, was interviewing him.

"And do you think, Mr. Sullivan," asked the reporter, "that the play of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' really brought on the war?"

"I don't know as to that, Sonny," growled Sullivan, "but I do know we certainly gave them Spaniards hell!"

◆

From some examination papers in a Massachusetts—we repeat, Massachusetts—town:

"Capillarity is when milk rises up around the edge of the bottle and shows good measure."

"The settlers gave a Thanksgiving dinner to the Indians for their kindness, and to the Lord for fair weather. They kept up their festivities for three days, eating all the time. A party of sixty Indian warriors came, rolling their war-hoops down the hill."

"Henry VIII, by his own efforts, increased the population of England 40,000."

"Esau wrote fables and sold them for potash."

"The Lupercal was the wolf who suckled Romeo and Juliet at Rome."

"Lincoln has a high forehead which is a sign of many brains."

◆

Pat was being shown an incubator by one of his friends who had recently removed to the suburbs. He took great interest in all of the details and examined everything with great care. Then, as he looked at about a hundred young chickens that had just been hatched, with an awed expression he said: "Human nature is a funny thing, after all."

◆

"P. S.," writes a contributor to this department from the penitentiary at Deer Lodge, Montana. "If you can't use these Chestnuts, don't send any regrets; I have plenty of my own."

◆

Bill Flint was a mute, inglorious Edward Payson Weston, with a dash of the Wandering Jew, and, like George Washington, his veracity batting average was 1,000. He was a Massachusetts farm hand, but about once in every two or three years the *Wanderlust* would hit him, he would pack up his old brown knapsack, and disappear down the dusty road, for three, six, or sometimes twelve months. His last disappearance had spanned eleven months to a day. It was September when he returned, picked up a cutter, and began to reap the corn.

"Whar you bin, Bill?" asked the farmer, who always took him back.

"Bin to Floridy," said Bill.

"Walk all the way?"

"No," said Bill, "I can't honestly say 's I did. You see, 'bout ten mile south 'o Charleston a feller come along in a waggin an' offered me a lift. Couldn't seem to see why I should walk ef I didn't have to, an' was pretty insistent, like them Southerners when they set out to be hospitable. So I had to climb in, an' I rode with him quite a spell—maybe two mile"

◆

Ex-Governor Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, was once entertaining a Northern guest, who was rather skeptical about the prevailing dialect in stories of Southern negroes. He thought it overdrawn. To disprove the contention, Mr. Taylor laughingly made a wager with his guest that the Northerner would be unable to interpret the language of the first negro they met. Accordingly, they set out and presently came upon a black man basking indolently in the sun. Telling his friend to pay close heed, Mr. Taylor stepped up to the negro and demanded suddenly:

"Weh he?"

The negro blinked his eyes stolidly, and then answered in a guttural voice:

"Wah who?"

◆

The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle.

"What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred finger marks of remorseless time. Note the stain of the hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the Vestal Virgins marched to its stirring dithyrambs in the feasts of Lupercalia. Ha! it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire! Why, this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned!"

"Thirty cents," said a red-nosed man in the front row.

"It's yours!" cried the auctioneer cheerfully. And then to his assistant: "Hand down those volumes of Government Agricultural Reports for 1879."

◆

A Wyoming cowboy called to see Owen Wister in Philadelphia, and was permitted to inspect the author's city outfit. As he casually examined an opera hat it sprang open. "A self-cocking hat," said the cowpuncher, admiringly. "Now, don't that beat hell!"

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The interests attacked by Judge Lindsey in "The Beast and the Jungle" are trying now to make the Judge pay the price for his temerity in attacking them. The Lindseys, the Lawsons, and the others who lead crusades against the System in its various manifestations always have to pay, usually all through their lives. That is one reason why only the most courageous dare undertake the cause. Judge Lindsey has been paying for years. You may be interested to know by what methods the interests are trying to "get even" with him. Harvey J. O'Higgins writes from the firing line as follows:

DENVER'S "Beast" has "turned polecat" again. Unable to refute a single charge made by Judge Lindsey in "The Beast and the Jungle," the organs and agents of political corruption and protected vice in Denver have begun a national campaign of public slander in order to defend themselves by discrediting him. They are mailing, by the hundreds, to all parts of the United States, newspapers and pamphlets containing every sort of procured lie, specious misrepresentation, misreport, and perjured affidavit against the man who has exposed them to public contempt in a statement of facts for which they can find no answer.

For example, the Denver *Republican* has published, on its front page, a report of a speech said to have been made, at the last semiannual conference of the Colorado State Board of Charities and Corrections, by Mrs. Kate Barrett, President of the National Organization of Florence Crittenton Homes. In the course of that speech Mrs. Barrett, according to the *Republican's* report, quoted Judge Lindsey as saying that he had never known of an erring girl who had reformed. And, according to the *Republican's* report, Mrs. Barrett considered "that such a man has no business to be in contact with boys," and that "no boy can be made a better man by coming under the influence of a man who holds such views."

According to the *Republican*, Mrs. Barrett did not name Judge Lindsey "for fear of interfering with what good work he may possibly be doing." But the *Republican* practically named him by unmistakable description of him and his office. And Denver's notorious *Clay's Review* reprinted the *Republican's* report under the heading "Ben Lindsey's Statement that there is No Hope of Reform for Erring Girls Denied by Mrs. Kate Barrett."

Mrs. Barrett immediately wrote Judge Lindsey that the report was wholly untrue; that she had made no reference to him before the Board, much less any such attack upon him; and that she admired and believed in his work. The editor of the *Republican* was asked to publish a correction of the falsehood. He did not publish any. And copies of *Clay's Review* were sent broadcast to charity workers and philanthropic organizations throughout the country to injure Judge Lindsey and impair public confidence in the work of his court.

Similarly, the Denver *Republican* and *Clay's Review* have been publishing and republishing statements that Judge Lindsey was elected in 1901 to the bench of the County Court by a fraudulent majority of Democratic votes; that he knew the votes to be fraudulent, but that he retained his seat. The *Republican* on March 22, 1910, and the Denver *Post* on March 21, 1910, published this charge on the authority of ex-Governor Alva Adams, who was quoted as saying: "I think it could be proved that he was elected by 2,000 stolen votes that should have been cast for his opponent, Steele." *Clay's Review* has twice republished the interview under a heading that Judge Lindsey was "Willing to Accept a Stolen Election and Became the Beneficiary of One."

An examination of the records in the matter shows that the Denver *Republican* on September 25, 1903, in a long article commenting upon fraudulent elections in Denver, said of Judge Lindsey's election of 1901, in the headlines of the article:

"Judge Lindsey was Honestly Elected.
One Official, at least, who was Chosen
by People."

And in the body of the article it was stated:

> Whatever may be said about election frauds, or that this or that office holder would not be where they are but for the prostitution of the ballot, it cannot apply to the present judge of this county. . . . He carried twelve out of fifteen city districts. . . . Deducting the small majorities of Mr. Steele in the only three city districts carried by him leaves a clear majority for Judge Lindsey of nearly 1,000 in districts in which no fraud was ever charged. . . . In short, Judge Lindsey could cut out his entire majority in the six strong Democratic districts (constituting all where any frauds have ever been even hinted at) and still have a clear majority of several hundred votes, practically having been elected in the ordinarily Republican districts. . . .

Nevertheless, this charge against Judge Lindsey—of having knowingly profited by election frauds—is being printed again and again in *Clay's Review*, put free into all the homes in Denver, and circulated through the mails to all parts of the United States.

Similarly, *Clay's Review* is circulating charges of untruthfulness against Judge Lindsey because he has spoken and written of his court's method of sending hundreds of boys alone, with their commitment papers, to the public institutions "on trust and honor"—whereas, according to the *Review*, he has in many cases either accompanied the boys himself or sent officers of his court to watch them.

An examination of the records and the statements of the officers, in the cases cited in this charge, shows that the charge is willfully false. The statements of police and probation officers, published in the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* of December 23, 1909, prove that Judge Lindsey has never left the Court House with any boy trusted to go alone, that he has never asked any officer to watch any such boy, and that no officer has ever watched any such boy. In the spring of 1910 the public utility corporations of Denver employed a detective to go to the Colorado reformatories and try to find any inmate, committed by the Juvenile Court, who would say that Judge Lindsey had misrepresented experiences in his court in sending young prisoners alone to public institutions. The detective failed.

"SAVING" GIRLS FROM COURT PROTECTION

Again, on April 12, 1910, at the instance of Secretary E. K. Whitehead, of the State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, a habeas corpus proceeding was brought before Judge Harry C. Riddle of the District Court of Denver to secure the release of two young girls from a convent where they had been committed by Judge Lindsey. Whitehead's Bureau charged, before Judge Riddle, that the girls had been committed, without trial, on a charge of delinquency, at the request of their mother and their stepfather—their "unnatural mother" and their "indecent stepfather," as Whitehead described them in a letter to the Denver *Republican* of July 10, 1910. Judge Lindsey was away from Denver when the habeas corpus proceedings were brought, and the case was rushed to a hearing in Judge Riddle's court without the usual professional courtesy of waiting until Judge Lindsey could return. And Judge Riddle is reported in his finding to have held:

> It is manifest that the constitutional rights of these children have been outraged. They were sentenced without summons, without trial, without jury, without witnesses in their own behalf and without representation. The record shows that the complaint was filed by a probation officer at the instigation of the parents, who may or may not have been actuated by malice. If there is anything in the juvenile court law to legalize such a proceeding, it is unconstitutional. But I do not think any such construction can be placed reasonably on the law. I think the law was not followed in this case. I repeat, and I repeat with emphasis, that the constitutional rights of these children were outraged. The order of this court is that they be discharged from further control of the respondents to this writ of habeas corpus.

An examination of the records in the

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Half a Million American Citizens under a Mormon Monarch

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5, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C., England
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"Repetition, Every Day is Too Much For Anybody to Withstand"

A LITTLE while ago a famous New York editor put in his paper a striking editorial on the subject of advertising. It was really addressed to advertisers. He called it, "Repetition is Reputation."

You can easily imagine what he would say to the advertisers after he got that corking epigram for a text.

So we won't go into that; for here, you know, we don't talk to our advertisers: we talk to you about them.

This time, just look into your own mental habits and see what happens to you from an advertisement being repeated over and over and over again. What's the psychology of repetition as far as you are concerned?

Shut your eyes and think.

What breakfast foods do you remember most clearly seeing in EVERYBODY'S?

What automobiles? What music-reproducers?

What ready-made clothing? What collars, suspenders, garters, hosiery, underwear?

What razors? What soaps?

What roofings, paints, varnishes?

And so on,—a dozen more kinds.

For the amusement of it, write down as many as you can dig out of your memory—only be fair and don't refresh your memory by looking.

Then, after making that list, pull out any former issues of EVERYBODY'S which you may have handy, and (with the aid of the Advertisers' Index) see how many of those recollected advertisements have been repeated *over and over*.

Some exceptions, doubtless: a few which you've really seen but once or twice but which you remember for some vivid reason.

As a rule, however, you will see that it is the Again and Again and Again Advertisements that have stuck in your mind.

That man who passes your home every day,—you don't remember the first time you observed him; but he goes by so regularly that before you know it you know him by sight.

Most of the advertisements that you can lay your finger on got into your mind the same way. The first time you actually noticed them,—you can't tell. They grew upon you speck by speck. Now you watch for them.

Maxine Elliott, the distinguished actress, was asked, after her divorce, why she had ever married at all. She answered, simply enough:

"When you see a man every day for a year or so, and when he asks you to marry him every day, why you just marry him, that's all. *Repetition every day is too much for anybody to withstand.*"

These ever-repeated advertisements get you in about that way. You feel kindly toward them and grow to have faith in them simply because you have grown so familiar with their faces in this trustworthy environment.

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UNIVERSITY OF [illegible]

Tiffany & Co.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE CHINA GLASS LEATHER GOODS STATIONERY

WE OFFER YOU FOR CHRISTMAS

74 Years of experience and the largest and richest stock of artistic merchandise in the wide world.

Experience has perfected our product, established our standard, made our reputation, proved our guarantee.

Our prices are based upon small profits and always represent full value. Small orders at low prices are invited. When you compare prices consider the quality.

Write fully your requirements; we give you the advantage of our experience, our stock and our equipment.

Our 'Blue Book' catalogue sent upon request. It is full of information but has no illustrations

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If Folks See Such Little Advertisements—What of the Big Ones?

Here is a gentleman from the Middle West who believed that if he should use a tiny minimum of space in EVERYBODY'S for his mail-order furniture, enough people would see it to make it a good investment for him. The "fifteen lines" he speaks of means about an inch of space on one of our crowded pages. But plenty of you saw it and liked the way Mr. Kunkle put his case to you. And this is what he says:

THE KUNKLE FURNITURE MFG. CO.
MACKINAW, Ill., September 29, 1910.

MR. ROBERT FROTHINGHAM,
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Our original idea was that there was a wider market for knockdown furniture if it was "right." To sell such furniture then, we must use advertising mediums that were "right." Among these of course was EVERYBODY'S.

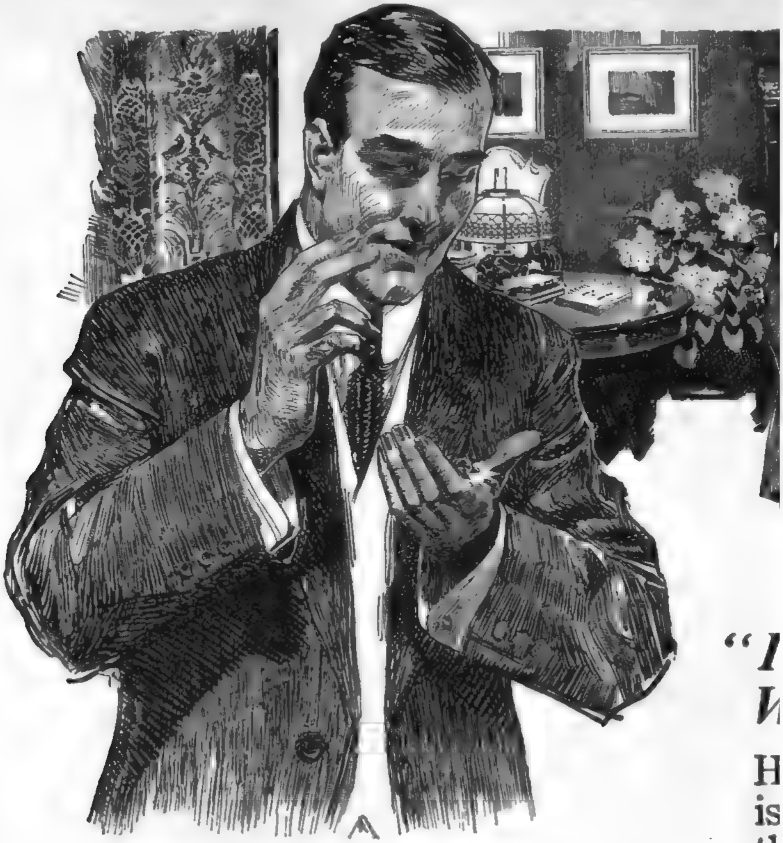
Last Spring we ran two advertisements in EVERYBODY'S, one 15 lines, one 20 lines. They cost us $78.00.

The returns have proved that both ideas were right. To date we have received $1,200.00 in sales directly traceable to those two insertions.

This leads us to remark that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE'S advertising title of "Result-Giver" is an earned one. We also assure you that henceforth your magazine shall head our list.

Yours very truly,
R. D. KUNKLE.

Obviously, no advertisement can be "buried" in EVERYBODY'S advertising pages. Keen eyes, by thousands, are searching for interesting things there.



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WALTHA

was the watch name he knew best in his
watch his father and grandfather befo
—a watch "hoary with reputation."
confidence in WALTHAM is strengthe
generation by the constant application of
making methods to old-fashioned standar

Waltham is the oldest and youngest watch on the
highest inventive genius is always at its comma
new models and keeping WALTHAMS constantly

"It's time you owned a Waltham."

**For a high-grade up-to-date watch—made as thin as it is safe to
timepiece; ask any JEWELER to show you a Waltham Colonial. P**

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, - - -

New York Military Academy

Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

A school widely known for its strong discipline and excellent scholastic work. New buildings absolutely fireproof. Located in Hudson River highlands, four miles from West Point, a region famous for its beauty and healthfulness.

For Catalogue address the Superintendent

STUDY ELECTRICITY
In this Electrical Center

Complete college training in less time, at less expense. Two year course, covering every phase of generation, transmission and application. Superb equipment—laboratory, machines and apparatus. Graduate engineers for instructors. Winter Term begins January 3, 1911. Write for details.

BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE
No. 103, College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Franklin H. Sargent
President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to
The Secretary, Room 151, Carnegie Hall, New York

MASSACHUSETTS, Wellesley Hills.

Rock Ridge Hall For Boys. Location, high, dry and healthful, in one of New England's most beautiful villages. Instructors able, experienced, mature Thorough preparation for college. Unusual attention given to boys under 15 Well-regulated daily lives for all. Large gymnasium, with swimming pool For Catalogue address DR G. E. WHITE.

SOUTH DAKOTA, Rapid City.

South Dakota State School of Mines

The State Mining School located in the Black Hills Courses in Mining and Metallurgical Engineering. Complete new Mining and Metallurgical Laboratory. Special courses for prepared students. For catalogue address the SECRETARY.

What School Write fully what kind of school you seek, location preferred, expense limit for school year, etc., and you will receive *free of charge*, catalogues of schools meeting the requirements indicated Complete 252 page Directory of all schools and colleges in the United States, mailed for 10c. to cover postage.

EDUCATIONAL AID SOCIETY, School Information Bureau,
1625-53 First Nat Bank Bldg. Chicago, Illinois.

IF YOU STAMMER

Attend no other school until you hear from me Largest stammering school in the world curing by the improved natural method. No sing-songing or time-beating methods. Beautiful 88 page book and special rates sent free.

THE NEW ERA FOR STAMMERERS

Lee Wells Millard, President, NORTH-WESTERN SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, Inc., 912 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Learn Photography,
Photo-Engraving or 3-Color Work

Engravers and 3-Color Operators Earn $20 to $50 Per Week. Only college in the world where these paying professions are taught successfully. *Established 17 years.* Endorsed by International Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association of Illinois. Terms easy; living inexpensive. **Graduates assisted in securing good positions.** Write for catalog, and *specify course in which you are interested.*

Illinois College of Photography or } **946 Wabash Av.**
Bissell College of Photo-Engraving } **Effingham, Ill.**
L. H. BISSELL, Pres.

LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent for life. **Hours Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater** than most any trade. You need no previous experience. Our practical methods enable you in a few months to hold position as skilled plumber or conduct your own business. Catalog sent free.

BIG PAY SHORT HOURS

St. Louis Trades School
4446 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

STAMMER NO MORE

Thousands have been successfully treated under my instruction. Established sixteen years. Largest, best equipped and most successful school for stammerers in the world. Endorsed everywhere. Trial lesson explaining Home Instruction, also 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," with good advice, FREE.

Speech Expert

George Andrew Lewis, 139 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

NEW YORK, 935 Broadway, or CHICAGO, 58 State St. (Suite 1515)

School Information

Free Catalogues and advice of all Boarding Schools or camps in U. S. Name kind. Girls' or Boys'.

AMERICAN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions.

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

in easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual Home Instruction. Superior equipment. Expert Instructors. Eleven years' successful teaching. *Financial returns guaranteed.*

Write for particulars and Handsome Art Book. **FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT** of fine instruments and supplies to each student.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1899)
A 8 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW

Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6 cents in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
333 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE in your own Home for **Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello.** One lesson weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils. Your only expense is for postage and music, which averages about 2 cents a day. Established 1898. Thousands of pupils all over the world write. "Wish I had known of you before." Booklet and free tuition offer sent free. Address: **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC Box 3, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.** *Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit.*

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE

Send for this Prospectus To-day

It Tells How to Add to Your Earning Capacity

YOU ought to know what sort of service the Universal Business Institute renders. You ought to find out how easy it will be for you to develop your ability. You ought to learn about the practical courses in business training this institution teaches by mail.

You ought to know how, by the expenditure of a very small sum of money, you can add to your fund of practical information—knowledge that you can use in your every day business—knowledge that will make your pay envelope fatter and make your position in life more important.

You ought to know the practical men who comprise the faculty of the Universal Business Institute.

COURSES TAUGHT BY THE UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE

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- **Corporated Organization and Administration**
- **Certified Public Accountant**
- **Corporation Finance**
- **Advertising**
- **Brokerage Accounting**
- **Cost Accounting**
- **Practical Banking**
- **Real Estate**
- **Insurance**
- **Salesmanship**
- **Investments**
- **Business Organization**
- **Credits and Private Finance**

Each Course complete in itself.

Learn at the earliest possible moment how opportunity is knocking at your door. If you want all this valuable information

Send for Prospectus B To-day.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. B
Fifth Ave., cor. 23rd St., New York City

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days or refund your money in full if we fail. You can learn in **spare time** in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command.

The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send to-day for booklets, testimonials, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
956 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR BOY will welcome this gift

The American Boy
10c a copy
$1 a Year

A gift at once fascinating, instructive, seasonable and lasting. A whole year of good reading.

The American Boy

A boys' magazine, absolutely. Full of the stuff that makes manly boys. A monthly feast of wholesome stories, useful knowledge and fine pictures. Read it yourself!

A Year to Your Boy for $1.00.

10c a copy at all news-stands.

The Sprague Publishing Co., 112 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

FRENCH, GERMAN SPANISH or ITALIAN

To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way.

You must hear it spoken correctly over and over, till your ear knows it.

You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it.

You must talk it and write it.

All this can be done best by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

Combined with **Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry**

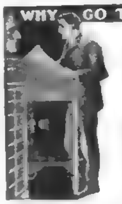
With this method you buy a native professor outright. You own him. He speaks as you choose, slowly or quickly; when you choose, night or day; for a few minutes or hours at a time.

Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

The method has been recommended by well-known members of the faculties of the following universities and colleges: **Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Brown, Pennsylvania, Boston, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse, Minnesota, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Colorado, Michigan, Fordham, Manhattan, De La Salle, St. Joseph's, St. Francis Xavier.**

Send for interesting booklet, explanatory literature, and facsimile letters from men who know.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
814 Metropolis Bldg., Broadway and 16th St., N. Y.



WHY GO TO "COLLEGE" TO LEARN BOOKKEEPING

WHEN I WILL MAKE A FIRST-CLASS BOOKKEEPER OF YOU AT YOUR OWN HOME

IN SIX WEEKS FOR $3 OR REFUND MONEY

Fair enough? Distance and experience immaterial. I find POSITIONS, too, EVERYWHERE, FREE. Placed pupil Sept. 7 at $25 weekly. Perhaps I can place YOU, too! Have 9,913 Testimonials! *SAVE THIS AND WRITE*

J. H. GOODWIN, Expert Accountant
Room 367, 1215 Broadway, New York

Young Man— Be a Lawyer!

No other profession presents you with such opportunities for a successful future.

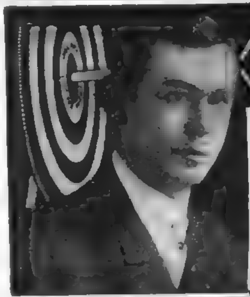
Law is a WELL-PAID PROFESSION. Through practice and special business opportunities lawyers reap a golden harvest. A lawyer has POWER. The whole community acts on his advice. His influence extends into the home and business life. GREAT BUSINESS ORGANIZATIONS require lawyers in positions of largest trust and prestige. A lawyer is INDEPENDENT. He selects his clients, sets his price, practices where he likes, has few worries compared to the manufacturer or merchant, is absolute master of the situation.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

Young man! If you have health, energy, common sense, patience and a liking for law, this school can thoroughly fit you for practice. Our graduates have been admitted to the bar in every State of the Union.

Not a "short cut." Not a makeshift. Not a condensed summary. A complete College Law Course, covering every form of legal procedure and document. Prepared and taught by expert attorneys. Books, lessons, side helps, lectures, illustrative cases, examinations, encouragement and counsel. Successful for 20 years. Write for the catalogue and "evidence."

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
123 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

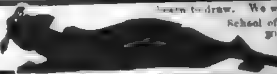


LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn $25 to $100 a Week Let us teach you by correspondence the most profitable and fascinating business in the world. Our beautiful prospectus sent free.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL,
1180 Page Building, Chicago, Ill.
Dept. 1180 – 150 Nassau St., New York

BE AN ILLUSTRATOR. Learn to draw. We will teach you by mail how to draw for magazines and newspapers. Send for Catalog.



School of Illustration,
31 Page Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars.

School of Short-Story Writing. Dept. 1180. Page Building, Chicago

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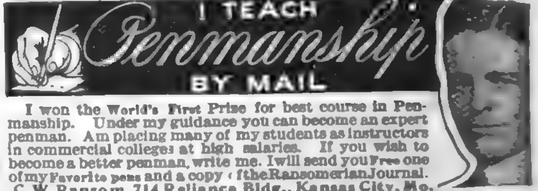
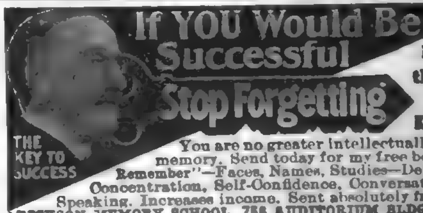


I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you Free one of my Favorite pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.
C. W. Ransom, 714 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



MEMORY the BASIS of All KNOWLEDGE

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Sent absolutely free—Address **DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 756 AUDITORIUM BLDG., CHICAGO**

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A WRITER

We sell stories and book MSS. on commission. We read, criticise and revise all kinds of MSS., and advise the authors where to sell them. We teach **STORY-WRITING** and **JOURNALISM** by mail. Our students sell their MSS. Send for free booklet, **"WRITING FOR PROFIT"**; tells how. THORNTON WEST, editor-in chief. Founded, 1895.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION,
87 The Baldwin, - - - Indianapolis, Ind.

Government Positions

43,970 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1,500 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

STUDY LAW

High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence

Established 1892

I WILL
CHICAGO

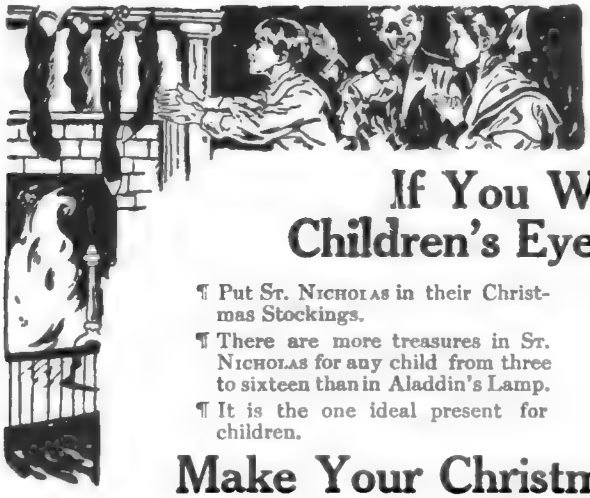
Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Improved method of instruction, combining theory and practice.

One student writes: "I have learned more law in three months under your instruction than I learned in six months in a law office."

APPROVED BY BENCH AND BAR

Classes begin each month. Uniform rate of tuition. Send for our 48-page catalogue, in which we give a synopsis of the rules for admission to the bar of the several States.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law
600 Reaper Block, Chicago



If You Wa
Children's Eyes

¶ Put St. Nicholas in their Christmas Stockings.

¶ There are more treasures in St. Nicholas for any child from three to sixteen than in Aladdin's Lamp.

¶ It is the one ideal present for children.

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Make Your Christma
Boy or Girl Y

ST. NICH

For Boys and Gi
of all ages from three t
Gift-Card will be sent if requested. At all Book Stores a

Send for special introductory

DEPARTMENT J. THE CENTURY CO., U

HOW TO Make After-Dinner Speeches—
" " Propose Toasts—
" " Tell Stories—
" " Make Political Speeches—
" " Sell Goods—
" " Address Board Meetings—

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GRENVILLE KLEISER (LATELY OF
YALE UNIV. FACU

We Have Received Hundreds of Letters Like This
"I am receiving great benefit from your Course; on September 19, I spoke eight minutes in a debate—something I would never have thought of doing before taking your lessons—and I was complimented on what I said and the manner in which I said it; we had the pleasure of winning the debate."
J. H. PARSONS, 109 Carey St., Edmonton, Can.

results. Thousands of
and business have bee
their earning capacity
Only takes 15 minutes
full particulars. It do
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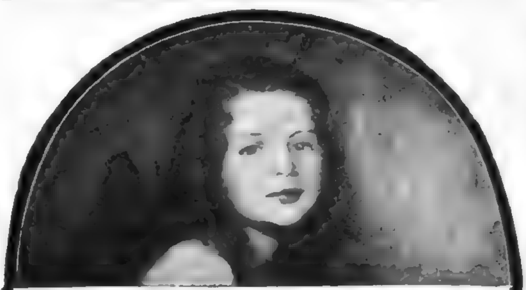
women, and the help h

FUNK & WAGNALLS C



"PSYCHE,"* one of our new subjects for Christmas.

The Copley Prints

are the accepted standard of art reproduction. They rank with art museums in their influence for good taste in pictures. Gold medal from the French Government. Over a thousand subjects to choose from in American Art. They make the

BEST OF GIFTS

Illustrated Catalogue, 320 cuts (practically a handbook of American Art) **sent for 25 cents:** stamps accepted. This cost deducted from purchase of the Prints themselves. 50 cents to $20.00. At art stores, or sent on approval.

Exhibitions for schools, clubs, churches, etc. **Family Portraits** done on private order, from daguerreotypes, tintypes, photographs, ivory, etc.

**Copyright, 1910 by Sergeant Kendall; 1910, by*

CURTIS & CAMERON 60 Pierce Building
Opp. Public Library **BOSTON**

BEAUTIFUL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

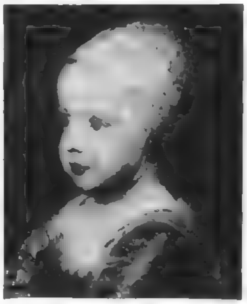
The Perry Pictures

Reproductions of the World's Great Paintings

Awarded Four Gold Medals

ONE CENT

each for 25 or more.



Size 5½x8 (6 to 10 times the size of this Baby Stuart). Send 25c. for 25 art subjects, or 25 for children or 25 Kittens or 25 Madonnas.

SPECIAL OFFER for December. Send 5 two-cent stamps, mention this offer, and we will send beautiful Catalogue and TEN pictures, each 5½x8. Every one a gem of art.

THE PERRY PICTURES CO.
[redacted] **Malden, Mass.**

ENTIRE METHOD BY CORRESPONDENCE

BECOME A NURSE

Two Chautauqua Graduate Nurses

Miss Margaret Agnes Hislop, Stratford, Ont.
Miss Nora Agnese Currid, Newark, N. J.

We have trained thousands of beginners and practical nurses, in their own homes, to earn **$10** to **$25** a week. Send for our 9th 56-page Year Book, explaining method, with stories of actual experience by successful nurses.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
28[illegible] Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

CORTINA-PHONE

"The Original Phonographic Method"

Awarded Medals—Chicago 1893, Buffalo 1901

ENGLISH - GERMAN - FRENCH
ITALIAN - SPANISH

It enables any one to learn any language in the easiest, simplest, most natural way. The Cortinaphone Method **makes language study a pleasure and at the same time gives you a practical speaking knowledge.**

IDEAL HOME STUDY METHOD

Our free booklet tells all about the Cortinaphone Method and the Cortina courses, also our easy payment plan.

Write for it to-day

CORTINA-PHONE

CORTINA ACADEMY of LANGUAGES
362 Cortina Bldg., 44 W. 34th St., N.Y.

LEARN TO REASON

Send for a little book called

"PHILOSOPHY AS A SCIENCE," by Dr. Paul Carus

Pp. 220. Price, Paper, 25c.; cloth, 50c.

It contains a brief statement of the principles of Philosophy and a list of books and articles; an excellent guide to those who want to begin a systematic course of reading in the

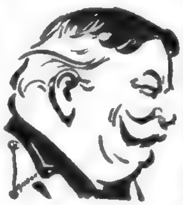
PHILOSOPHICAL CLASSICS

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

Founded in 1887 for the increase and diffusion of scientific knowledge

Send for Complete Catalogue

378-388 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.



COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20.00 to $125.00 or more per week as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c. in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning
1430 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Keep a Diary

You will enjoy it now and in after years. Make notes of engagements and promises and record your impressions. It is **an ideal gift** for it recalls the giver daily.

Huebsch's YEAR BOOK for 1911

is a handsome diary, cloth and leather covers, for pocket and desk.

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Adventure

Published by
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Adventure is the magazine that is *all* adventure—the kernel without the chaff. It's the magazine that thrills, that grips, that takes you out of yourself. Read it half an hour and corroding care and everyday worries drop from you, leaving you ready once more for the daily grind.

Adventure is the magazine of magazines for the man and the woman too wearied to work. Every page hums with interest, carries you along without effort on your part, until you find yourself out in the big places where the big deeds are done.

Adventure for December sets you pushing through northern snows, sailing southern seas, scouting through mountain fastnesses, hunting in African jungles, encountering nihilists, smugglers, gentlemen criminals, Chinese sailors, treasure seekers, Kaffirs, disembodied spirits—a motley crew of characters whose doings satisfy the universal hunger for adventure.

Glance over the December table of contents—let your imagination picture the treat in store for your first leisure moments.

Home Through Hades . . . . By C. Langton Clarke
The Mysterious Invitation . . . . By Kathleen Norris
Where Hell Is Frozen Over . . . . By William Bevier Ashley
The Fear . . . . By Charles Alden Seltzer
The Disappearance of Signor Caroli . . . . By Albert Kimross
A Poisoned Blockade . . . . By J. W. Muller
The Sword Edge of Chance . . . . By T. Donovan Bayley
Sekokoeni's Raid . . . . By Captain Litz Du Quesne
The Bodkin of Menopteris . . . . By Reginald Schroeder
The Tragedy of Winky, Wanky Woo . . . . By Minnie Milne
The Border . . . . By E. B. Mitchell
Vengeance Is Mine . . . . By G. W. Ogden
The Fish Pirate . . . . By Jonathan Hadley
In the Jungle After Seladang . . . . By Ralph H. Isham

And while it's all adventure, nothing bu widely differing types—adventure in love, in adventure at home as well as adventure in dis

Every month there is at least one rousi good old-fashioned mystery kind. Another adventure with the strong, salty tang of t pirates, globe-trotters and sailing masters. also a complete novel and the instalments of great serial stories now running are, "Yellow M Morris, a tale of gold seekers in the Souther True?" by Winifred Graham,—an adventu a beautiful English girl, the youthful King stepmother, the ex-Queen.

Adventure is published by the publishers of that makes it unnecessary to state that the lea field of fiction are furnishing their best work.

Adventure for January will surely be a hum *Thirty-one New Inn*, by R. Austin Freeman, a and reality, plot and adventure are well mixe short stories also belong in the detective class. humorous sea-adventure by J. W. Muller, w a wireless story of the Caribbean, by Robert A

Adventure for January also contains *Humpo*, *Li* coat soldier of fortune, *The Samaritan of the R* *Palm Oil Ruffian*, a tale of Africa, *The Custo* tale of India and several tales of advent of your newsdealer—it's only 15 cents a c

Adven

Published by
The Ridgw

THE CLOVER CLUB

For Every Girl Who Wants More Money

IF you're a girl who wants more money, join the Clover Club—the luckiest, jolliest club for girls that ever existed. Clover Club members are "in clover" just all the time, for the one and only purpose of the organization is to provide spending money for its members.

Doesn't that sound delightful! Well, I assure you, the reality is twice as nice as you can possibly imagine. You see, the Clover Club is the daughter of *The Delineator*, the great woman's magazine, so everything has to be *just right*.

If you could only see the money some of the Clover Club girls are earning! It would convince you, I'm sure, that it's nothing but foolishness to scrimp and save and worry over the pennies when the same effort expended thru the Clover Club would bring in big, silver dollars.

The Clover Club is proving such a blessing to so many girls, who in the past had to do without the countless things their hearts craved—just because they lacked a little cash.

But these girls have discovered that it is no idle invitation that is extended when we say, "Just join the Clover Club then you can earn as much money as you want,"—there's absolutely no limit, except your own ambition, on the amount you may draw from our "Treasure Box."

Don't you want to join this jolly club of Clover Club girls and realize the joy of earning for yourself the things you have so long wished for? There's really never a reason why you should not, for the requirements for membership have been boiled down and condensed until there are practically no conditions whatever. Age does not matter, nor location, nor lack of business experience and leisure time—you don't even have to take the *Delineator!*

And there are no dues whatever, now nor later. It doesn't cost you a cent to join—a postal with your name and address is all that's really necessary.

But don't delay joining, for I am sure you'll regret it later if you do. "Jest 'fore Christmas" is the time of times to be a member of our club, for now, if ever, one needs a good plump pocketbook.

Besides offering you the opportunity of fattening your purse, the Clover Club gives you from time to time the most delightful little "encouragers." Just now it's the daintiest, little souvenir spoon you ever saw—solid silver, rich and heavy, designed especially for us and bearing our lucky four-leaf clover. Amid the leaves and blooms on the reverse side is a dear, little honeybee typifying the "Clover Club," that is "busy" gathering "sweetness" for others. There is no lettering on the spoon except such as is found on all the best silverware—the one word "sterling," which means solid silver the whole world over.

Now you girls who haven't yet joined, don't think for a moment it's too late for you, too, to secure a spoon. I haven't been trying to tantalize you with "what might have been, if——" But I do want you to know what a lucky, jolly club the Clover Club really is, so you will apply for membership at once and not miss any opportunities.

Did you ever "hear tell" of a jollier club? Aren't you going to join us right away now? Please do! Just as soon as I hear from you I'll mail you a copy of our little booklet "The Guide to Moneyville," that will tell you just how any girl who is longing for things money will buy may go about earning that money in a pleasant, dignified way.

So if you are wanting to get "into clover," write to me before bedtime to-night.

Most cordially yours,
HELEN HATHAWAY,
Secretary, the Clover Club.

ROOM 12, THE DELINEATOR, NEW YORK.

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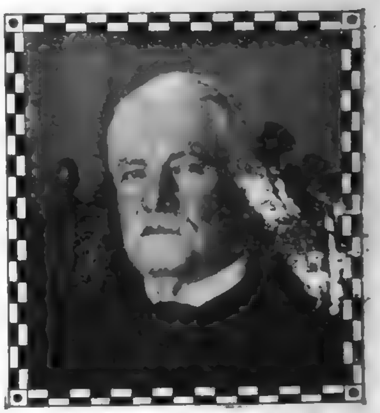
RICH IN TRULY
BIG THINGS,
IN HUMOR,
AND IN THE
REAL
CHRISTMAS
SPIRIT.

ROSE CECIL O'NEILL



DOCTOR WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON

JANUARY

"THE Subject of Miracles," by **Dr. William Hanna Thomson.** Rather an unusual treatment, by one of the greatest living scientists, who is a very big man as well. Most of us have more or less of an opinion about miracles, based on lack of information. In this article Dr. Thomson, in his simple, direct, convincing manner, presents some of his own vast knowledge in a way which a child can understand and which, at the same time, commands the scholar's attention. Calmly, dispassionately, he declares that—but if you know him you must know where he stands, and that will make you all the more eager to read his article. It is an important contribution to Christmas literature, in the truest sense of the words.

"Under the Prophet in Utah," by **Frank J. Cannon,** in collaboration with **Harvey J. O'Higgins.** The second instalment has the power and the interest that are possible only in a recital, by one of the chief actors, of inside facts that have made history. And while one has the feeling that these facts are merely the setting for tremendously big things, political, moral, industrial—as indeed they are—no more is needed to chain present interest than the story of the Mormon Church, with all its mystery and power, told by a man whose father was one of its greatest leaders. And we learn at last how national is the subject of Mormonism, which has been too long considered a local problem for the mountain West.

"From the Forest to the Fair," by **E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.,** makes graphic the story of My Lady's Furs. It is the master-traveler's tale of the progress of events from strife in the jungle, through caravan journey, and ocean voyage, and Leipsic warehouse, and New York shop, until the leopard becomes a motor coat. Lambskin of Astrakhan, ermine of Siberia, sealskin of the Arctic—all have their drama, and Mr. Powell tells it most effectively. In with these details he puts more information as to the truth about furs, real and imitation, than one is likely to find outside a great furrier's office—and the casual visitor could not learn it there.

"Who Is My Neighbour?" by **Mary Ellen Sigsbee,** isn't an article at all, nor a story, nor a sermon, but a series of paintings, reproduced in color, of tenement types and scenes in New York—pictures that are bound to stir even the most sluggish imagination, and

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COMMENCING WITH
THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE COMING YEAR

THE PUBLISHERS
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WILL RECEIVE FROM EVERY NUMBER THE SAME ENJOYMENT
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Designer
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Garden
Good Houseke
Harper's Baza
Harper's Mag
Harper's Wee
Judge's Libra

The
Spring

For a Man's Christmas

Is there anything that so delights a man's heart as a fine watch—one that permits him to speak the time with authority? It is refined and beautiful, as a gift should be, and besides is his most personal and useful possession. For years he carries it wherever he goes.

But his satisfaction depends upon its being an exact timer. Among watches there is one, though *moderate* priced, which has come to be conspicuous for its *close timing*—accurate as only high-priced watches have been.

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No handsomer watch has ever been made. It will keep time for a generation. Your home jeweler can sell you an Ingersoll-Trenton and he will stand behind it. It is sold at our advertised prices by all who handle it and our price ticket is on each watch.

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Go to your own jeweler's and examine it before buying any watch. If, by chance, he hasn't the I-T, we will gladly send the name of one nearby who has. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is the best explanation of a watch ever written, and is free on request. The $5 Ingersoll-Trenton has 7 genuine jewels and is in a solid nickel case.

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THE PUBLIC TO DECIDE

The public are left free to choose between volumes on India paper in flexible bindings, and volumes on ordinary paper in customary bindings. Neither the use of India paper nor of flexible bindings has ever before been applied to the production of a work of reference in even one volume approaching such a size, and the combined employment of both in a work of 28 volumes and index, and likely to be distributed to the extent of many thousands of sets, is an experiment whose advantages may not at first appeal to all book-buyers.

Notwithstanding the manifest superiority of the sets in the new India paper form—their smaller bulk and reduced weight—the publishers do not wish to force the improvement upon subscribers, but have determined also to issue sets in the usual style. Customs change slowly, and it is impossible to foresee how readily the public will take to the new idea.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

(11th Edition)

THE new edition (now on the Press) has been written on the same lines of comprehensiveness and unquestioned authority which have given the *Encyclopædia Britannica* a world-wide reputation since the issue of the First Edition in 1768–71. It constitutes an entirely new survey of universal knowledge to 1910. No completely new edition has appeared since the Ninth (1875–1889). It consists of 28 volumes and index, comprising 40,000 articles, 7,000 text illustrations, 450 full-page plates, and 417 maps. The entire contents of the work have been under editorial control before a single page was sent to the printer, so that all the volumes are of even date, all are being printed at one time, and all will be delivered to subscribers at virtually the same time. The number of contributors is more than 1,500, including scholars, specialist authorities, and practical experts in all civilised countries; £230,000 ($1,150,000) has been paid (to contributors and editors, as well as for plates, maps, illustrations, type-setting and corrections, office expenses, etc.) before a copy is offered for sale. The new work combines comprehensiveness with brevity; many thousands of short articles having been introduced for the first time. For quick reference, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Eleventh Edition) is the most useful work ever published. Among the new features are dictionary definitions (dealing with technical or scientific words), biographies of living celebrities in all countries, a complete history, under alphabetical headings, of classical antiquity, bibliographies of all important subjects, exhaustive accounts of all new countries, the first connected history of modern Europe, detailed and authoritative articles on industries and all practical subjects, and the latest results of archæological research, of exploration, and scientific discovery. The new work contains more than twice as much information as the Ninth Edition, in little more than the same space, and, in the opinion of the University of Cambridge, it is the most comprehensive and most authoritative repository of knowledge in existence.

MANUFACTURING PROBLEMS

MORE than 450,000 sets of the last completely new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (including imperfect reprints sold in the United States and Canada) are now out of date, and will be superseded and displaced by the new Eleventh Edition (which is copyrighted in the United States, and cannot be reprinted or reproduced in whole or in part).

The offer of the work is world-wide, and it is expected, considering the extraordinary sale of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the past, that from 25,000 to 50,000 applications will be received by the Cambridge University Press within the next few months. In the case of previous editions, libraries, Government offices, schools, colleges, universities, clubs, learned societies, and various other institutions, as well as the numerous class of educated persons (now larger than ever) have always subscribed for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as soon as a fresh edition was ready.

(1) THE PRINTING PROBLEM

Should the number of early applications be no more than 25,000, it will mean the printing, in a very short time, of 725,000 large quarto volumes, each containing an average of 960 pages, or **more volumes than are contained in any library in the United States,** except the Library of Congress, and one other.

Each page of the work measures 12 by 9 inches, and the quantity of ordinary paper that would be required to print these 25,000 sets will be 2,192 tons, as much as would be required to print 4,000,000 novels such as are usually sold at $1.50.

(2) THE PAPER PROBLEM

The employment of India paper introduces another entirely novel factor into the manufacture of this work. India paper has been used hitherto chiefly for expensive Bibles, and since the demands of the book trade have been comparatively slight, can be produced only in small quantities. It is made by but two mills in England, and in the United States by none. Each

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upon which Advance Subscriptions are now being accepted (at a substantial concession in the price) for the

NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA (11th Edition)

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The New (11th) Edition of this Celebrated Work is a Fresh and Original Survey of Human Thought, Learning, and Achievement to the Year 1910. A Small Edition is now being printed, and the first copies will soon be ready for delivery. The work, in 28 volumes and Index, will be in two forms:—

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CONSIDER the years, the fortunes people spend preparing for musical careers. Then consider that the purchaser of a Pianola becomes a virtuoso at a bound. Buy a Pianola, select your music-rolls, and you are ready—ready to enjoy "producing music" yourself and to give others the enjoyment of hearing you. For you are not simply *reproducing* musical compositions, you are *interpreting* them.

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Two Classes of Fair Women

Some are fair because they happen so.

Others attain the clear, rosy complexion, smooth velvety skin, bright eyes, easy, graceful poise, as a result of carefully selected food and drink that properly nourish the body,
nplexion is the outward token of

eldom remains beautiful if she con-
iich is often the cause of various

ift—always ready for us, and pro-
iny other one thing.

STUM

relief from aches and ills set up by
id Nature can then restore the rosy

ure, wholesome elements of the field
engthen the nerves and vital organs.

read the little book, in packages of
o Wellville," is a good road to health-

's a Reason"

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y, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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lity is still supreme today.

describe this wonderful tone Victrola the greatest musical nas ever known. You must la to appreciate it.

arest Victor dealer's—you'll f-hour and come away with isic and a more f this superb

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Dewey, Strong & Co.
San Francisco, Cal., August 10, 1910.

Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

Gentlemen—It is about fifteen years since I received from you a wonderfully comfortable Ostermoor Mattress.

Although we have had an earthquake since then, the mattress is still in use, in first-class condition, giving satisfactory service. I take pleasure in enclosing a photograph of my house, 271 Lee Street, Oakland, Cal., where that Ostermoor Mattress is a most valued possession.

Very truly,
G. H. Strong.

lt —Not Stuffed

rmoor $15.

When
buying a mat-
ss, the real question
v is it made—what
ce is behind it?"
ns. *Demand proof!*

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noor is *built*, not stuffed.

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s as comfortable today
ı proof.

proof of quality—proof
do for you—can you
itation when you know
more than an *imitation*

get the genuine Oster-
ion. Costs no more

14 Years Here

Bristow, Okla., July 26, 1910.

Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

There is no reason for any one being ignorant of the famous qualities of the Ostermoor.

The Ostermoor is the very best Mattress on the market I know, and have proven to my own satisfaction during their continued use in my home during the past fourteen years. Wishing you every success.

Yours very truly,
George McMillon.

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best Blue and White Ticking
4' 6" wide, 45 lbs., $15.00
In two parts, 50c extra
Dust-proof, Satin-finish Ticking, $1.50 more.
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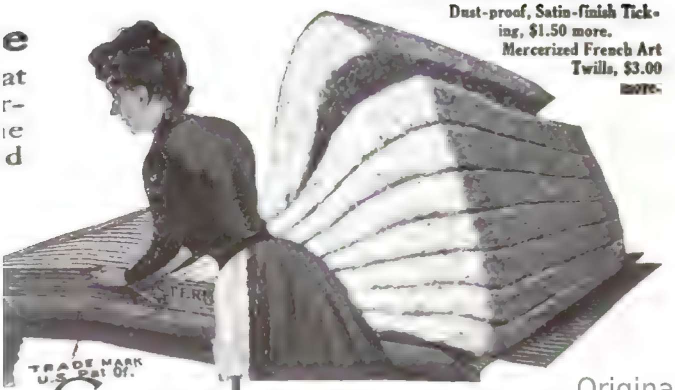

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)PINIONS !

May 19, 1891.

Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

It gives me much pleasure to tell you how much I have been delighted with the beautiful Knabe Grand which I have had for my private use. It combines with great volume of tone, rare sympathetic and noble tone color and perfect action. I rejoice at the prospect that on my second visit to America, which I trust will be soon, I shall again be able to secure the use of a Knabe Grand. Most truly,

P. TSCHAIKOVSKY.

ın composer, who has left the world in his
ıestral scores an enduring monument to
rly a score of years ago in referring to

ıs Pianos

, June 21, 1910.

·,
ıasure to prove your
ı very enthusiastic.
.ts tone transports
dream of strange
spirits elect.
ı in strength and
, to the grand

, I salute you.
GIACOMO PUCCINI.

ın of Giacomo Puccini, the greatest living
ıe Knabe piano. Signor Puccini is the
ıeme", "Tosca", "Mme. Butterfly", etc.
States this winter for the production of
Girl of the Golden West", will mark
affairs of this country.

ıly a product which for nearly four score years
the admiration of that great tribunal which
s highest musical authorities and that of the
l by the desire of its builders always to excel
rt product worthy of your investigation and a
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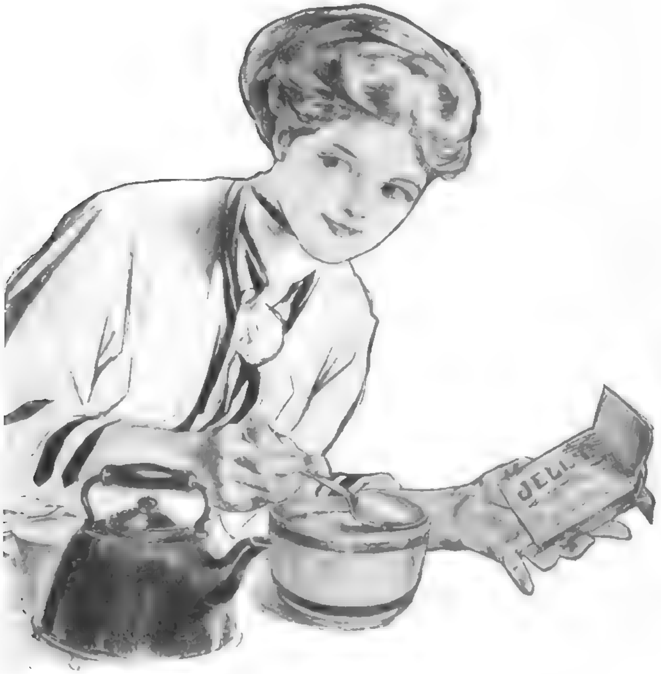

in the Kitchen.

vors and seven colors of Jell-O not only seven kinds, erts can be made. Many of them can be made in a

ıgic.

ıarlottes, salads, puddings, plain Jell-O desserts, fruited ; conceivable that is good for dessert—can be made of

JELL-O

pint of boiling water are all

, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange,

grocers'.

superbly illustrated recipe OF THE WORLD." It is free.

RE FOOD CO.,
Bridgeburg, Can.

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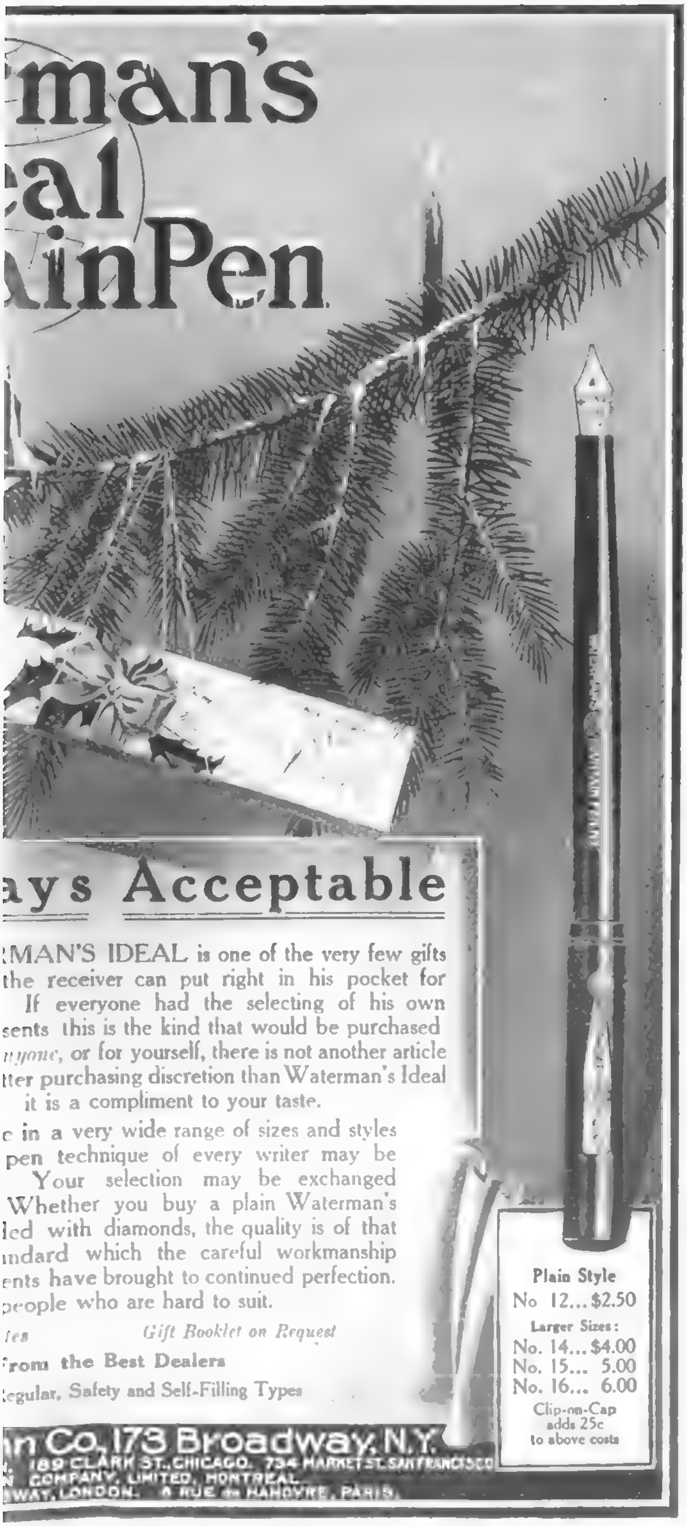

ays Acceptable

:MAN'S IDEAL is one of the very few gifts
the receiver can put right in his pocket for
If everyone had the selecting of his own
sents this is the kind that would be purchased
nyone, or for yourself, there is not another article
tter purchasing discretion than Waterman's Ideal
it is a compliment to your taste.

c in a very wide range of sizes and styles
pen technique of every writer may be
Your selection may be exchanged
Whether you buy a plain Waterman's
led with diamonds, the quality is of that
ındard which the careful workmanship
ents have brought to continued perfection.
people who are hard to suit.

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'rom the Best Dealers

:egular, Safety and Self-Filling Types

Plain Style
No 12...$2.50

Larger Sizes:
No. 14...$4.00
No. 15... 5.00
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Clip-on-Cap
adds 25c
to above costs

n Co. 173 Broadway, N.Y.
189 CLARK ST., CHICAGO. 734 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO
COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL.
WAY, LONDON. 6 RUE de HANOVRE, PARIS.

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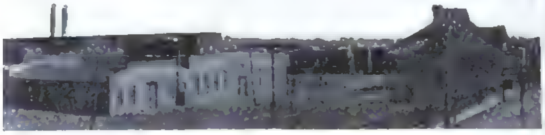
t Specification Roofs



Feet of Roofing

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purchaser. Once he understands the long service they give, and the low cost per year of service, he will have no other kind.

The photographs herewith show, in the following order, three of the largest manufacturing plants in the country; Singer Manufacturing Company, Oliver Chilled Plow Co., and Studebaker Manufacturing Company, located at South Bend, Ind. The roof area amounts to 3,530,000 square feet. These roofs are laid along the

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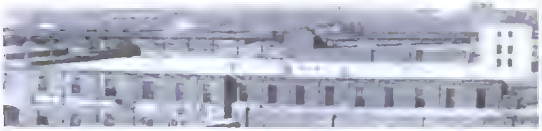
lines of The Barrett Specification, and many of them have been giving satisfactory service for almost a quarter of a century.

Booklet and other information regarding Barrett Specification Roofs, mailed free on request to our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston,
St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati,
Kansas City, Minneapolis, Seattle, New Orleans,
London, Eng.



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soiled, old-fashioned playing
ı yourself as host. American
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laced these cards in stock, *send us his*
e is a dainty box containing two of
led to you. Both are printed on the
lges. Both have picture backs in
· the exclusive Chantecler design
ıous Baby Stuart. Just the thing
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ur package will be mailed to you.

NK NOTE COMPANY
eet, New York City
'HE EAGLE'S HEAD"

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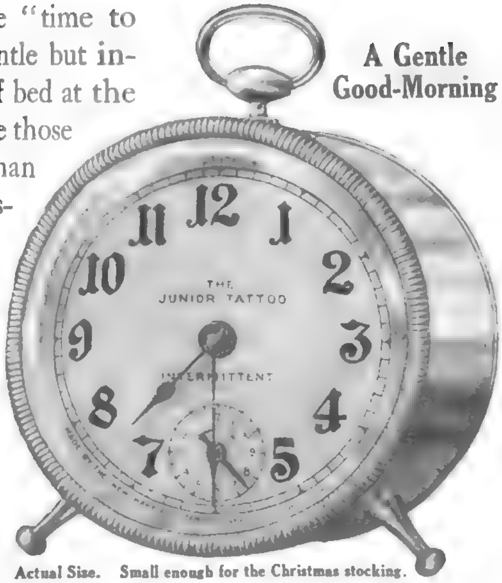
'ime To Get Up" Reminder



A Gentle
Good-Morning

Actual Size. Small enough for the Christmas stocking.

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friends. Price $1.75 each.

, accurate timepiece made in our fine watch
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minutes.

ada the duty is added.) You can buy it with a
3.00. Nearly all dealers sell it. If you can't
rice and we will ship as many as you wish, pro-
e. Ask your jeweler to show you the Junior
style for Christmas.

y, "The Uprising of John Han-
if you give your dealer's name.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.
133 Hamilton Street

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Use the Sun's Only Rival in the Rooms You Want Brightest

The Holiday season requires an abundance of cheery, brilliant *light* in living, dining and guest rooms. Now every room in the house can be *brightly* lighted at very little expense.

WITH

G-E Mazda Lamps

Everyone Can Afford Electric Lighting

G-E MAZDA Lamps have doubled the amount of light obtainable from a dollar's worth of electricity—and improved its quality. Everywhere electric light users are substituting G-E MAZDAS for older types of lamps. Since electric lighting is now available at ½ its former cost, other lighting methods are being rapidly discarded in favor of the "Sun's Only Rival."

Your electric light man or dealer will supply the proper sizes. Begin with the rooms you want brightest during these long winter evenings.

His Only Rival
G-E MAZDA LAMP

c Company
Schenectady, N. Y.

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Wizard
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t Gift for Xmas

year of selecting a befitting gift for a man is
WIZARD STROPPER.
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conds with twenty or twenty-five turns of the
razor blade to a keen, *concave* cutting edge
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up against the strop with perfect precision,
e other—as an experienced barber strops an
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HONE your blade with the WIZARD
feature is not to be found in any other

r yourself or a friend, it is sold on a guarantee of
y refunded. It comes to you in a neat black and

, $3.00

you — we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.
resting booklet, "Keen on doing it right"

BACH & BRO.

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Century
Newark, New Jersey

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ed Folks Wear
dley Muffler

n against cold—fits snugly about the throat, ull of style—can be washed when soiled ns its stylish appearance year after year.

to the fact that the Bradley is a ***knit*** tting, and made with the Bradley V-Neck.

radley Full Fashioned V-Neck Muffler

(Patented 1908-1909-1910)

ed Egyptian silk—knit extra heavy—in all colors dren—50c and $1.00.

and women—extra long and extra heavy—im-

d collar sizes—$1.50 and $1.75.

—like Bradley Mufflers—are knit to fit. They are made in many styles and colors—in all sizes and different lengths—from the fleeciest imported wool, retailing

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Book

fflers and Knit Coats—tells r you. Sent free to all

Wis., U. S. A.

Bradley
Knitting Co.,
112 Bradley St.,
Delavan, Wisconsin.

Please send me the Bradley Style Book Free.

Name............................

Address............................

Town.................. *State*..................

I trade at............................

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d you our interesting and instructive
nderwear." Write for booklet today.

Y, Dept. 4 **Philmont, N. Y.**

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ℭ It has captured everyone's attention

:ANE 2⅛ in. MONOPLANE 2⅜ in.

'his new Biplane style solves the problem of a ırt closed-front style with ample space to knot the rf. The Biplane and all other styles of

Silver BRAND Collars

2 for 25¢

¼ Sizes

I they only— are made with Lino-Buttonholes. These buttonholes train-resisting, and keep the col- its original size and set after ued wear and laundering.

te for our booklet "AVIATION," for "What's What"—the clopædia of correct dress.

IDE Shirts—$1.50 and upwards

IDE & CO., 481 River St., Troy, N. Y.

ada Silver Brand Collars are 3 for 50c.

LINOCORD Buttonholes

are easy-to-button and unbutton, and *they don't tear out.*

Our styles can be copied, but not our Buttonholes.

skniť"

er Underwear

len For Boys'

TRADE MARK

Proskniť"

DESIGN PAT. APPL'D

REG U.S PAT OFF

50c For Men

25c For Boys

er a million people have found it out.

nit" *Booklet sent on request.*

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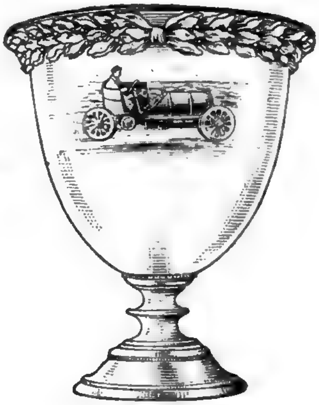
1910



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ALCO models.
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OMOTIVE COMPANY
2501 Michigan Ave., Chicago

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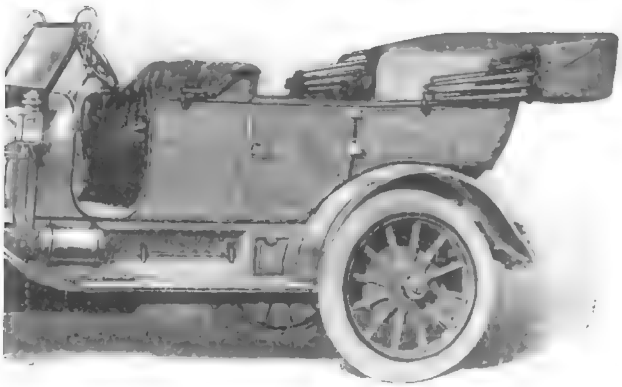

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correction.

Note its 48 H. P. smooth-as-velvet motor, with cylinders offset and every working part fully housed. Multiple-disc clutch and four-speed selective-type transmission run on finest ball bearings. Bosch magneto and Exide storage battery. Stromberg carburetor. Frame narrowed in front for short turns, and raised at rear to allow low suspension of motor and body. Drop-forged front axle. Full floating-type rear axle.

WINTON SIX

Sells at $3000. To know its full value, compare it with cars selling as high as $6000. You will find it worthy of the consideration of every man who thinks well enough of himself to want in his service the latest and best utilities his money can buy.

asily-understood story. Send coupon for copy.

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Balti-
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THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.
89 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Please send Winton Six Literature to

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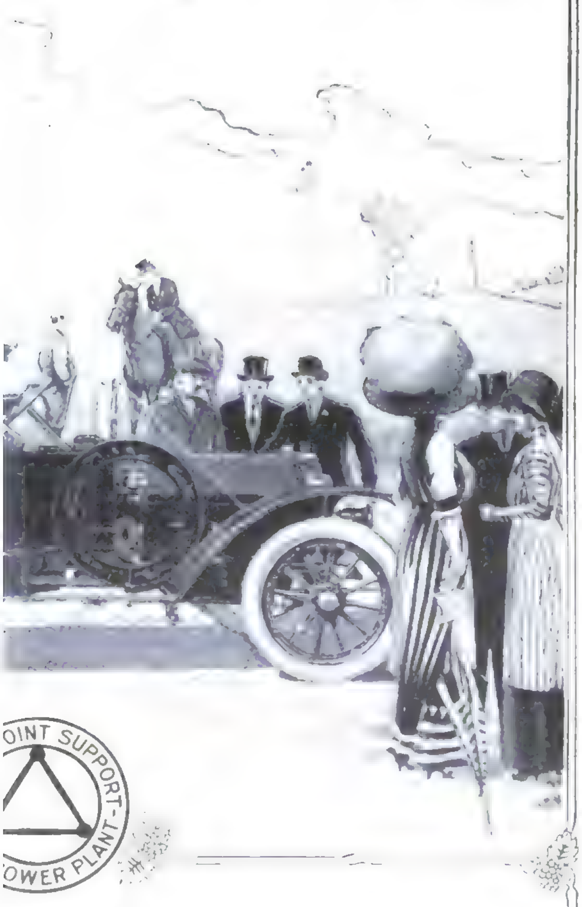

evens-Duryea design is to incorporate
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- Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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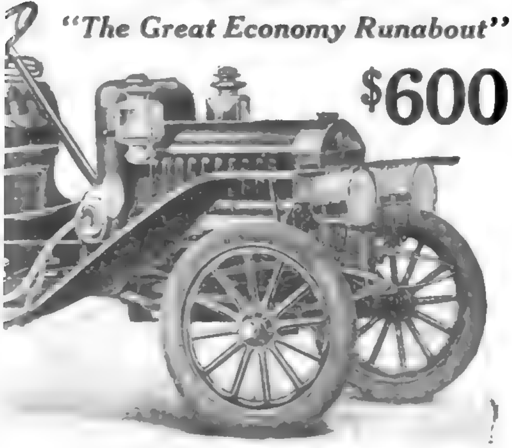
)led His Business

th His "Maxwell"

"The Great Economy Runabout"



$600

rug Co. of Boston, uses a Maxwell ıd covers as much ground in one ld methods in three weeks., ɾeek's trip in New Hampshire, and an operating cost of $15.67.

ıs Much Business by the New Cost Compares with the Old:

	By Train—Three Weeks	
7	Car fares for 787 miles . . .	$15.74
0	Handling trunk three weeks at $7.50	22.50
0	Hotel, one man, 21 days . . .	59.00
0	Three weeks' salary . . .	105.00
7		$202.24

, including extra tires and a year's depreciation, in ld save $26 a week more—driver's salary and board.

hundreds we can cite if you are interested. ggy and a Maxwell car in a public trial, xwell $1^8/_{10}$ cents, Horse and Buggy $2^1/_2$ was a larger, heavier car, and cost more Runabout.

ividends in Pleasure as Well

ɛe tell you how you can use a Maxwell to advantage. Ask ɪr our latest Catalogue, and other books on automobiles.

r and proud of its record.

J D Maxwell *President*

.LL-BRISCOE MOTOR CO.

rytown, N.Y.

Licensed under Selden Patent
Members A.L.A.M.

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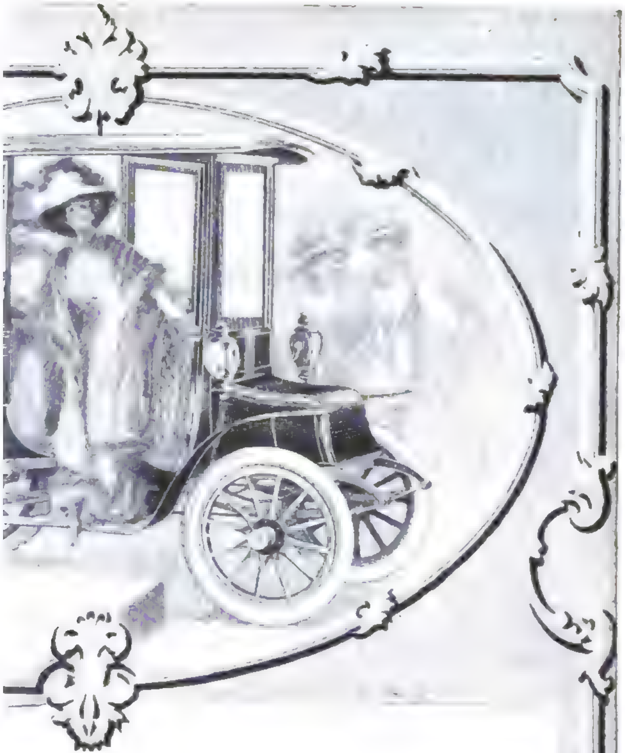

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men—our Gentleman's Underslung Roadster—"lines of a thoroughbred"—and extra-long wheel base. Pneumatic tires only.

Ten 1911 Models

combine Victorias, Coupes, Broughams—and the Gentleman's Roadster.

Three optional drives—"Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive, our successful double chain and Renolds Tandem Silent Enclosed Chain Drives. You have your choice, as well, of Special Electric Cushion or Pneumatic Tires; Edison or lead batteries.

Our dealer in any of the larger cities will gladly wait on you with a demonstrating car. Or write direct for catalog and full details.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

Anderson Carriage Co.
Department 12 Detroit, Michigan
BRANCHES: New York Chicago, Kansas City, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland.
Selling Representatives in all Leading Cities

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lists in 137 cities show ation regards the

adillac "Thirty"

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automobiles, in the past, driving 1911 Cadillacs.

Between the two extremes stands the Cadillac, solid as a rock in public esteem.

It is the foremost exponent now, as it was the first four years ago, of the policy of attaining the minimum price by large production, without abating one iota of excellence.

Uncertainty among those who buy above the Cadillac price; and uncertainty among those who buy below it; but none among those who buy the Cadillac—what does this indicate to you?

:urate to the 1-1000 of an inch or closer— nor lower price can buy such standardization

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perfect alignment pushed
· toward perfection.

167 parts in the 1911 Cadillac and 237 operations accurate to the 1-1000 of an inch.

That means a degree of standardization equaled by no other car in the world.

Do you find an explanation now for the extraordinary conditions described in the foregoing portion of this announcement?

Do you appreciate why the Cadillac is immune from the competition of cars of higher or lower price?

ANY, Detroit, Mich.

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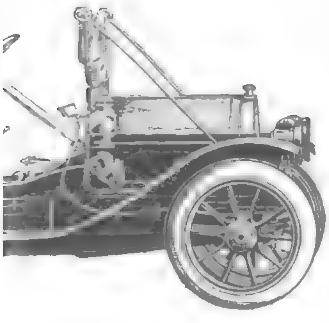

Price $1700

F. O. B. DETROIT

Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau and Roadster

Fore-door Touring Car, $1800
Torpedo, $1850
Coupe, $2250
Limousine, $3000

Prices include the following equipment:

Bosch magneto and Delco ignition systems. One pair gas lamps and generator. One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp. One horn and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires. 60-mile season and trip Standard speedometer; robe rail; full foot rail in tonneau and half foot rail in front. Tire holders.

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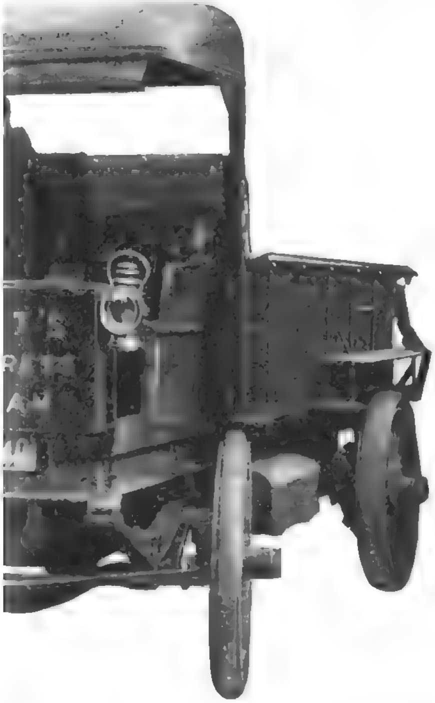

MotorTruck

; the work of
; and 12 horses

shows the big advantage of Kelly (Frayer-
:) Motor Trucks over horse teaming. If your
g requires more than one two-horse team,
:lly Motor Truck will save you real money,
e, labor and actual operating expense; it will
than treble your speed and efficiency and
' increase your hauling radius.
'o Kelly Trucks in the great 120-mile endur-
ontest at Philadelphia made a record of
'*a cent per ton per mile*, for low operating cost.

and we will send you complete details of construction
lata as to what they are doing for other firms in your
ı touch with the nearest Kelly agency.

: Company, Springfield, Ohio

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stay out there." The girls testified that they had never asked Whitehead to bring the suit, that they wanted to stay in the convent, that they had asked to be returned there after the hearing before Judge Riddle, and that Judge Riddle had issued an order returning them. The mother said on the rehearing before Judge Lindsey: "I was very indignant at the public habeas corpus proceedings and I went to Mr. Whitehead and accused him of using my girls in this proceeding for some political purpose. I told him that to his face, and I cannot see what other purpose he could have had in dragging me and my girls through a public court proceeding that the Juvenile Court had avoided in their interest and for their good."

"LAWLESSNESS" IN THE JUVENILE COURT

It was clear that Judge Riddle, in vacating Judge Lindsey's original order, merely deprived the girls of the protection of the Juvenile Court. Judge Lindsey, on the rehearing, held: "The wishes of these girls have been disregarded by Judge Riddle and they have been left without any protection. That is the condition they are in now, and I am going to protect them." Judge Lindsey accordingly reaffirmed his original order.

The newspapers containing Judge Riddle's "scathing denunciation" of Judge Lindsey, were mailed by the hundreds to all parts of the country by the corporation agents. About a hundred were sent to Philadelphia alone. They were followed up by a letter from E. K. Whitehead, to the Denver *Republican*, deliberately misrepresenting Judge Lindsey's action on the rehearing. Whitehead wrote: "He had the children brought before him and again committed them under a trumped-up charge"—which the record shows he did *not* do—"reviled the district judge and the state bureau of child protection"—which the record shows he did not do—"declared his actions were legal and righteous"—which the record shows they were—"and announced his intention to continue to so deal with like cases in the future." At the

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Colorado a man cannot be prosecuted for perjury on a false affidavit unless his sworn statement is used in a court proceeding. Having learned of this immunity, the agents of the Beast are now engaged in procuring and publishing a vicious collection of perjured lies against Judge Lindsey. In spite of his reputation for scrupulous honesty, they are trying to find some one to swear that he paid the judge for a favorable court decision; and they have even approached one of his court officers, with threats and persuasions, to make an affidavit that he acted as a go-between in such a bribery. They have made an offer of several thousand dollars to be paid to any one who will make a charge against Judge Lindsey that will "stick." They have tried to bribe a physician who has visited in Judge Lindsey's home. And they have succeeded in finding three unfortunates whose perjuries are now being printed in *Clay's Review* and scattered broadcast, free.

One of these affidavits is from a Charles H. Libby, whom Judge Lindsey, in 1905, discharged from a position as stenographer in his court, because he had found that Libby had embezzled several hundred dollars from the estate of two orphan children of whom he was guardian, and that he had been taking money from gamblers and dive-keepers on pretense of saving them from prosecution in Judge Lindsey's court. An order was issued for Libby's arrest by Judge Lindsey on a charge of embezzlement; and Judge O. N. Hilton made a charge against him of obtaining money under false pretenses. Libby was saved from prosecution by the promise to repay the money he had stolen. He partly kept his promise, and then fled to Boise, Idaho. He has since left Idaho, "under a cloud," and taken refuge in Oregon—where he lately signed the affidavit which Clay now publishes.

OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH

This affidavit is a conglomeration of bold lies uttered with all the brazenness of a convicted criminal. Most of his statements have no foundation whatever except in the hatred of a confessed thief for the man who forced him to make restitution. Only one of the falsehoods has even the poor excuse of a misstatement of fact to explain it. Libby accuses Judge Lindsey of having thanked a ballot-box stuffer for having marked 400

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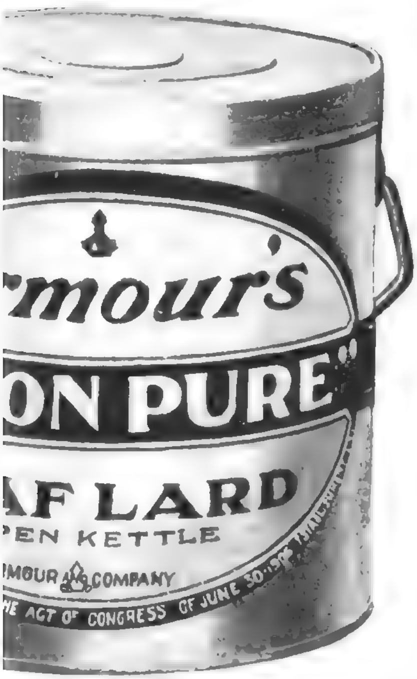

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"Simon Pure" Pie Crust

One level cup of pastry flour, one half cup of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth cup cold water. Mix salt and flour thoroughly, chop the lard into this, then add water; turn out on floured board and divide into two parts; roll for bottom crust one-fourth inch thick, the upper crust can be rolled thinner. Use as little flour as possible on rolling pin and board. This makes a light, crisp, flaky and delicious pie crust.

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THE SLED THAT ST

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The ideal Christmas gif
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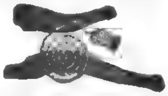
SCHRAM ROCKER

IDEAL XMAS GIFT

IT'S ALL IN THE SPRING

Chair is supported by a convolute spring (exclusive patented Schram feature) upon which it rocks without touching the base. The base remains stationary on the floor. This spring identifies Schram Rockers.



Improve and Beautify Your Home

Isn't there some one in your home who would enjoy the hours of rest and relaxation in this wonderful comfort rocker?

There is perfect restfulness, complete relaxation to mind and body, alluring pleasure to sit, stretch, rest or sleep in a Schram Rocker. The Schram Comfort Rocker, fitted with convolute springs (exclusive patented Schram feature), instantly gives your body exactly the proper poise. It fits itself to you, giving you a buoyant, yielding support, almost marvelous in its soothing restfulness. The springs are responsive to every movement. No squeaks, marring of furniture or wearing of carpets as with ordinary rockers. Durable for more than one lifetime.

What makes a more desirable, sensible and enduring Christmas or Birthday Gift than a Schram Comfort Rocker for the home?

This is our special guaranteed offer: Order a rocker from one of our regular dealers or direct. Use it in your home for thirty days. If not entirely satisfactory money will be refunded. Write for illustrations, showing many styles in a wide range of prices and local dealer's name. If no dealer we ship direct (freight prepaid) on thirty days' trial, with return privilege. Write at once.

A. W. SCHRAM & SONS CO., Dept. B, Oshkosh, Wis.

"Push the Button-and Rest"

Press the Push Button

Royal Rest Chairs

"THE PUSH BUTTON KIND"

Foot Rest Slides Back Out of Sight

Thousands of Tired People

in Royal Rest Chairs—*adjustable to twenty different comfortable positions*—push the button and rest every day. Do not endure ordinary chairs when practically the same price buys you a Royal Rest Chair, with or without removable cushions, footrest, and **concealed magazine basket—exclusive feature.**

Made in oak or mahogany, and finished in any style to match your furniture. 750 styles, prices $12 to $100.

Ask your dealer for the Royal Rest Chair—accept no imitation.

The Royal Chair Company

802 Wall Street Sturgis, Michigan.

$1 DOES EXACTLY THE WORK OF $2

Do you know that home surroundings exert a wonderful influence on domestic happiness? You do?

Do you know that every room in your home can be artistically and elegantly furnished at a price that is ridiculously low? You don't?

THEN you owe it to yourself—your family—to investigate this proposition. Not knowing means a direct loss in money to you and your family every time you buy a piece of furniture.

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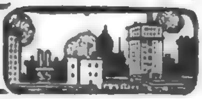

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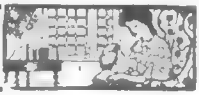

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DO NOT PAY fancy prices for cheap new pianos; buy standard make slightly used. We have a large assortment of the best makes from $125.00 up, delivery free anywhere, and very easy terms. For sixty-five years Pease Pianos have been a standard of durability. Write for complete list. Pease Pianos, 128 West 42nd St., New York.

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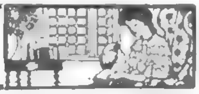

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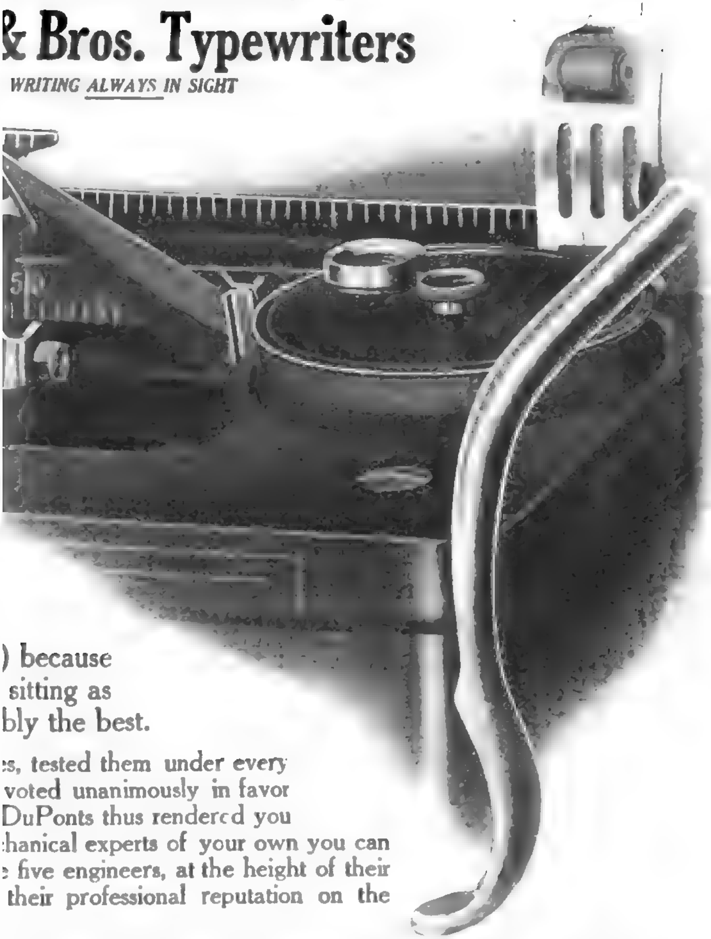

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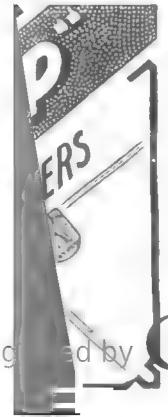

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Held by air on your window where you get the best light. Will not break if dropped.

A necessity for shaving with any razor, useful everywhere.
Price with leather case, 3½ inch glass, 50c.; 5 inch glass, $1.00. With French bevelled mirror and Pigskin case, $2.00.

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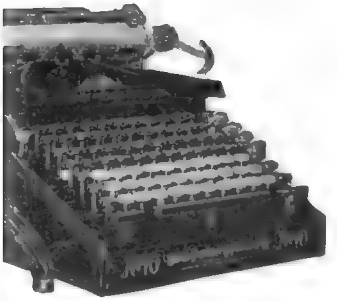

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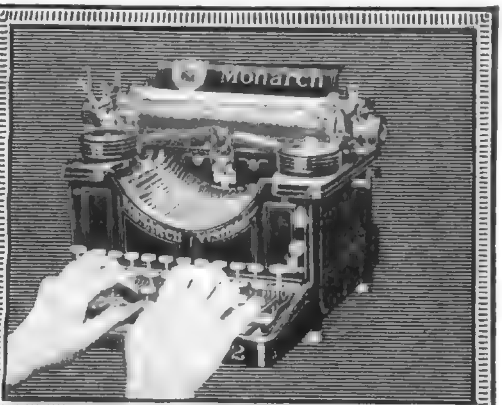

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One secret of Monarch superiority lies in the wonderful responsiveness of its key action. In no other typewriter in the world do the keys so readily yield to the *slightest* touch of the finger.

That is why the Monarch is easier to operate than any other writing machine.

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For these reasons you need a Monarch in your office. And every day without it means actual money-loss to you besides.

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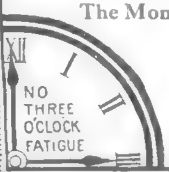
Local representatives wanted everywhere also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.



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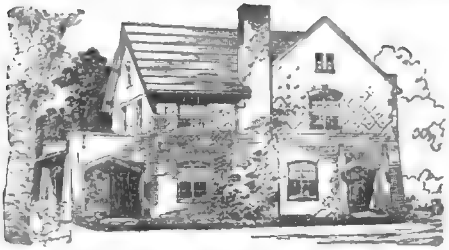

Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

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When writing state character of work you have in mind.

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MAKES SHAVING A JOY

Shaving doesn't make your razor dull half as fast as rust does. Rust, caused by moisture from lather, forms on the microscopic teeth of the edge. This makes the blade pull and scrape.

You can't wipe the blade so dry that rust won't form between the microscopic teeth. The sharper the edge and thinner the steel, the greater the rust. That's a scientific fact!

To keep a sharp blade *always* keen and clean (ordinary or safety razor) simply do this: Rub a few drops of 3-in-One well into your razor strop. Draw the razor blade between your thumb and first finger, moistened with 3-in-One. Then strop as usual. You'll be surprised at the improvement. Always wipe blade dry and apply a little 3-in-One after shaving.

Don't take our word for this. Simply test it. Do it at our expense.

FREE SAMPLE and special scientific circular—both free! Sold at all stores—8-oz. bottle, 50 cts; 3-oz., 25 cts; trial size, 10 cts.

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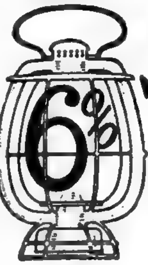

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wasting your surplus Earnings. Twenty cents a day, invested in six per cent bonds will accumulate to **One Thousand Dollars** in ten years.

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around you. The men you know who are worth knowing are the men who save a portion of their income. The men who get ahead are the men who look ahead.

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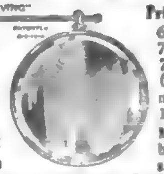

Raises and lowers 8 in. Slides 14 inches in front of window. Nickeled fixtures. Bevel plate mirror. Turns on swivel.

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Dealers write for terms

Price Delivered
6 in. Diam. $2
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This FREE Book Tells You How

you may receive the benefits of out-of-door sleeping at all seasons—the face only coming in contact with the crisp, out-door air—the body enjoying all the comforts of a warm room, by using a

Walsh Window Tent

It is provided with both awning and screen to protect the sleeper from drafts, storms, cold or insects. It can be instantly adjusted to any window without using nails or screws to mar the woodwork. Every sleeping room should be equipped with one. At dealers generally—if not at yours, write for free book—**What Fresh Air Will Do** and name of dealer.

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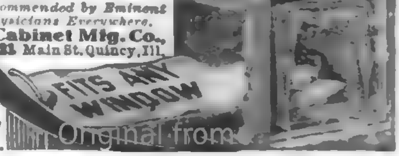
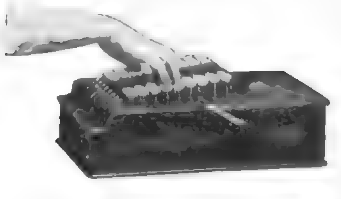
Also Manufacturers of Superior Cabinets for Turkish and Vapor Baths.





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Limited Edition

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Biggest value you'll find in 1911 desk calendars. Send for yours *at once*—25c, stamps or money. Better than 75c calendars usually are.

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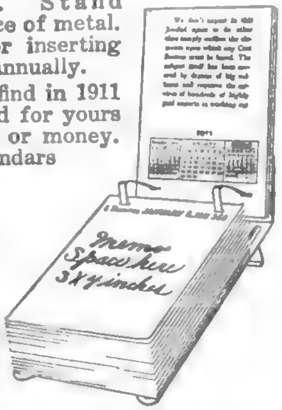
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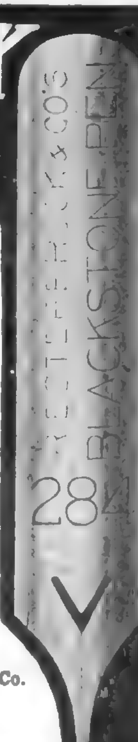
250 Styles



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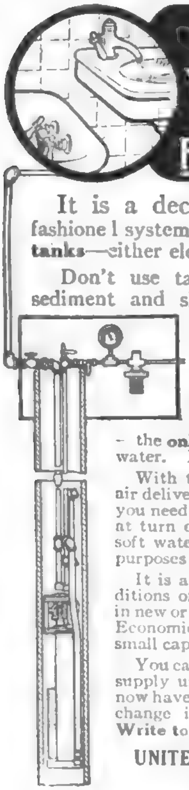

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It is a decided improvement over old fashioned systems of water supply that use **storage tanks**—either elevated or underground.

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With the Perry Pneumatic Pump compressed air delivers fresh water under pressure—wherever you need it—same as city supply—always ready at turn of the faucet. Supplies both hard and soft water for laundry, kitchen, bath, sprinkling purposes or fire protection—any pressure desired.

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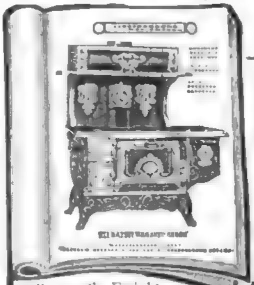

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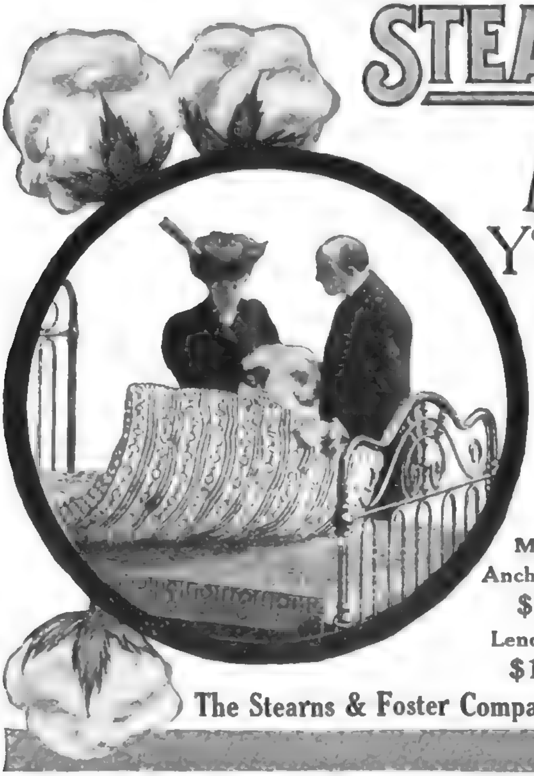

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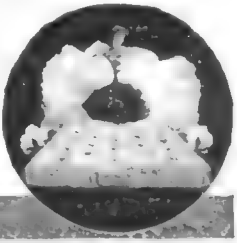

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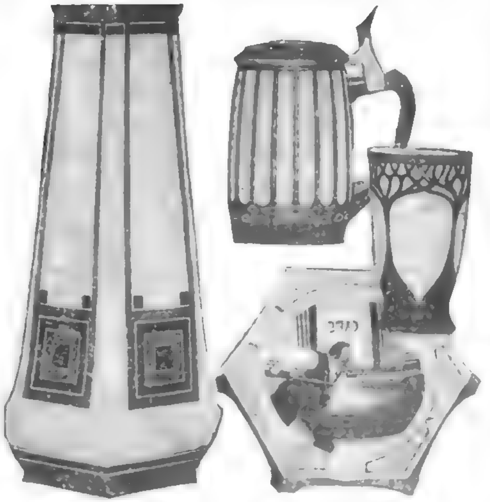

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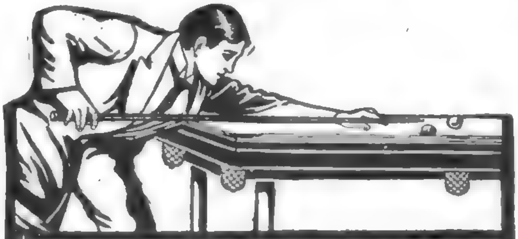

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$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $50, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

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The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

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keeps your home at any temperature desired, and never allows a variance of more than a degree. Too warm—the **JEWELL** immediately closes the drafts. Too cold—automatically it throws the drafts on, always preserving an even heat. *Never wastes an ounce of coal.* Applicable to all systems of heating.

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THE JEWELL MANUFACTURING CO.
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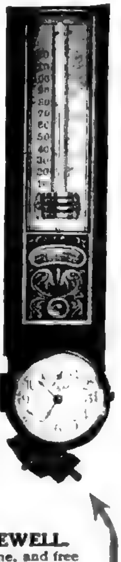
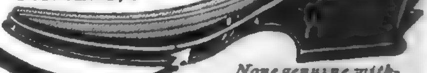


TRADE MARK

EVERSTICK INVISIBLE RUBBERS

Insure feet comfort, health, protection and neat appearance. They keep your feet warm in cold weather and dry in wet weather, and can be worn all day long without injury or discomfort.

EVERYBODY NEEDS EVERSTICKS.
Always for sale where good shoes are sold.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.
THE ADAMS & FORD CO.
CLEVELAND, O


None genuine without THIS cord.

First Cost Only Cost

The lime and sand plastered wall is constantly causing trouble and expense, and never adds to the rental or selling value of a house.

Climax Wood Mortar

TRADE G.R.P. QUALITY MARK
GRAND RAPIDS PLASTER COMPANY

One of our G. R. P. Quality brands of plaster makes a wall that is permanent and safe to decorate—a wall that never needs repairs—never pops, cracks or crumbles.

Use Climax Wood Mortar over any good plaster board and you will have a fire retardent wall without lath stains or other objections, and your house will be warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

There are facts about plastering that it will pay you to know. Our book tells the truth in plain English. A postal will bring you a copy FREE. Write at once.

Grand Rapids Plaster Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Climax Wood Mortar *Makers of* Hercules Wall Plaster
Superior Wood Fibre Plaster Gypsum Wall Plaster
Sales Agents for Sackett Plaster Board

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WALTHAM WATCHES ON CREDIT

No 43

BIG BARGAINS. Diamond Rings, any style mounting. Terms: $3.75 per Month.

Christmas Presents—Big Specials

FULL JEWELED WALTHAM $10.65

In Fine 20-Year Gold-filled Case. Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time

SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID.

You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Waltham Watch, with Patent Hairspring, in any style plain or engraved Case, right in your own hands.

Greatest Bargain Ever Offered $1 a Month.

No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we **will trust you** for a high-grade adjusted Waltham Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. ESTD 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE

Dept. P21, 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

Write for our handsome Christmas Catalog, filled with beautiful photographic illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, solid gold Jewelry, Silverware and choice Novelties for Christmas presents. Select any article you would like to own or present to a loved one; it will be sent on approval.

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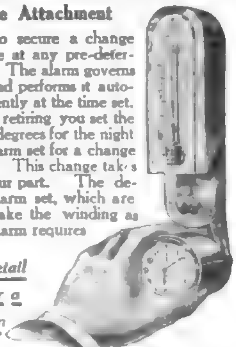
TO HAVE the temperature of your home exactly as you wish and within your control morning, noon and night is desired not only from the standpoint of comfort alone but equally desirable as a benefit to health and as a marked economy in the saving of fuel. All of these advantages are within your reach with a

Minneapolis Heat Regulator
Detachable Clock—8 Day Alarm

Applied to hot water, hot air, steam and natural gas heating. Lasts a lifetime and worth its price each year. The standard for 27 years.

The Time Attachment

enables one to secure a change of temperature at any pre-determined hour. The alarm governs this change and performs it automatically and silently at the time set. For instance, on retiring you set the indicator at 60 degrees for the night hours with the alarm set for a change to 70 at 7 a. m. This change takes place without further attention on your part. The detachable clock and an eight-day alarm set, which are new features in the 1911 model, make the winding as easy as winding a watch, and the alarm requires winding but once a week.



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Sold by the wholesale and retail heating trade everywhere under a positive guarantee of satisfaction

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WILTON, AXMINSTER, BRUSSELS

Carpets & Rugs

are made by the Bigelow Carpet Company in a very large variety of quality, style and coloring, suited to every taste and pocketbook. The name "Bigelow" woven into back of a rug or carpet identifies it as the best of its grade.

An interesting book "About Carpets and Rugs" will be mailed on application to the Bigelow Carpet Company, New York.

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"CARPETS OF QUALITY"

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THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Swiftest, Strongest, Sportiest Skate on the Ice.

Dealers everywhere. Catalogues free.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
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The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Here is a Shoe that combines all the desirable features good footwear must have. **"Natural Shape"** lasts—Selected *old-fashioned* tanned leather—Workmanship of evident superiority—that's The Florsheim Shoe, always.

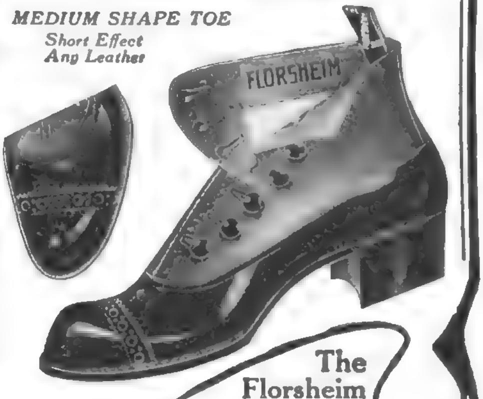
Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Shoe, or send amount and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our booklet "The Shoeman" showing styles that *are* different

The Excello

MEDIUM SHAPE TOE
Short Effect
Ang Leather



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Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

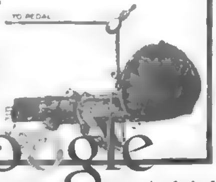
JERICHO
THE PERFECT MOTOR CAR SIGNAL

"WARNS WITHOUT OFFENSE"

Affords efficient protection to motorist and pedestrian alike, under any condition of traffic. Mild toned at city speed—powerful and far-reaching at the touring pace

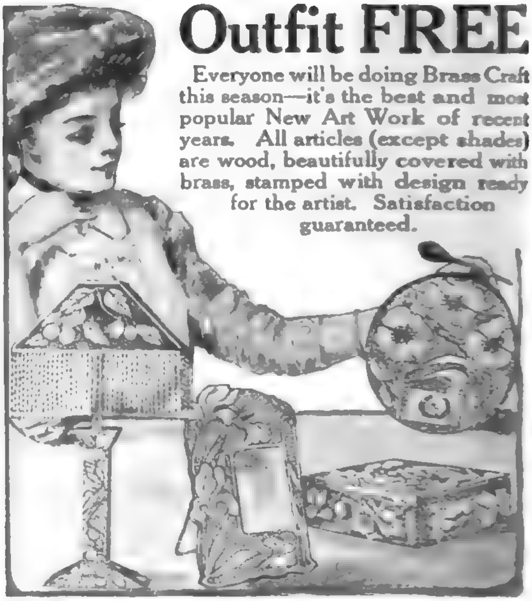
$7, $8, $9, $10

Of dealers everywhere Write us for Folder No. 30, telling all about it.



THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
Boston U. S. A.

Brass-Craft
Outfit FREE



Everyone will be doing Brass Craft this season—it's the best and most popular New Art Work of recent years. All articles (except shades) are wood, beautifully covered with brass, stamped with design ready for the artist. Satisfaction guaranteed.

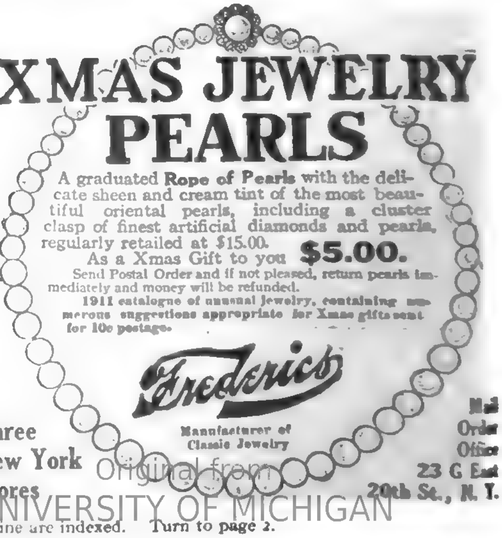
We Give Away a Complete Outfit

consisting of **Tool for Stippling**, polished maple combined **Mallet and Modeling Tool, Package Coloring Powder, Steel Wool and Polishing Plush**, and also complete materials for handsome **Brass-Craft Calendar** worth **$1.00** when decorated (see illustration), includes **Brass Hanger, Round Head Tacks, Calendar Pad** and full directions. All sent **Free** and prepaid to anyone sending us 25 cents to pay cost of packing, shipping, etc. **Write today.**

Ask for FREE Catalog E10

Illustrates hundreds of new **Brass-Craft** articles suitable for **Home Decoration, Gifts**, etc. Shows how a little investment in materials and time can produce liberal returns in both pleasure and profit.

THAYER & CHANDLER
737-739 Jackson Blvd. Chicago



XMAS JEWELRY
PEARLS

A graduated **Rope of Pearls** with the delicate sheen and cream tint of the most beautiful oriental pearls, including a cluster clasp of finest artificial diamonds and pearls, regularly retailed at $15.00.
As a Xmas Gift to you **$5.00.**

Send Postal Order and if not pleased, return pearls immediately and money will be refunded.

1911 catalogue of unusual jewelry, containing numerous suggestions appropriate for Xmas gifts sent for 10c postage.

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Manufacturer of
Classic Jewelry

Three New York Stores

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BUSTER BROWN'S
GUARANTEED
STOCKINGS
FOR MEN
WOMEN
AND CHILDREN
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DARN! Why Darn?

You have been Darning all your life. If you want to quit darning buy Buster Brown's Guaranteed Darnless Stockings for the whole family.

Silk Lisle Half Hose for MEN; black, tan, navy, gray, wine, purple and heliotrope.
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25c. a Pair, Four Pairs to the Box, $1.00

LADIES Silk Lisle Gauze, black or tan; three pairs to a box, $1.00.

GUARANTEED FOR FOUR MONTHS.

For sale MOST everywhere, but if your merchant can't supply you send us your order, stating kind, size and color wanted, and we will supply you direct, prepaying postage.

Write For Buster's Latest Funny Book, FREE.

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Quality
Excellent

Price $12.00 AT FACTORY

This Cabinet made of Oak, finished golden, 44" long, 24" wide, has drawers, extension slide, roll front, paper cabinet, etc., as shown. We sell it at low price to introduce our **Office Furniture**—Desks, Chairs, Tables, Files, Book Cases, etc. *Ask for prices and Catalog* No. 218

—WE MAKE GOOD—

Upholstered Furniture

Turkish and Odd Rockers, Parlor and Library Suites, Davenports and Couches in Oak and Mahogany, Flanders, mission and regular. Covered in best leather money will buy—every piece guaranteed. Ask for prices and *Catalog* No. 418

We also make School, Church and Opera-Seats, Lodge Furniture.

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California Pholas Pearls

Our Pearl-divers at Work

These pearls are found in the Red Abalone shells; beautiful natural lustre; green, lavender, pink, etc. Suitab'e for rings, brooches, necklaces, etc. Send $1.00 money order, 8c. stamps, and we will send you a Pholas Pearl that would cost you 5 to 10 times this price, retail. Or send $2.08 for a pink, iridescent or green **California Abalone Pearl**, found in the Black Abalone meat. The lowest priced genuine pearls in the U. S. No one can compete with us. We pay no duty. We have our own Japanese pearl-divers. Address [illegible] & Co., Ocean Ave., Long Beach, Cal.

Triangle
PAGER
1
2
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Triangle
5-PLY Collars

"THE COLLARS OF QUALITY"

Any single feature of the Triangle Collar would make it superior to any collar in the market. They are 5-Ply as against the 3 or 4 ply of ordinary collars. They are stitched and tailored, not laundered into shape, and cannot, therefore, be laundered out of shape.

Style is a matter of course. You can get any prevailing style in the Triangle, and in addition a collar that *holds* its style because it is tailored. The Stout-Stay prevents the buttonholes from tearing, wearing or ripping.

Same price as any 2 for 25c. collar. In Canada 3 for 50c. If your dealer doesn't keep them, send us his name and 50c. for four. Write us for "Key to Correct Dress."

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co., 602 River St., Troy, N. Y.

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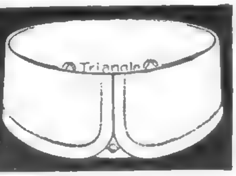
FRONT 2¼ IN.
A New Style



AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Boucher Adjustable Shaving Glass

Makes shaving safe and comfortable. May be applied to any window or elsewhere to obtain a strong light. Instantly adjusted to any angle.

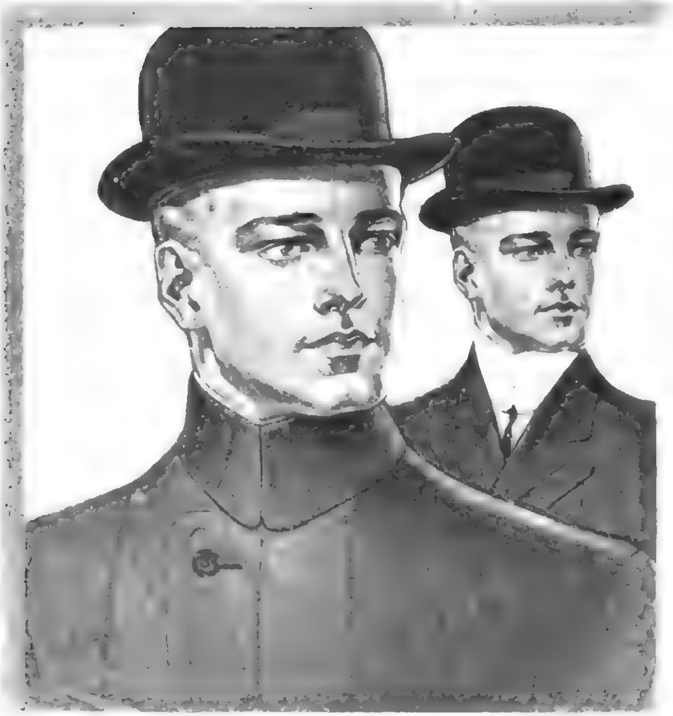
Furnished express paid.

Beveled Edge, $2.00; Magnifying, $5.00

Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send for circular.

Caldwell Mfg. Co., 22 Jones St., Rochester, N.Y.



Eventually every outer garment for Men, Women and Children will have a Presto Collar

You can now go to your regular clothier, and select just such a coat as you naturally prefer as to style, fabric and price. Simply be sure that it has been made with a Presto Convertible Collar, instead of the old style one-way collar. Look for the name *"Presto"* on the label.

Get a Prestoscope Free

The Prestoscope is a little moving picture novelty which shows the simple operation of the Presto Collar. It is an interesting souvenir which you can keep or mail to a friend.

A post card brings you one

THE PRESTO CO. 719 BROADWAY NEW YORK

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Presto!
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On any Coat On any Style

A Convertible Coat Collar

Turn Down the Collar for Fair and Warm

Turn Up the Collar for Cold and Storm

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REBEKAH
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CATALOG OF ANY SOCIETY EMBLEMS

GOLD PINS FOR ANY SOCIETY $1.00 EACH
CHARMS-RINGS-MEDALS
WINSHIP & CO FACTORY

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Spins Five Minutes

The TEDDY TOP is brand new. It works just like a watch. Made of bright finished steel. Spins right side up or upside down, or on the pedestal which comes with it. Chromatic rings with each top to produce wonderful color effects. Strong and durable. An ingenious, amusing and instructive toy.

Send twenty-five cents for TEDDY TOP also FREE our big Christmas Catalogue No. 12 containing new puzzles, toys and novelties.

The New York News Company, Dept. 81, 15 Warren St., New York City

CLASS PINS

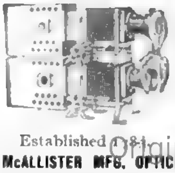
AND BADGES FOR COLLEGE, SCHOOL, SOCIETY OR LODGE.

KHS
1912
NO 300Z

Either style with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. Sterling Silver, 25c each, $2.50 doz.; Silver Plated, 10c each, $1.00 doz. Send for free Catalog. Special designs also made for any School or Society, at attractive prices. Send idea for estimate.

BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 470 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

STEREOPTICONS



With approved equipment for Amusement, Instruction, the Lecture Hall School, Church and Lodge. Views covering all subjects. Profits assured in giving public entertainments. Write for catalogue.

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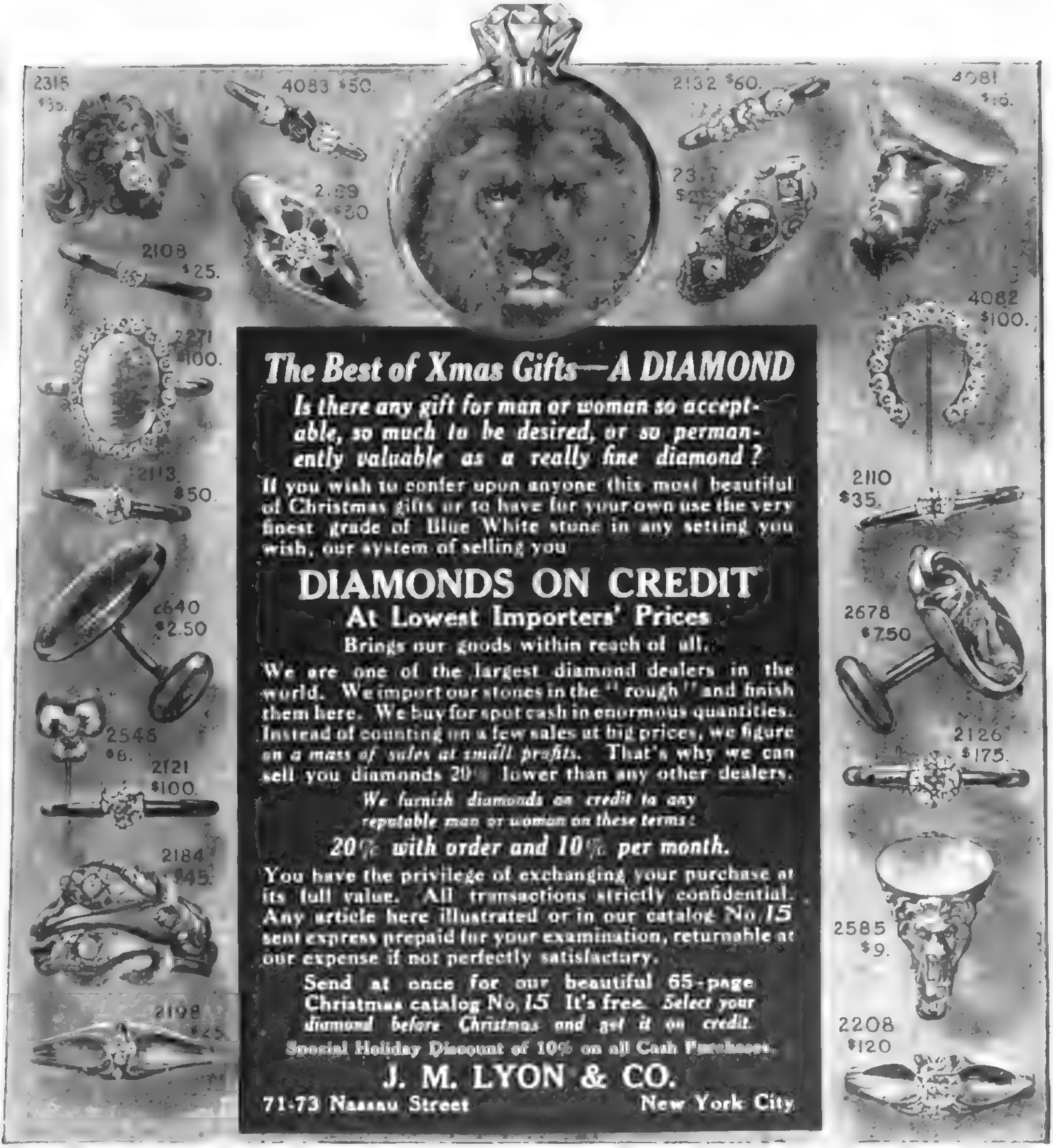
McALLISTER MFG. OPTICIANS, Dept. 14, 49 Nassau Street, New York



The Best of Xmas Gifts—A DIAMOND

Is there any gift for man or woman so acceptable, so much to be desired, or so permanently valuable as a really fine diamond?

If you wish to confer upon anyone this most beautiful of Christmas gifts or to have for your own use the very finest grade of Blue White stone in any setting you wish, our system of selling you

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

At Lowest Importers' Prices

Brings our goods within reach of all.

We are one of the largest diamond dealers in the world. We import our stones in the "rough" and finish them here. We buy for spot cash in enormous quantities. Instead of counting on a few sales at big prices, we figure *on a mass of sales at small profits.* That's why we can sell you diamonds 20% lower than any other dealers.

We furnish diamonds on credit to any reputable man or woman on these terms:

20% with order and 10% per month.

You have the privilege of exchanging your purchase at its full value. All transactions strictly confidential. Any article here illustrated or in our catalog No. *15* sent express prepaid for your examination, returnable at our expense if not perfectly satisfactory.

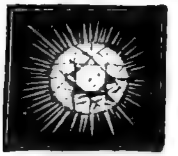
Send at once for our beautiful 65-page Christmas catalog No. *15* It's free. *Select your diamond before Christmas and get it on credit.*

Special Holiday Discount of 10% on all Cash Purchases.

J. M. LYON & CO.

71-73 Nassau Street New York City

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardiness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, I **guarantee** these stones to be **genuine**. Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to 2 carats. **Free booklet.** Address, with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
2536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

INDIAN GENUINE MOOSE HIDE MOCCASINS

High-top, laced—also Moccasin Slippers—GENUINE INDIAN MOOSEHIDE, BEAUTIFUL INDIAN EMBROIDERED or BEADWORK; WELL-MADE, EXCEEDINGLY DURABLE, COMFORTABLE—just the thing for HOME or CAMP. A HANDSOME AND SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS GIFT. Men's sizes, 6 to 11, $2.75; Ladies' and Boys' sizes, 2 to 5, $2.25, Children's sizes, 5 to 10, $1.50. Sent Prepaid upon receipt of price. Money Refunded If Not Satisfactory. Write for Illustrated Circulars (showing All Styles)—**SENT FREE.**

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The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years.

For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

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Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

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BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM
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Here's Safety Warmth Comfort

All who drive in wintry weather need—for comfort's sake—a ***"Spring Belt" Auto and Drivers' Robe*** (for Men or Women.) Affords complete warmth, perfect safety—is instantly removable in case of emergency—no straps or buckles to get out of order. Foot pockets keep feet toasty warm. Clings easily to the body—allows freedom of motion—no cold, wind or rain can penetrate it.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER

On receipt of **$6.50** we will send one ***"Spring Belt" Robe*** prepaid. Made of heavy weight, rubber drill, lined with Kersey Cloth and leather shod. We guarantee complete satisfaction or money back.

Other ***"Spring Belt" Robes up to $35.***

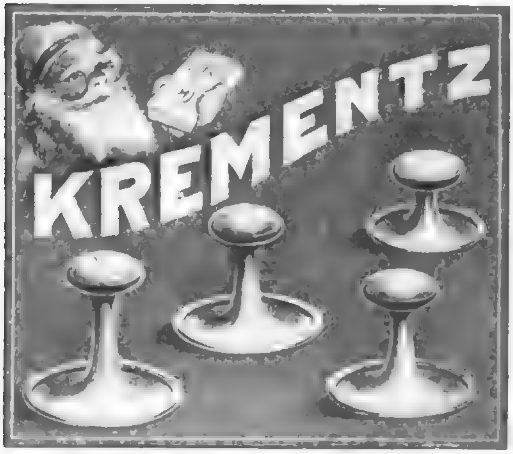
Send for catalog.

Chicago Auto Robe Supply Co.
Dept. 17
157-159 Market St.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Write us.

A Splendid Christmas Gift

DEALERS are urged to investigate our complete line of auto and drivers' robes and auto specialties. We have an **exceptional proposition** to make to dealers in sections where we are not represented. Write us.



Any man, every man, all men would appreciate the

Krementz Gift Box

A set of four of the famous 14-K Rolled Plate **Krementz Collar Buttons,** (that will last for years without losing lustre). A new one free for every one broken or damaged from any cause.

Packed in an attractive ribbon-tied box.

One Dollar the set of four.

If not found at your haberdasher's or jeweler's, a set will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Krementz & Co.
84 Chestnut Street Newark, N. J.

Is Yours a Big Position?

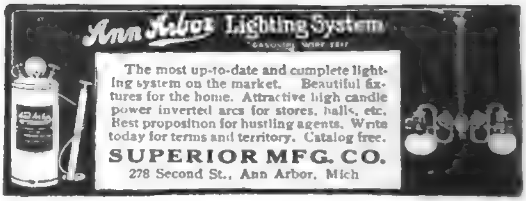
Are you satisfied that your present position is equal to your abilities? Or do you think you are ready for something bigger? Many a man keeps hanging on to a small position when a little more training would show him just how to make the change to more money and bigger prospects.

GET THE SHELDON BOOK

You are anxious to begin your training **at once.** Then send us your name and address TODAY, and we will mail you a copy of the Sheldon Book FREE. It will start you on the right road. Let Sheldon's book do for you what it has done for others. More than 40,000 men have profited by the Sheldon Book. And your Free copy goes forward as soon as you give the word. Give it today.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL

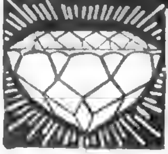
1090 Republic Bldg. CHICAGO



The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. Best proposition for hustling agents. Write today for terms and territory. Catalog free.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
278 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich

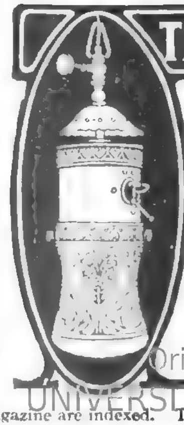
Remoh Gems



Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14k. solid gold mountings. 1-30th the cost of diamonds. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for catalog, it's free.

Remoh Jewelry Co. 585 N. Bdway, St. Louis

THE "BEST" LIGHT

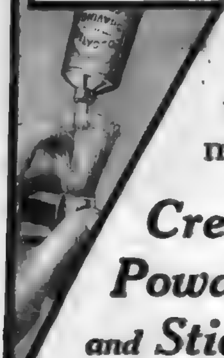


Makes and burns its own gas. Pure white 500 candle power light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week per lamp. No dirt, no grease, no odor. Used in every civilized country on earth. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted.

Agents wanted.
Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
86 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER



Your choice of three methods—

Cream
Powder
and Stick

3 KINDS OF BEST

with one sure result—a perfect lather.

Always best in its lasting abundance, best in its antiseptic qualities, and best in its skin-refreshing effect.

The lather which can be made by three methods with one unvarying result.

Trial size of Stick, Powder or Cream sent for 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. E
199 Fulton St., New York

An
Ideal
Christmas
Gift

GEM de LUXE

Safety Razor

FOR THE MAN WITH TENDER SKIN AND HEAVY BEARD

This razor solves the problem. It means absolu comfort and satisfaction to men who shave, and especial to those to whom the average Safety Razor has n yet proven practical. **The Gem de Luxe** is Safety Razor pe fection, yet simple only two parts, holder and blade.

THE BLADE IS *THE* FEATURE

The Gem de Luxe is an especially constructed, high tempered Damascene chased st blade, reinforced with German silver back to allow for stropping the sharp cutting edge of *every* blade is carefully examined a tested before blade is wrapped and put in case.

The Gem de Luxe outfit, complete as shown above, including 12 blades, all in handsome case. **$3.5**

Sent on request for 30 days' FREE TRIAL

Extra blades, set of 12, 50 cents

You've heard of the original Gem Junior $1.00 outfit it has no equal for the money—has been a joy to the se shaver for years. Sold everywhere, used everywhere.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street New York
The original modern Safety Razor makers—30 years in busine

GIVE HIM A PAIR OF SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS FOR CHRISTMAS

THE gift that is most appreciated by men is something serviceable that adds to their personal comfort. Most men consider it a luxury to have a pair of "Shirley President" Suspenders for each pair of trousers.

When you select "Shirley Presidents" you know you are giving "him" the *best* in suspenders—the most comfortable kind because of the Sliding Cord—the kind "he" would choose were he buying them himself.

The beautiful holiday box furnishes an attractive presentation package that gives a Christmas touch to the gift.

Price 50 Cents from your dealer or from the factory to any address. If you wish to give a more expensive pair, send $1.00 to us for Silk "Shirley Presidents." Silk elastic webbing and full Gilt Finished metal mountings.

SIGNED GUARANTEE ON EVERY PAIR

Buy to-day and get part of your Christmas shopping off your mind.

If you would like three beautiful Art Panels, size 10x14 inches (no advertising) for framing, send 25 cents for the President Calendar.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
1703 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

ORDER NOW
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS
The Best Xmas Gift

Fashion decrees that Scarf, Socks & 'Kerchief must match

SHIBBOLETH Solid Color Silk Combination Sets

Six Silk Scarfs, Three Pairs Silk Socks, Three Silk Handkerchiefs, matched in any of these colors:—black, gray, brown, wine, purple, dark green, navy blue. Mention the color, or assortment of colors, desired; also size of socks. **$5.00 the Set, Postpaid.**

Or, **SHIBBOLETH Silk Scarfs,** made from silks *woven on our own looms* and sold *direct to you* from *weaver to wearer* in the latest open end and reversible four-in-hands. Full fifty-cent value. Any assortment of colors noted above. Also figured effects in all shades. **$2.00 the Half Dozen, Postpaid.**

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All orders for Christmas packed in Handsome Holiday Boxes.

Positive Guarantee If for any reason you do not wish to retain your purchase return same and we will refund your money—plus return postage.

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Send money order, check or cash, stamps. Write for Catalogue H, showing Shibboleth Silk Scarfs, Socks and Handkerchiefs.

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Judge of the Juvenile Court, Denver, Colorad

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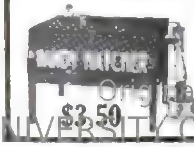

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Old Methods Fail. The new treatment as practised at the Battle Creek Sanitarium succeeds because it corrects causes of illness, and builds up the vital resistance so that health is restored, efficiency comes again and the old ailments do not recur.

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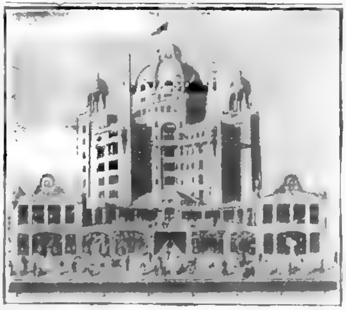
SUNNYREST SANATORIUM
Don't cross a continent to treat tuberculosis, leaving home comforts and friends. "The invigorating Blue Mountains are better." Write Elwell B. Stockdale, Supt.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.



Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM. Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for Fall and Winter. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.

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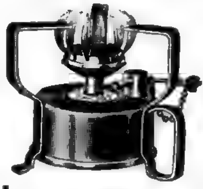

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New 1911 Model
Over 1 Million in Actual Daily Use

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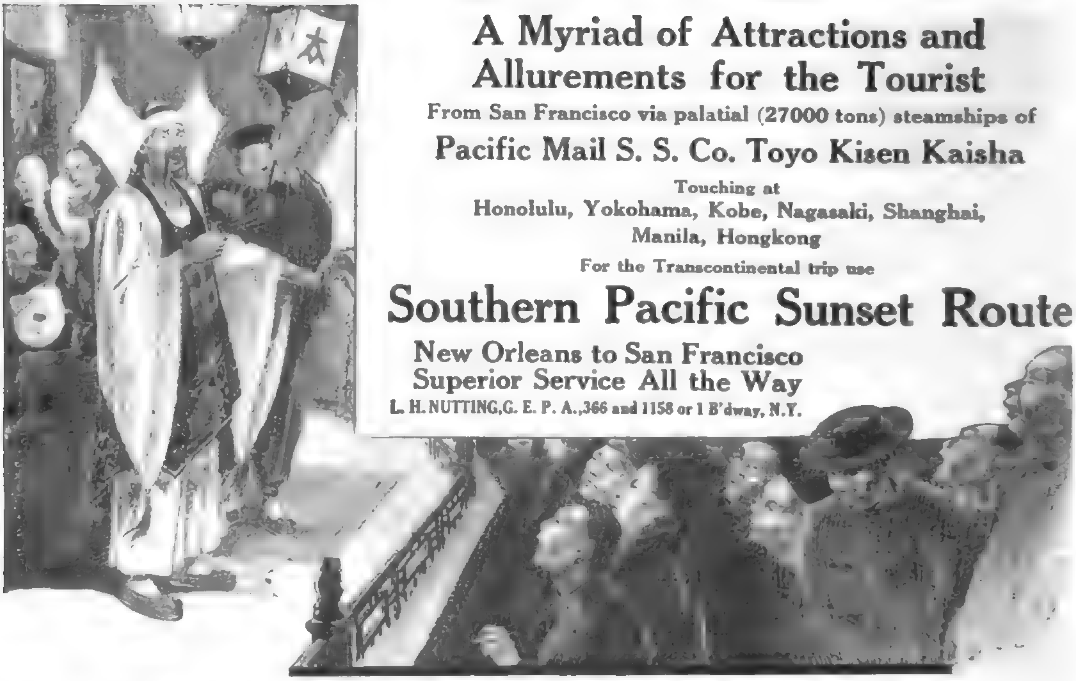

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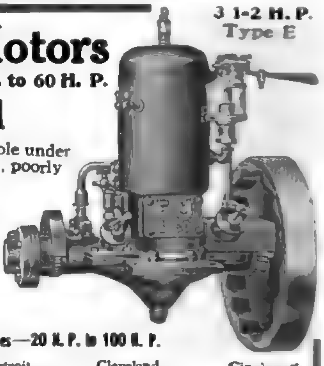

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Whether in speed, pleasure or work room it is important that your motor is reliable under all conditions. It is impossible to have the satisfaction of this confidence with cheap, poorly built engines. Over 100,000 **Fairbanks-Morse** engines in use.

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When you buy a **Fairbanks-Morse** engine you can be sure you are getting the best design, material and workmanship that can be offered. Special process of grinding the cylinder, crank, piston, rings, pin and shaft insures accuracy and efficiency on all occasions. Large Hand Hole in the crank case. Many exclusive **Fairbanks-Morse** features.

Each **Fairbanks-Morse** engine is tested and must develop more than the rated horse power before it leaves the factory, and is guaranteed for one year.

Mention this publication and send for a beautiful new catalogue No. TB1211.

Four Cycle Medium Speed Marine Engines—4 1-2 H. P. to 18 H. P. Four Cycle Heavy Duty Marine Engines—20 H. P. to 100 H. P.

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Strong and rigid—quickly erected—minimum cost. Hy-Rib partitions occupy the least possible space and increase the size of rooms.

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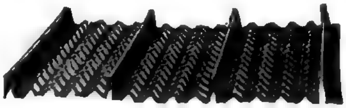

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NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION.
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta.

Tell Me What You Want to Sell and I'll Tell You What Everybody's Has Sold.

Everybody's Magazine

has a Personality behind it.

That Personality stands for good cheer for all, chivalry for those that are hurt,—and conscience.

That Personality, warm and strong, is what makes over 500,000 buy the magazine month by month.

That Personality gives weight to every advertisement in Everybody's, making it

"THE RESULT GIVER"

to advertisers. For when you advertise in Everybody's you buy more than "space," you buy Influence.

Without that Influence of Personality, magazine space is no better than wall space.

The Influence of Everybody's sells your goods to the best and ablest purchasers in America.

Robert Frothingham

PONDS EXTRACT

BURNS

are quickly healed by Pond's Extract, a cooling, comforting, household remedy giving

Immediate and Sure Relief

from all outdoor and indoor accidents, such as cuts, bruises, abrasions, etc. Pond's Extract has been the standard for **60 years.**

Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream

is an ideal, non-oily toilet cream of great purity and exquisite Jack Rose fragrance.

Free Sample on request.

Lamont, Corliss & Co.
78 Hudson Street,
New York.

PONDS EXTRACT
PONDS EXTRACT

Be Your Own Boss!

THE DELINEATOR AND EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE have Representatives whose incomes compare favorably with the best paid Professional men in this country. Few business men, without capital, make as much!

For the single month of October The Delineator and Everybody's Magazine paid:

To one man	$500.00
To another man . . .	$450.00
To still another man . .	$425.00
To one woman . . .	$400.00
To another woman . .	$375.00

To OVER 1000 OTHERS (men and women) sums ranging from $300.00 down to $200.00; from $200.00 to $100.00--to $50.00 to $25.00 to $10.00—to $5.00.

THERE IS BIG MONEY IN THIS WORK OF REPRESENTING THE DELINEATOR AND EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE!

Are you looking for a Good Paying Position?

Are you anxious to add something to your present income?

We'll pay you for all your time—or for a part of your time; and we'll pay you *mighty good pay!*

WANT MONEY? Write to-day enclosing two references to:

HELPMATES DEPARTMENT
Drawer 38 Butterick Building
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The Best Known
Magazine
in the World

OUR
40th
YEAR
1911

THE DELINEATOR

Under the Editorial Direction of
Erman J. Ridgway, Publisher of Everybody's Magazine

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY — ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

HAVE you read the Delineator lately? If you have, it is not necessary to tell you why it deserves its title "The Best Known Magazine in the World."

YOU have known the Delineator since you were a child, and your mother knew it before you, and, maybe, her mother knew it, too, for forty years of supremacy among magazines for women is a long time. It has always been the most practical, the most helpful, and the most widely read woman's magazine. You know that.

BUT of late years, a change has come over the Delineator, or rather a growth that has kept pace with the growth of women's interests. Are you aware of that change?

DO you know how different The Delineator, with all its fashion prestige retained, has become from the general run of magazines for women.

DO you know why The Delineator in this, its Fortieth Year, is deservedly the best known and the most loved magazine in the world?

IF not, you owe it to yourself to find out.

THE answer is in the Delineator for 1911.

NINETEEN Hundred and Eleven is our Jubilee Year—The Fortieth Anniversary. It is also the first full year of The Delineator under the editorial direction of Erman J. Ridgway, publisher of Everybody's Magazine. These two facts make the Delineator for 1911 to all other women's magazines as "extraordinary" is to "ordinary."

The Best Known Magazine in the World

THE DELINEATOR

For Forty Years the Greatest
of All Magazines for Women

FIFTEEN CENTS
A COPY

ONE DOLLAR
A YEAR

THE DELINEATOR
DECEMBER 1910

TO celebrate this Fortieth Anniversary Mr. Ridgway has arranged an editorial program that treats every subject of interest to women—literature, art, the stage, domestic science, politics, education, religion. There is no limit to the reach of the long arm of The Delineator. Each subject will be handled by THE AUTHORITY on that subject.

IF you have been reading Rudyard Kipling's short stories in The Delineator, you know that The Delineator stories are in a class by themselves. There is always room in The Delineator for several good stories by the best writers. For 1911 there are stories and articles by

Judge Ben B. Lindsey
Gertrude Atherton
Samuel Hopkins Adams
Clara Morris
G. Stanley Hall
John Kendrick Bangs
Eugene Wood
Arthur Stringer
James L. Ford
Seumas MacManus
Mabel Potter Daggett
Marie VanVorst
Mary Stewart Cutting
Jeanette Lee
Richard LeGallienne
Annie Hamilton Donnell
Harrison Rhoades
Susan Glaspel
Ernest Poole
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Rowland Thomas
Anne Warner
Mary Heaton Vorse
Kate Jordan

AND A NOVEL BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

The Best Known Magazine in the World

THE DELINEATOR

For Forty Years the Fashion Authority of the World

FOR forty years, through all the changing cycles of fashions, The Delineator has stood undisputed as the leader.

In every part of the civilized globe it is now recognized as the Fashion Authority of the World.

Paris itself buys more copies of The Delineator than it does of any French publication of its kind!

Famous Fashion Authorities contribute regularly.

Edouard LaFontaine writes authoritative letters from Paris each month.

Mrs. Simcox and Helen Berkeley-Lloyd describe the latest styles seen in the smart shops, theaters, restaurants, and opera houses in New York. Wherever styles originate, there The Delineator has its representatives.

And Mrs. Chalmers, in her series, "Dressmaking Made Easy," tells the woman who is clever with her hands how she may make luxurious and useful garments for herself.

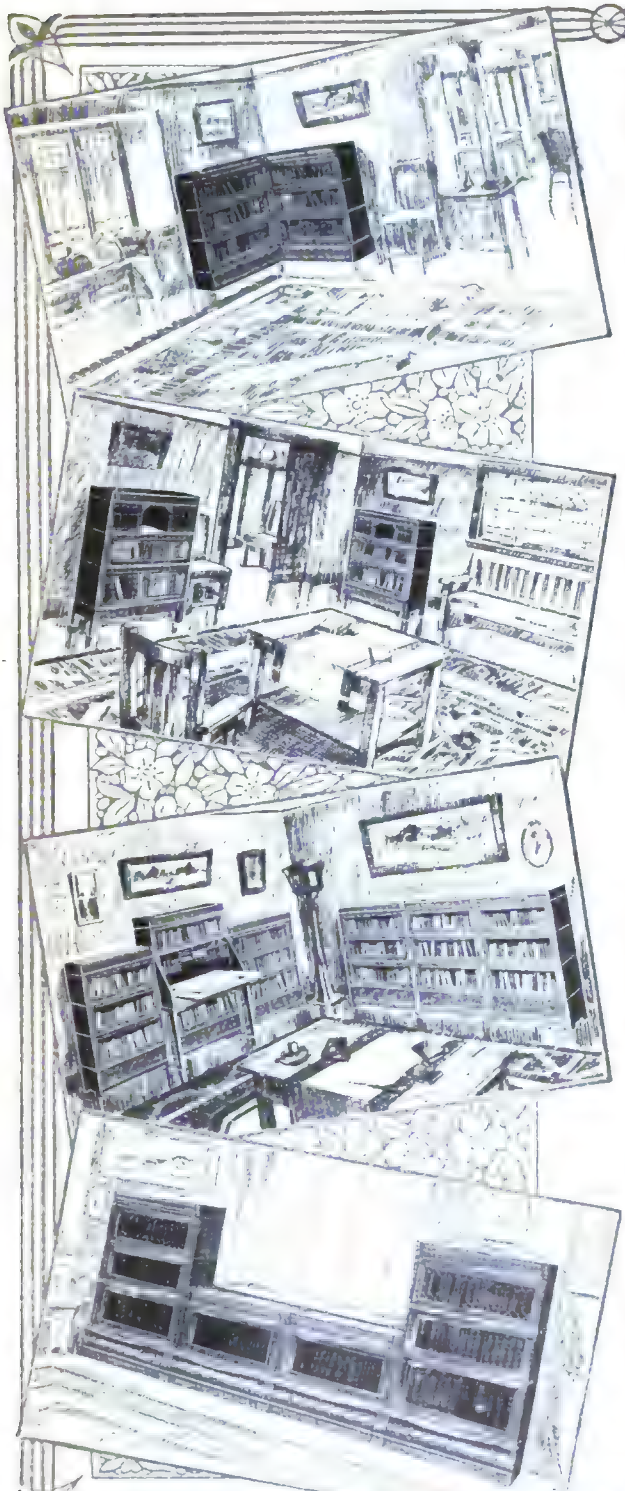
One number of The Delineator is worth the price of a year's subscription in practical helpfulness to the woman who buys it.

AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT

NO gift is more welcome to any woman than twelve months of The Delineator. A beautiful Christmas card bearing your name will be sent to the friend whom you wish to remember. You cannot spend a Christmas dollar to better advantage. Send your own subscription at the same time. The price is only One Dollar A Year. Address

The Christmas Editor
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
BUTTERICK BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

The Best Known Magazine in the World



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enjoy the prestige that comes only from highest quality materials, perfect workmanship, long experience and ample resources.

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—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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Please send me "The World's Best Books," also your 1911 catalogue.

My library contains..........................*volumes*

Name..

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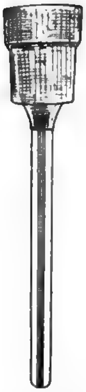
IN A NEW PACKAGE



SANITARY GLASS ROD

EW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
WATERPROOF
QUID COURT
PLASTER
WSKIN CO

GLASS BOTTLE

Hereafter New-Skin will be sold in a new package which has many features that will make it more attractive than ever.

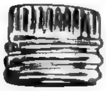
Sanitary Glass Rod. No more stiff or lost brushes. Attached to every cork is a round-end sanitary glass rod. Aseptic, cleanly, ready for use.

Aluminum Screw Cap. Each bottle is tightly sealed with a silver-finished aluminum cap. This prevents evaporation and leakage. Bottle can be carried in the vest pocket or purse.

Packed in Glass. The new package is the most sanitary made. No metal comes in contact with the liquid or wound, as with metal tubes.

New Carton. Instead of the outside tin box, we will use a folding carton, which is easier to open, lighter, and more convenient in every way.

Remember, New-Skin was the original liquid court plaster. It has been before the public for a long period of years, and has always given satisfaction.

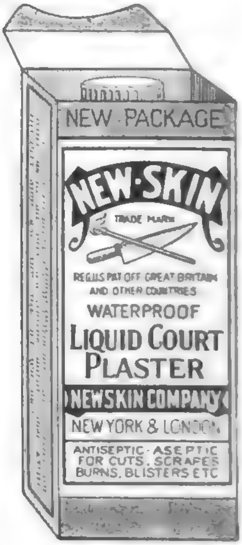


ALUMINUM SCREW CAP

For all kinds of cuts, scrapes, scratches, and burns, it is antiseptic and healing. For chapped lips, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, etc., it is unsurpassed, forming a tough flexible water-proof film or "new skin" which protects the damaged part against irritation, dirt and infection.

10, 25 and 50 cents per package, at all druggists.

"Paint it with New-Skin and forget it!"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NEW-SKIN
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. GREAT BRITAIN AND OTHER COUNTRIES
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NEWSKIN COMPANY
NEW YORK & LONDON
ANTISEPTIC - ASEPTIC
FOR CUTS, SCRAPES
BURNS, BLISTERS ETC

NEW CARTON

EWSKIN COMPANY

ept. C **BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY**

UNDER THE PROPHET IN UTAH

Continued from page 737

CHAPTER II

ON A MISSION TO WASHINGTON

I WENT discredited, as an envoy, by an incident of personal conflict with the Federal authorities; and I wish to relate that incident before I proceed any farther. I *must* relate it soon, because it came up for explanation in one of my first interviews with President Cleveland; and I wish to relate it now, because it was so typical of the day and the condition from which we had to save ourselves.

In the winter of 1885–6, the United States marshals had been pursuing my father from place to place with such determined persistence that it was evident his capture was only a matter of time. We believed that if he were arrested and tried before Chief Justice Zane—with District Attorney Dickson and Assistant District Attorney Varian prosecuting—he would be convicted on so many counts that he would be held in prison indefinitely—that he might, in fact, end his days there. There was a rumor of a boast to this effect made by Federal officers; and we misunderstood them and their motives, in those days, sufficiently to accept the unjust report as well-founded.

My father, as First Councillor of the Church, had proposed to President Taylor that every man who was living in plural marriage should surrender himself voluntarily to the court and plead: "I entered into this covenant of celestial marriage with a personal conviction that it was an order revealed by our Father in Heaven for the salvation of mankind. I have kept my covenant in purity. I believed that no constitutional law of the country could forbid this practice of a religious faith. As the laws of Congress conflict with my sense of submission to the will of the Lord, I now offer myself, here, for whatever judgment the courts of my country may impose." He believed that such a course would vindicate the sincerity of the men who had engaged in polygamy and defied the law in an assumption of religious immunity; and he believed that the world would pause to reconsider its judgment upon us, if it saw thousands of men—the bankers, the farmers, the merchants, and all the religious leaders of a civilized community—marching in a mass to perform such an act of faith.

But President Taylor was not prepared for a movement that would have recommended itself better to the daring genius of Brigham Young. Taylor had given himself into the custody of the officers of the law once—in Carthage, Illinois—with Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum Smith; and Taylor had been wounded by the mob that broke into the jail and shot the Smiths to death. This, perhaps, had cured him of any faith in the protecting power of innocency. He decided against voluntary surrender; and now that my father's liberty was so seriously threatened, he ordered him to go either to Mexico or to the Hawaiian Islands, where he would be beyond the reach of the United States authorities.

My father believed that if he left Utah his recession might tend to placate the government and soften the severity of the prosecutions of the Mormons; and accordingly on the night of February 12, 1886, he boarded a westbound Central Pacific train at Willard. The Federal officers in some way learned of it; he was arrested on the train at Humboldt Wells, Nevada, and brought back to Utah. Near Promontory he fell from the steps of the moving car at night, in the midst of an alkali desert, and hurt himself seriously. He was recaptured and brought to Salt Lake City on a stretcher in a special car, guarded by a squad of soldiers from Fort Douglas, with loaded muskets, and a captain with a conspicuous sword. He was taken to Judge Zane's chambers and placed under bonds of $25,000. Immediately two bench warrants were issued by a United States Commissioner, and these were served upon him while he lay on a mattress on the floor of Zane's office. Two more bonds of $10,000 each were given. He was then taken home.*

Later, President Taylor still insisting

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* In order to condense the narrative for magazine publication there has been here omitted an account of ex-Senator Cannon's part in these incidents and his attempt to rescue his father. The story will be printed in full in book form.

that he must not stand trial, he disappeared again, "on the underground," and his bonds were declared forfeited. But in the meantime, while the grand jury was hearing testimony against him, one of the beloved women of his family was called for examination, and District Attorney Dickson asked her some questions that deeply wounded her. She returned home weeping. My brothers and I felt that the questions had been needlessly offensive, and after an indignant discussion of the matter, I undertook to remonstrate with Mr. Dickson.

If I had been as wise then as I sometimes *think* I am now, I should have realized that a meeting between us was dangerous; that the feeling, on our side at least, was too warm for calm remonstrances. And I should not have taken with me a younger brother, about sixteen years old, with all the hot-headedness of youth. Fortunately, we did not go armed.

We sought Dickson in the evening at the Continental Hotel, and we found him in the lobby. I asked him to step out on the porch, where I might speak with him in private. He came without a moment's hesitation. He was a big, handsome man in the prime of his strength.

We had scarcely exchanged more than a few sentences formally when my brother drew back and struck him a smashing blow in the face. Dickson grappled with me, a little blinded, and I called to the boy to run—which he very wisely did. Dickson and I were at once surrounded, and I was arrested.

THE LAW'S SEVERITIES FOR MORMONS

Ordinarily, the incident would have been trivial enough, but in the alarmed state of the public mind it was magnified into an attempt on the part of George Q. Cannon's sons to take the life of the United States district attorney. Indictments were found against my brother and myself, and against a cousin who happened to be in another part of the hotel at the time of the attack. Some weeks later, when the excitement had rather died down, I went to the district attorney's office and arranged with his assistant, Mr. Varian, that the indictments against my brother (who had escaped from Utah) and my cousin (who was wholly innocent) should be quashed, and that I should plead guilty to a charge of assault and battery. On this understanding, I appeared in court before Chief Justice Zane.

But Mr. Varian, having consulted with Mr. Dickson, had learned that I had not struck the blow—though, as the elder brother, I was morally responsible for it—and he suggested to the court that sentence be suspended. This Justice Zane seemed prepared to do, but I objected. I was a newspaper writer (as I explained) and I felt that if I criticised the court thereafter for what I believed to be a harshness that amounted to persecution, I could be silenced by the imposition of the suspended sentence; and if I failed to criticise, I should be false to what I considered my duty. I did not wish to be put in any such position; and I said so.

Justice Zane had a respect for the constitution and the statutes that amounted to a creed of infallibility. He was the most superbly rigid pontiff of legal justice that I ever knew. A man of unspotted character, a Puritan, of a sincerity that was afterward accepted and admired from end to end of Utah, he was determined to vindicate the essential supremacy of the civil law over the ecclesiastical domination in the territory; and every act of insubordination against that law was resented and punished by him, unforgivingly. He promptly sentenced me to three months in the County Jail and a fine of $150.

My imprisonment was, of course, a farce. I was merely confined, most of the time, in a room in the County Court House, where I lived and worked as if I were in my home. But the sentence remained on my record as a sufficient mark of my recalcitrance; and I knew that it would not aid me in my appeal to Washington, where I intended to argue—as the first wise concession needed of the Federal authorities—that Chief Justice Zane should no longer be retained on the bench in Utah, but should be succeeded by a man more gentle. He was the great figure among our prosecutors; the others were District Attorney Dickson and the two assistants, Mr. Varian and Mr. Hiles. The square had only *seemed* to be broken by the recent retirement of Mr. Dickson; the strength of his purpose remained still in power, in the person of Judge Zane.

And let me say that whatever my opinion was of these men at that time, I recognize now that they were justified as officers of the law in enforcing the law. If it had not been for them, the Mormon Church would never have been brought to the point of abating one jot of its pretensions. All four men, as their records have since proved, were much superior to their positions as territorial officers. And Utah's admiration for Judge Zane was shown, upon the composition of our differences with the nation, by the Mormon vote that placed him on the Supreme Court Bench. But now the aspect of splendor in their legal authority had something baleful in it, for us; and we saw our own defiance set with a halo of martyrdom and illumined by the radiance of a Church oppressed!

There was more than a glimmer of that radiance in my thoughts as I made the railroad journey from Utah to the East. The Union Pacific Railway, on which I rode, followed the route that the Mormons had taken in their long trek from the Missouri; and I could look from my car window and imagine them toiling across those endless plains—in their creaking wagons, drawn by their oxen and lean farm cows—choked with dust, burned by sun, their faces to the unknown dangers of an unknown wilderness, and behind them the cool-roomed houses, the moist fields, the tree-shaded streets, all the quiet and comfort of the settled life of homekeeping happiness that they had left.

My own mother had come that road, a little girl of eight; and my mind was full of pictures of her, at school in a wagon-box, singing hymns with her elders around the camp fires at night, or kneeling with the mourners beside the grave of an infant relative buried by the roadside. Our train crossed the Loup Fork of the Platte almost within sight of the place where my father, a lad of twenty, had led across the river at nightfall, had been lost to his party, and had nearly perished, naked to the cold, before he struggled back to the camp. I could see their little circle of wagons drawn up at sunset against the menace of the Indians who snaked through the long grass to kill. I could feel some of their despair, and my heart lifted to their heroism. Never had such a migration been made by any people with fewer of the concomitants of their civilization. Their arms had been taken from them at Nauvoo; they had bartered their goods for wagons and cattle to carry them; even the grain that they brought for food had to be saved for seed. They felt themselves devoted to destruction by the people with whose laws they had come in conflict, and they went forth bravely, trusting in the God whom they were determined to worship according to their despised belief.

Now they had built themselves new homes and meeting-houses in the fertile "Valley"; and the civilization that they had left, having covered the distance of their exile, was punishing them again for their lawbreaking fidelity to their faith. Surely they had suffered enough! Surely it was evident that suffering only made them strong to resist! Surely there must be somebody in power in Washington who could be persuaded to see that, where force had always failed, there might be some profit in employing gentleness!

THE FIRST BRIDGE CROSSED

This, at least, was the appeal which I had planned to make. And I had decided to make it through Mr. Abraham S. Hewitt, then mayor of New York City, who had been a friend of my father in Congress. He was not in favor with the administration at Washington. He was personally unfriendly to President Cleveland. I was a stranger to him. But I had seen enough of him to know that he had the heart to hear a plea on behalf of the Mormons, and the brain to help me carry that plea diplomatically to the President.

When I arrived in New York I set about finding him without the aid of any common friend. And, being aware that he might resent an intrusion of public matters upon his private leisure, I decided to see him in his office hours.

I cannot recall why I did not find him in the municipal buildings, but I well remember going to and fro in the streets in search of him, feeling at every step the huge city's absorption in its own press and hurry of affairs, and seeing the troubles of Utah as distant as a foreign war. It was with a keen sense of discouragement that I took my place, at last, in the long line of applicants waiting for a word with the man who directed the municipal activities of this tremendous hive of energy.

He was in the old Stewart building, on Broadway; and he had his desk in what was, I think, a temporary office—on the ground floor. There must have been fifty men ahead of me, and they were the unemployed, as I remember it, besieging him for work. They came to his desk, spoke, and passed with a rapidity that was ominous. As I drew nearer I watched him anxiously, and saw the incessant, nervous activity of eyes, lips, hands, as he dismissed each with a word or a scratch of the pen, and looked up sharply at the next.

"Well, young man," he greeted me, "what do *you* want?"

I replied: "I want a half hour of your time."

"Good God," he said, in a sort of reproachful indignation, "I couldn't give it to the President of the United States."

I felt the crowd of applicants pressing behind me. I knew the man's prodigious humanity. I knew that if I could only hold them back long enough—"Mr. Hewitt," I said, "it's more important even than *that*. It's to save a whole people from suffering—from destruction."

He may have thought me a maniac; or it may be that the desperation of the moment sounded in my voice. He frowned intently up at me. "Who *are* you?"

"I'm the son of your old friend in Congress, George Q. Cannon, of Utah," I said. "My father's in exile. He and his people are threatened with endless proscriptions. I want time to tell you."

His impatience had vanished. His eyes were steadily kind and interested. "Can you come to the Board of Health, in an hour? As soon as I open the meeting I'll retire and listen to you."

I asked him for a card to admit me to the meeting, having been stopped that morning at many doors. He gave it, nodded, and flashed his attention on the man behind me. I went out with the heady assurance that my first move had succeeded; but I went, too, with the restrained pulse of realizing that I had yet to join issue with the decisive event and do it warily.

I do not remember where I found the Board of Health in session. I recall only the dark, official board-room, the members at the table, and—as the one small spot of light and interest to me—Mr. Hewitt's white-bearded face, as an attendant opened the door to me, and the mayor, looking up alertly, nodded across the room.

As soon as he had opened the meeting we withdrew together to a settee in some remote corner, and I began to tell him as quickly as I could the desperateness of the Mormon situation.

"Yes," he said, "but why can't your people obey the law?"

I explained what I have been trying to explain in this narrative—that these people, following a Church which they believed to be guided by God, and regarding themselves as objects of a religious persecution, could not be brought by means of force to obey a law against conscience. I explained that I was not pleading to save their pride, but to spare them useless suffering; their history showed that no proscription, short of extermination outright, could overcome their resistance; but what force could not accomplish a little sensible diplomacy might hope to effect. No first step could be made by them toward a composition of their differences with the law so long as the law was administered with a hostility that provoked hostility. But if we could obtain some mitigation of the law's severity, the leaders of the Church were willing to surrender themselves to the court—such of them as had not already died of their privations or served their terms of imprisonment—and a sense of gratitude for leniency would prepare the way for a recession from their present attitude of unconquerable antagonism.

He listened gravely, knowing the situation from his own experience in Congress, and checking off the items of my argument with a nod of acceptance that came, often, before I had finished. He asked: "Do you know President Cleveland?"

I told him that I had seen the President several times but was not known to him.

"Well," he said, "I may be able to help you indirectly. I don't care for Cleveland, and I wouldn't ask him for a favor if I were sinking. But tell me what plan you have in your mind, and I'll see if I can't aid you—through friends."

I replied that I hoped to have some man appointed as Chief Justice in Utah who should adopt a less rigorous way of adjudicating upon the cases of polygamists; but that before he was selected—or at least before he knew of his appointment—I wished to talk with him and convert him to the idea that he could begin the solution of "the Mormon question" by having the leaders come into his court and accept sentences that should not be inconsistent with the sovereignty of the law but not unmerciful to the subjects of that sovereignty.

"The man you want," Mr. Hewitt said, "is here in New York—Elliot F. Sandford. He's a referee of the Supreme Court of this state—a fine man, great legal ability, courageous, of undoubted integrity. Come to me to-morrow. I'll introduce you to him."

It was the first time that I had even heard the name of Elliot F. Sandford; and I had not the faintest notion of how best to approach him. I did not find him in Mr. Hewitt's office, on the morrow; but the mayor had communicated with him, and now gave me a letter of introduction to him; and I went alone to present it.

He received me in his outer office, with a manner full of kindliness but noncommittal. He glanced through my letter of introduction, and I tried to read him while he did it. He was not on the surface. He was a tall, dignified man, his hair turning gray—thoughtful, judicial—evidently a man who was not quick to decide. He led me into his private room, and sat down with the air of a lawyer who has been asked to take a case and who wishes first to hear all the details of the action.

I began by describing the Mormon situation as I saw it in those days: that the Mormons were growing more desperately determined in their opposition, because they believed their prosecutors were persecuting them; that the district attorney and his assistants were harsh to the point of heartlessness, and that Judge Zane (to us, then) acted like a religious fanatic in his judicial office; that nearly every Federal official in Utah had taken a tone of bigoted opposition to the people; and that the law was detested and the government despised because of the actions of Federal "carpetbaggers."

I was prejudiced, no doubt, and partisan in my account of the state of affairs, but I did not exaggerate the facts as I saw them; I believed what I said.

I did not really reach his sympathy until I spoke of the court system in Utah—the open venire—the employment of "professional jurors"—the legal doctrine of "segregation," under which a man might be separately indicted for every day of his living in plural marriage—and the result: that the pursuit of defendants and the confiscation of property had become less an enforcement of law than a profitable legal industry.

After two hours of argument and examination, I ended with an appeal to him to accept the opportunity to undertake a merciful assuagement of our misery. After so many years of failure on the part of the Federal authorities, he might have the distinction of calling into his court the Mormon leaders who had been most long and vainly sought by the law; and he could begin the composition of a conflict that had gone on for half a century.

He replied with reasons that expressed a kindly unwillingness to undertake the work. It would mean the sacrifice of his professional career in New York. He would be putting himself outside the progression of advancement. His friends, here, would never understand why he had done it.

I saw that he was not convinced. His wife had been waiting some minutes in the outer office; he proposed that he should bring her in; and I gathered from his manner that he expected her to pronounce against his accepting my solicitation, and so terminate our interview pleasantly, with the aid of the feminine social grace.

A WOMAN'S DECISION

Mrs. Sandford, when she entered, certainly looked the very lady to do the thing with gentle skill. She was handsome, with an animated expression, dark-eyed, dark-haired, charming in her costume, a woman of the smiling world, but maturely sincere and unaffected. I heard him begin to explain my proposal to her, as one hears a "silent partner" formally consulted by a man who has already made up his mind. But when I glanced at her, seated, her manner had changed. She was listening as if she were used to being consulted and knew the responsibilities of decision. She had the abstracted eye of impersonal consideration—silent—with now and then a slow, meditative glance at me.

Her first question seemed merely femininely curious as to the domestic aspects of polygamy. How did the women endure it?

I repeated a conversation I had once had with Frances Willard, who had said: "The woman's heart must ache in polygamy." To which I had made the obvious reply: "Don't women's hearts ache all over the world? Is there any condition of society in which women do not bear more than an equal share of the suffering?"

Mrs. Sandford asked me pointedly whether I was living in polygamy.

No, I was not.

Did I believe in it?

I believed that those *did* who practiced it.

Why didn't I practice it?

Those who practiced it believed that it had been authorized by a divine revelation. I had not received such a revelation.

Our talk warmed into a very intimate discussion of the lives of the Mormon people, but I supposed that she was moved only by a curiosity to which I was accustomed. I took advantage of her curiosity to lead up to an explanation of how the proscription of polygamy was driving young Mormons into the practice, instead of frightning them from it. And at last I made my appeal again, to them both, with something of despair, because of my failure with him, and perhaps with greater effect because of my despair. She listened thoughtfully, her hands clasped.

It did not seem that I had reached her—until she turned to him, and said unexpectedly: "It seems to me that this is an opportunity—a larger opportunity than any I see *here*—to do a great deal of good."

He did not appear as surprised as I was. He made some joking reference to his income and asked her if she would be willing to live on a salary of— How much was the salary of the Chief Justice of Utah?

I thought it was about $3,000 a year.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a month," he said. "How many bonnets will that buy?"

"No," she retorted, "you can't put the blame on my millinery bill. If *that's* been the cause of your hesitation, I'll agree to dress as becomes the wife of a poor but upright judge."

In such a happy spirit of good-natured raillery, my petition was provisionally entertained, till I could see the President; and it is one of the curiosities of experience, as I look back upon it now, that a decision so momentous in the history of Utah owed its induction to the wisdom of a woman and was confirmed with a domestic pleasantry.

I left them after we had arrived at the tacit understanding that if President Cleveland should make the appointment, Mr. Sandford would accept it with the end in view that I had proposed. I went to report my progress, in a cipher telegram, to Salt Lake City, and I recall the peculiarly mixed satisfaction with which I regarded my work, as I walked the streets of New York after this interview. In all that city of millions, I knew, there were few, if any, men who were the equal of my father in the essentials of manhood; and yet, before he could enjoy the liberties of which they were so lightly unconscious, he must endure the shame of a prison. I was rejoicing because I was succeeding in getting for him a sentence that should not be ruinous!

When I went back to Mr. Hewitt, to tell him of my success, I consulted with him upon the best way of approaching Mr. Cleveland. And he was not encouraging. In his opinion of the President, he had, as I could see, the impatient resentment which a quick-minded, nervous, small-bodied man has for the big, slow one whose mental operations are stubbornly deliberate and leisurely. And he was obviously irritated by the President's continual assumption that he was better than his party. "No one," he said, "can question his honesty. But as soon as he discovers a better thing than he knew previously, he announces it as if it were the discovery of a new planet. It may have been a commonplace for a generation. That doesn't signify. He announces it with such ponderosity that the world believes it's as prodigious as his sentences!"

As for my own mission: I would have to be persistent, patient, and—lucky. "You'll have to be lucky, if you intend to persuade him to acquire any information. He's been so successful in instructing mankind that it's hard to get him to see he doesn't know all he ought to know about a public question. But he's honest and he's courageous. If you can convince him that your view is right, he'll carry out the conviction in spite of everything. In fact, he'll be all the better pleased if it requires defiance of general sentimentality *to* carry it out."

He gave me a letter to Mr. William C. Whitney, then Secretary of the Navy, explaining my purpose in coming to Washington, and asking him to obtain for me an interview with President Cleveland without using Mr. Hewitt's name. Then he shook hands with me, and wished me success. "I have the faith," he said, "that is without hope."

That expressed my own feeling. The faith that was without hope!

The Second Instalment of "**Under the Prophet in Utah**" will appear in the January Number.

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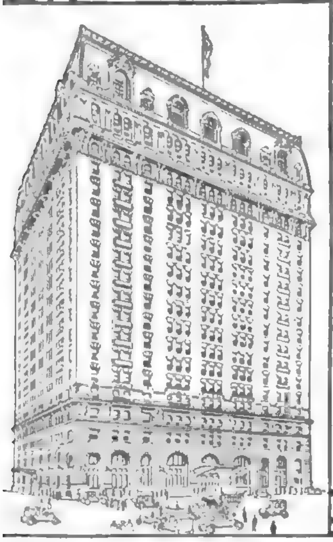

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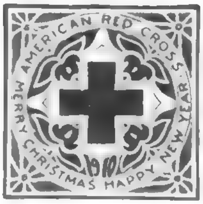
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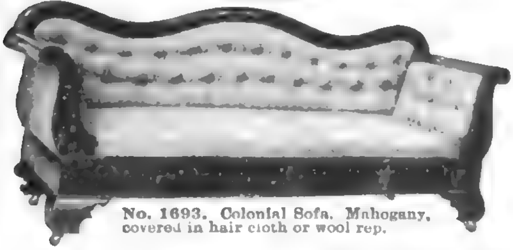

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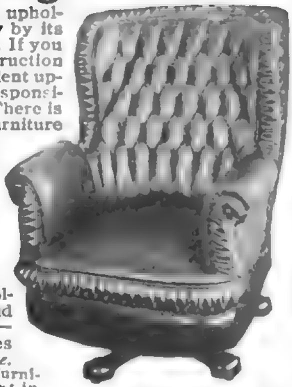

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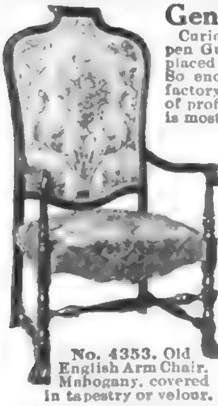

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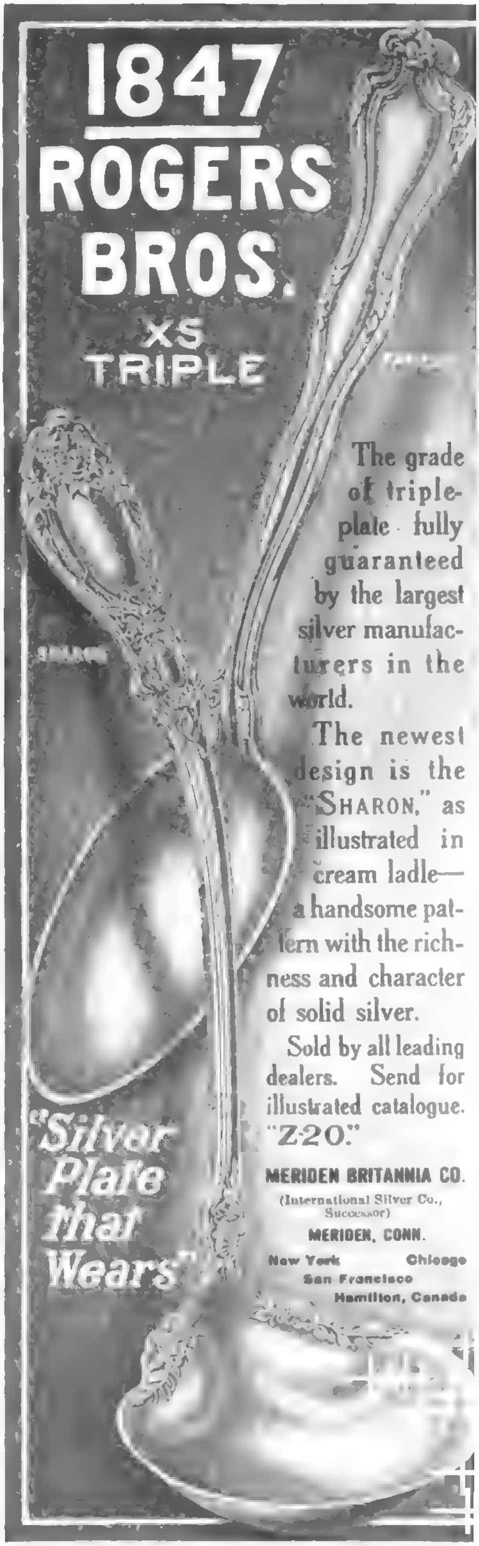

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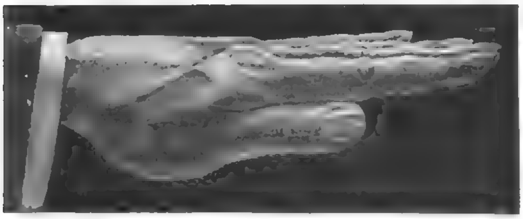
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
(International Silver Co., Successor)
MERIDEN, CONN.
New York Chicago
San Francisco
Hamilton, Canada



Is Your Hand Steady?

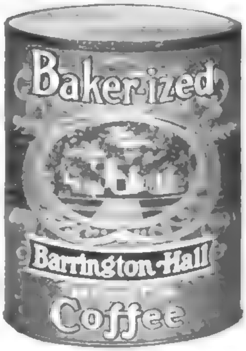
Extend your hand at arm's length, and see if your fingers tremble. It is a sure sign of an overwrought nervous condition. If this is due to coffee,—try Baker-ized Coffee.

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways. First—the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any other coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Second—the coffee passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.



Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness. Try it yourself! A trial can *free*. A pound at your grocer's at 35 to 40 cents according to locality.

TRIAL CAN FREE

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
110 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send as advertised, a free sample can enough to make 6 cups Barrington Hall Coffee, also booklet "The Coffee without a Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name in the margin.

Name.........................

Address.........................

Reed & Barton

THAT NAME is your sure protection when you buy silverware. For nearly a century it has meant such excellence that it is far too precious to be associated with anything less than perfection. The name of Reed & Barton is equalled by few and surpassed by none in reliability and quality of product.

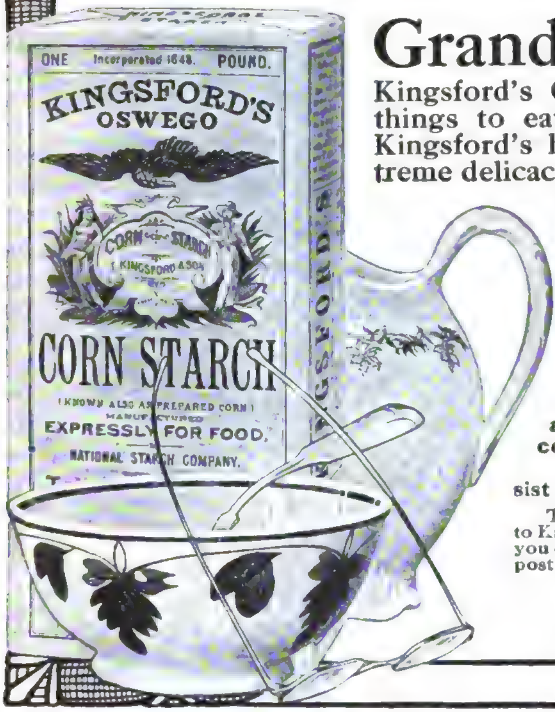
There are many makers of Sterling Silver and Silver Plate. Some of them are old-established and thoroughly reliable. Only a few make unwarranted claims. But there is no better Sterling Silver or Silver Plate to be had at any price than that bearing the name of Reed & Barton. Your jeweler will show you many patterns.

REED & BARTON
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

Main Office and Works, Taunton, Mass.

Represented at
Fifth Avenue, at 32d Street, New York
4 Maiden Lane, New York
209 State Street, Chicago
154 Sutter Street, San Francisco

ESTABLISHED 1824


ONE Incorporated 1848. POUND.
KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO
CORN STARCH
T. KINGSFORD & SON
CORN STARCH
(KNOWN ALSO AS PREPARED CORN)
MANUFACTURED
EXPRESSLY FOR FOOD.
NATIONAL STARCH COMPANY.
KINGSFORD'S

Grandmother Used

Kingsford's Corn Starch. She made good things to eat with it. For over 60 years Kingsford's has been celebrated for its extreme delicacy and purity. It takes weeks of old-fashioned care to produce

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO
CORN STARCH

—while ordinary corn starch can be made in a few days. **Yet you are asked as much for these low-grade corn starches as for Kingsford's.**

It will pay you in every way to insist upon Kingsford's Corn Starch.

The Cook Book "G" tells "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch," 168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *It's free*—just send your name on a post card.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
OSWEGO, N. Y.
National Starch Company, Successors

EDUCATOR ARK

A Permanent Plaything

EDUCATOR
Animal
CRACKERS

Delight and Nourish Youngsters

Here's the latest addition to the Educator Cracker family. Packed in a beautiful Ark of heavy tin, lithographed in 12 colors. *Highest class cracker container ever put out in America.*

"Just the thing for Christmas"

but it makes a holiday whenever a child gets it. Each cracker has a high food value—being made from entire wheat, rye, barley, cornmeal or oatmeal. Educator Animal Crackers for refilling Ark sold in 25c tins by your grocer.

Every child likes an Ark—get him the Educator Ark

Sent, express prepaid, on receipt of $1.00 if your grocer can't supply you.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY, 212 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Let's make the Christmas Candy at home. Use Karo Syrup and follow the *easy, practical* Karo recipes—Fondant Creams, Chocolates, Glace Nuts and Fruits, Fudges, Taffies, "Divinities," etc.

Karo

Large Cans, 10c. & 15c.

The *new* Karo (Extra Quality) is exactly the same candy syrup that the finest confectioners use. Clear as strained honey—delicate in flavor. Look for the *red label.*

Karo (Golden Brown) is fine for Taffies and Fudges—*blue label.*

Send your name on a post card today for the Karo Cook Book—*Free.*

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. G NEW YORK P. O. Box 161

For the Children Christmas and Candy Are Synonymous

But the candy should be as pure as the day. It may surprise you to know that

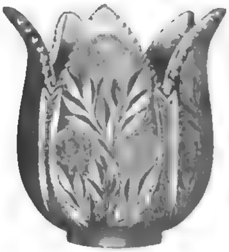
KNOX
PURE—PLAIN—SPARKLING
GELATINE

which you remember best as the basis of your favorite dessert, will make candy, too. But it will make candy that is delicious enough to satisfy the children, and pure enough for them to eat all they want.

Our beautifully illustrated booklet shows you just how easy it is to make candies with Knox Gelatine—Knox Turkish Delights, Knox Mints, Knox Marshmallows, Knox Caramels. It also gives recipes for over a hundred desserts. Sent *free* for your grocer's name.

Sample pint package for a two-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO., 104 Knox Av., Johnstown, N. Y.



The Lure Of The Wild Rose

The Rose is the daintiest of all cut glass creations.

It is elegant in its simplicity—delicate and beautiful in tracery as the wild rose itself.

There are some rare patterns of which the eye never tires—the Wild Rose is *chiefest* of these, its charm is always in full bloom—and you'll know that your Wild Rose cut glass can never be copied—the design is patented.

These are reasons why this exclusive cutting has found favor in the finest homes in America.

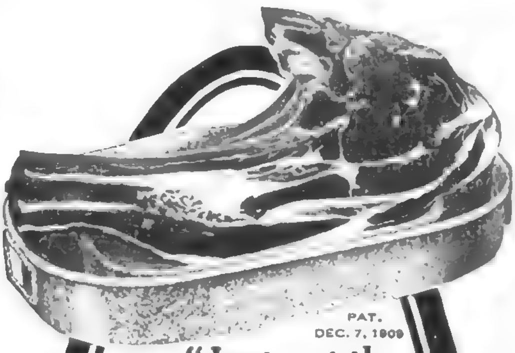
→ *Clark* ←

CUT GLASS

(*this* → *points the name*)

offers many new surprises to the seeker after the *different* in cut glass. The new Prima Donna cutting is another step away from the conventional. Its abrupt angles, deep cutting and tessellated rims afford new pleasure to the eye. These and other special Clark designs are to be had at the leading stores all over the country. Standard for 25 years. "Clark" *exclusiveness* costs no more than *commonplace* designs. Visit a Clark dealer or see the Clark illustrated book before you buy even a *single* piece of cut glass.

T. B. CLARK & CO. (Inc.),
HONESDALE, PA.



PAT.
DEC. 7, 1909

"Just put the roast in the oven and take it out when it is done"

That is the fitting manner in which a woman who has used one describes the Cream City Roaster. And every new user agrees with her that it is the greatest labor saving and time saving roaster ever made. You just have to prepare your roast in the usual way—place it on the raised concave center—fill the waterwell with hot water—and put it in the oven.

That's all there is to do

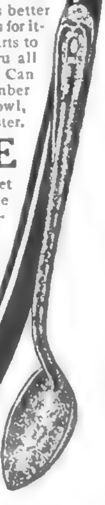
There's no trouble—no worry—no work—plenty of time for the other duties of a busy kitchen—and absolute certainty of success.

The Cream City ROASTER

makes practical use of every feature of old fashioned roasting methods but eliminates all the faults. It has a perfected waterwell which produces the moist heat necessary for perfect roasting. It requires

No Basting or Watching

—does not burn the meat or the gravy—retains all the flavoring juices and keeps the inside of the roast solid and rich with the full meaty flavor. It roasts better and quicker and effects saving of fuel that pays for itself in a short time. Has no unnecessary parts to handle or to clean—roasts all the way thru all the time and makes all roasts more tender. Can be used every day in the year—for any number of purposes—to bake apples, fry chops, roast fowl, fish or ham—it is not a "State Occasion" roaster.



Get this Spoon FREE

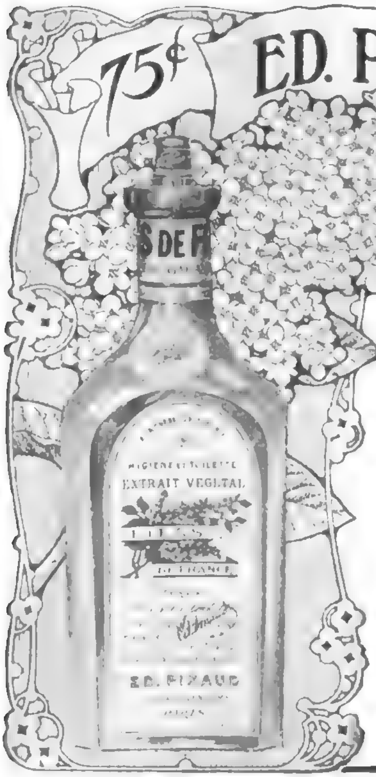
To introduce Cream City Garnet Enameled Ware into every home we will send you a large 14 in. kitchen spoon, made of famous Garnet Ware, useful for any number of purposes, if you will send us your dealer's name. Send five 2c stamps to cover cost of wrapping and postage.

We will send a valuable recipe book and more information about Cream City Ware if you send us your name and address and dealer's name.

GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY CO., 73 15th St.
Milwaukee,
U.S.A.

Look for this Trade Mark on Kitchen Ware.

It isn't genuine Cream City Ware without this mark.



75¢ ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

SIX
BOTTLES

of this exquisite toilet water are an average half year's supply. What more delightful Christmas gift could you select? Refined men and women always appreciate

ED. PINAUD'S
Toilet Preparations

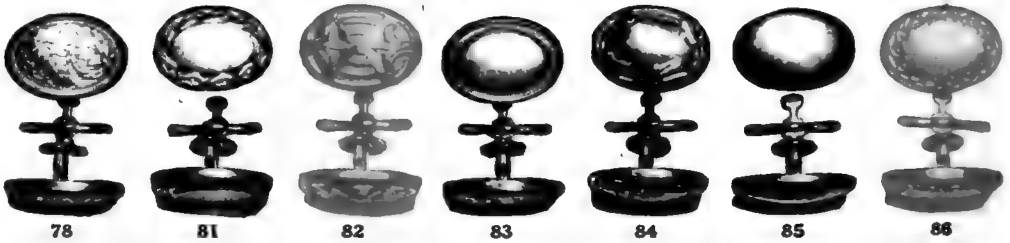
If you would like to test Lilac Vegetal before purchasing from your dealer, please send 10c to our American offices. Regular size (6 oz.) bottle retails for 75c.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
409 ED. PINAUD BLDG. - - - - NEW YORK

Finest Thing Ever

Lyons Lock Link Cuff Buttons

Made in Two Qualities—$1.00 and $1.50 a Pair Everywhere



FINE GOLD FILLED AND GUARANTEED TO WEAR A LIFETIME

They will save their price in laundry bills because they keep your cuffs in perfect form and cannot wrench, stretch or fray the buttonholes. You can turn up your sleeves without removing buttons or soiling cuffs. You put them in once and they remain until cuffs or shirt need laundering. They are simple in construction; nothing to get out of order. A finger's motion turns the lever and locks the button. Made in fifty styles for men and women from fine gold-filled stock. **If you can't get them through your local dealer, order by number direct from us,** specifying bright or dull finish, as you prefer. We know they give entire satisfaction, and **we guarantee to refund the money to any purchaser if a ten days' trial proves unsatisfactory.** Reputable dealers should write at once for sample cards holding six and twelve pairs.

$1.00 and $1.50
A Pair Everywhere

DEALERS: THESE GOODS ARE DESTINED TO BECOME STAPLE.

C. D. LYONS CO., H Street, Mansfield, Mass.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor $1 With 12 Blades

IF you are a shaving man you are bound to buy the EVER-READY Safety Razor eventually. Over two million users already,—the quicker you join the better off your face, temper and purse.

Your dealer will tell you that the EVER-READY is the **best** Safety Razor to buy. Price doesn't make a razor shave,—it's chiefly the blade, and that's where the EVER-READY "has it on them all."

'Ever-Ready' SAFETY RAZOR

EVER-READY Blades are made of the highest-priced steel produced, individually tested with most critical exactness and wrapped in patented protecting package. There are **12** Ever-Ready blades in each dollar outfit, together with life-long safety frame, handle, blade stropper, and is compactly arranged in lock button case.

Almost every Dealer in the land, **Druggists, Hardware, Jewelry,** Department Stores, and many in Men's Wear, sell the EVER-READY Safety Razor at $1 complete—with the binding guarantee that the makers will refund the purchase price of $1 without question or quibble, if after a test the user could possibly want his money back. Mail orders filled if not at dealers.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Corner 35th Street and 6th Avenue
New York
International Distributing Co., Montreal, Canada

TRADE MARK FACE

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

50¢ per Pack.

A Little World of Art-Beauty is Revealed in

CONGRESS CARDS

GOLD EDGES. IVORY AND AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
LARGE INDEXES—IDEAL FOR BRIDGE

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES. HOYLE UP TO DATE.
SENT FOR 15 C. IN STAMPS, OR 3 SEALS FROM CONGRESS WRAPPERS, OR 6 FLAP ENDS OF BICYCLE CASES.
THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

BICYCLE CARDS

LARGE INDEXES. IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH
IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY. THE MOST DURABLE 25¢ CARD MADE.

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

25¢ per Pack

The "Rex" Electric Vibrator

Will Insure The Health of Your Household

Mechanical Vibratory Massage, by means of the "Rex" Electric Vibrator, is the one natural way of attaining perfect health. Vibration means rejuvenation of tired systems, new health, new strength, new vitality and increased efficiency for the business man; natural vigor, a clear complexion, steady nerves and a rekindled joy in living to the woman with many household and social duties.

The "Rex" at $15.00 enables you to receive all the benefits of Mechanical Vibration in your own home, at a mere fraction of the cost of the specialist, and at the very instant when treatments are most desired. By steadying the nerves, stimulating the circulation, and relieving pain, the "Rex" accomplishes wonderful results.

To a woman, nothing is more delightful than a face and scalp massage with the "Rex." To a man, nothing is more restful, more helpful, than a few minutes use of the "Rex" after a hard day's work. For man, woman and child, the "Rex" is the natural means of building up and retaining all the faculties necessary to perfect health.

LET US TELL YOU MORE OF THE "REX" VIBRATOR AND WHAT IT CAN DO FOR YOU. Let us send you our booklet on Vibration. Let us tell you how you can see, and use the "Rex" before you decide to purchase. We furnish the "Rex" to operate either on regular city lighting current or on dry cells.

As a Christmas Gift, the "Rex" is ideal, combining a most attractive article with the utmost of practicability and usefulness.

The "Rex" Hair Drying Attachment

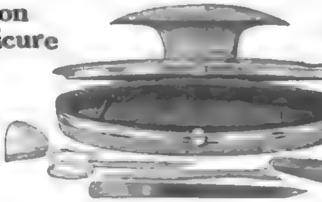
A desirable feature to be had in connection with "Rex" Vibrators is the ingenious Hair Drying Attachment. Attached in an instant, it is remarkably efficient, drying the heaviest head of hair in a few moments. These attachments are made in two styles, one giving hot blast only, the other both hot and cold.

Write today for full information

THE ROYAL SPECIALTY CO.

5112 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Allwon Manicure Set



The Buffer's the Case for the Rest of the Set

This Handy Manicure Set Is A Useful Xmas Gift

Just before Christmas last year, we sold nearly 54,000 of these splendid Manicure Sets. Everybody thinks they're great—both Givers and Givees—Men, Women and Young Folks. It really is a dandy present.

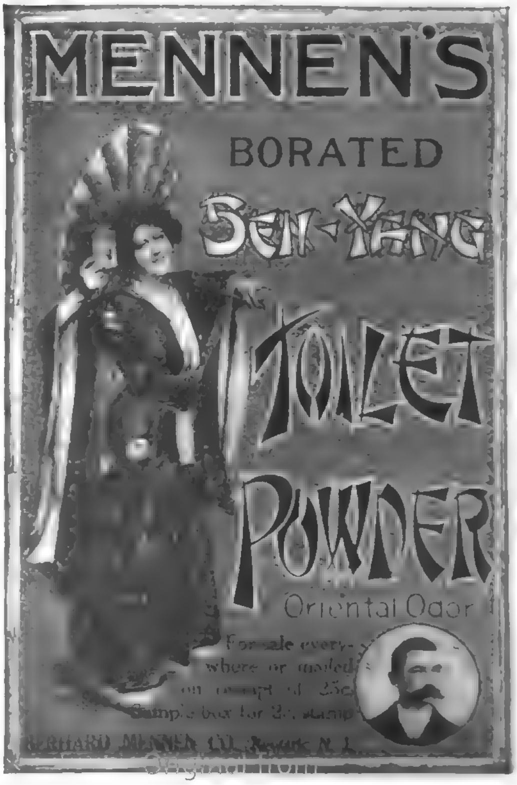
It's so handy. The whole set goes into the velvet-lined, jewel-case Buffer. And each article is meant to last for a life-time. The scissors and the duplex file are imported from Germany. The emery boards, orange-wood stick, the nail lustre and the salve are all as good as money can buy.

Besides it's a great saving. You see ordinary buffers have to be thrown away as soon as the chamois soils. But with the Allwon Buffer, you can quickly put on new chamois as often as you wish. So you never need a new Buffer. This saving alone soon pays for the set.

And the Allwon Set costs less than an ordinary set—only $2.00, complete, with Buffer beautifully nickel-plated—silver-plated, $2.50—Sterling silver, $5.00 Others in elaborately hand-engraved silver and gold, up to $10.50. Sold by Department and Dry Goods Stores, Druggists and Jewellers. Or, if not yet on sale in your town, send us your dealer's name and the price and we will supply you prepaid.

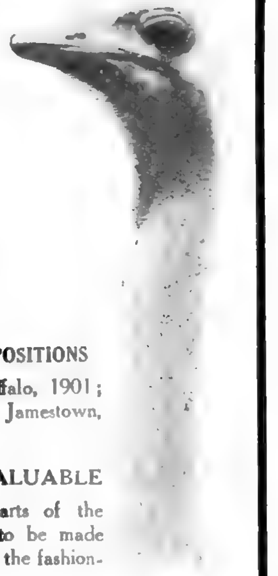
U. S. Specialty Co., Suite 113, 752 Broadway, New York City

E. F. WALTER & CO., 166 McGill St., Montreal, Can.
Exclusive Wholesale Canadian Agent


MENNEN'S
BORATED
SEN-YANG
TOILET
POWDER
Oriental Odor
For sale everywhere or mailed on receipt of 25c.
Sample box for 2c. stamp
GERHARD MENNEN CO. Newark N. J.

We Deliver Free

Cawston Ostrich Feathers



CAWSTON'S WILLOW PLUME

This season's most fashionable feather. This magnificent plume is made entirely of male bird feathers. 17 inches long, in black, white or any solid color, $10.00.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT PLEASED

CAWSTON OSTRICH BOAS

As a Christmas present, what can equal a Cawston Ostrich Feather Boa? We have these in all sizes from one and one-half yards at $10.00 up. Selection may be left to us.

FIRST PRIZES AT WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS

Omaha, 1898; Paris, 1900; Buffalo, 1901; St. Louis, 1904; Portland, 1905; Jamestown, 1907; Seattle, 1909.

YOUR OLD FEATHERS VALUABLE

Thousands of women in all parts of the country send us their old feathers to be made over, re-dyed, curled or changed into the fashionable willow plume.

CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST SENT FREE. 40 page souvenir book, illustrating interesting farm scenes and showing latest styles in ostrich feather goods. WRITE FOR IT.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

Established 1886 **P. O. Box 51, South Pasadena, Cal.**

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

"All the Argument Necessary"

The International Journal of Surgery, August, 1905, under the heading **"CYSTITIS"** says: "In the treatment of Cystitis water is the great aid to all forms of medication. Moreover, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is the ideal form in which to administer it to the cystitic patient, as it is not only a pure solvent, but has the additional virtue of containing substantial quantities of the alkaline Lithates. Patients should be encouraged to take from two to four quarts per day if they can, and the relief they will obtain will be all the argument necessary after the first day or so."

Dr. Geo. Ben. Johnston, M. D. LL. D., *Richmond, Va., Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Virginia Medical Society, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia:* "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of usefulness, I would unhesitatingly answer, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**. **In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia,** and the like, its action is prompt and lasting. . . . . **Almost any case of Pyelitis and Cystitis** will be alleviated by it, and many cured."

Medical testimonials mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

Guaranteed under Pure Food and Drugs Act June 30, 1906.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. **BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA**

MOTHER SAYS

CUTICURA SOAP

And Ointment Grew this Hair

Extract from a letter addressed to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, by Mrs. A. T. Lewis, Tyler, Texas

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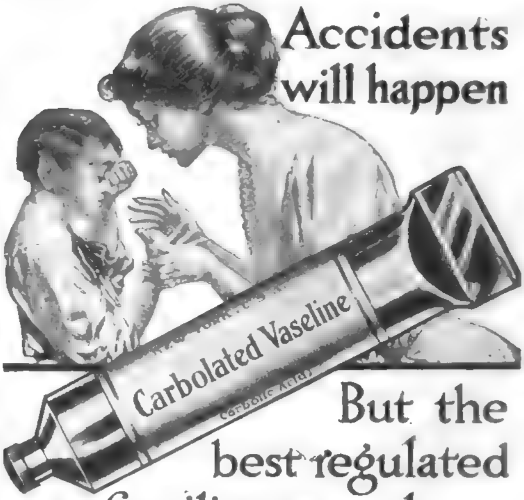


Accidents will happen

But the best regulated families now have

CARBOLATED VASELINE

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY, PURE TIN TUBES
(Contain No Lead)

This perfect antiseptic dressing is the safest way of utilizing the cleansing and healing value of Carbolic Acid, combined with the soothing comfort of Vaseline.

Cuts, Sores, Abrasions, Burns, Wounds, Bruises

soon stop smarting and quickly heal when treated with Carbolated Vaseline. It prevents infection, cures, cools and comforts.

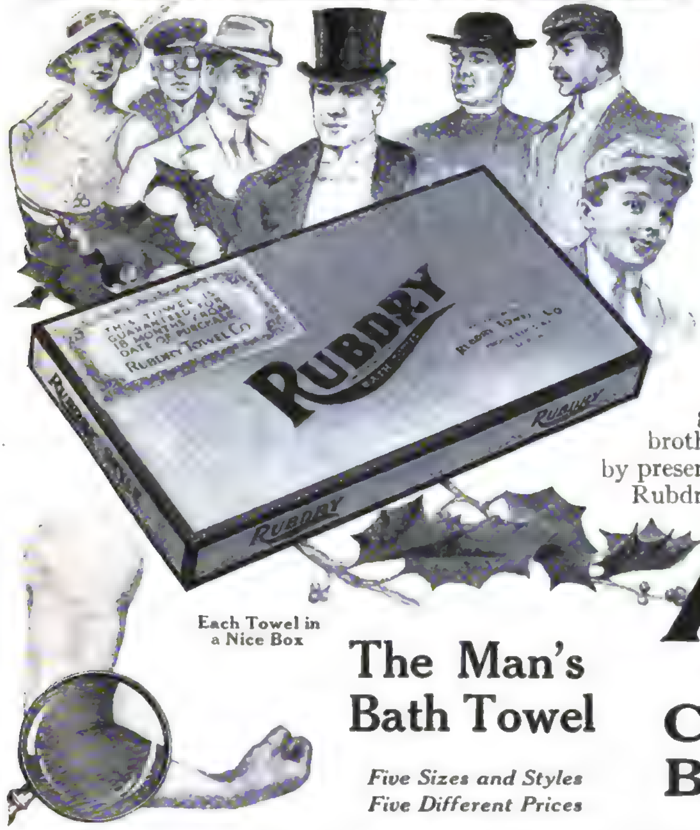
Only one of the 12 Vaseline Preparations that together form a safe and convenient medicine-chest for all the little accidents and ailments prevalent in every family.

WRITE for our FREE VASELINE BOOK

It tells you of the special uses for

Mentholated Vaseline
Capsicum Vaseline
Carbolated Vaseline
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc
Vaseline Cold Cream
Vaseline Camphorated Cream
White Vaseline
Pomade Vaseline
Borated Vaseline
Perfumed White Vaseline
Camphorated Vaseline
Vaseline Camphor Ice

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
Proprietors of Every "Vaseline" Product
34 State Street, New York
Branch Offices
London Montreal



Each Towel in a Nice Box

A Present that will Please ANY Man

A Rubdry Towel in an individual box makes a present any man will be delighted to receive. Men revel in the skin purity and down-in-the-pores cleanness which Rubdry Bath Towels alone can give. You cannot please father, brother, husband, or friend better than by presenting him two, three or half-dozen Rubdry bath towels. The best classes of men are using Rubdry bath towels exclusively.

RUBDRY BATH TOWELS

The Man's Bath Towel

Five Sizes and Styles
Five Different Prices

Cotton Sponge Bath Towels

Rubdry bath towels come in five different sizes and qualities costing (each) 39c, 53c, 73c, 85c and $1.25. We recommend the 53c (medium) and 85c (large) grades as the best values. The $1.25 "De Luxe" is extra large and luxurious. Each towel is packed in a dainty, individual box; and each towel carries a printed dated guarantee for 1½ years service. Properly laundered the bath towel often lasts 4 and 5 years. A Rubdry Towel never sheds lint. The nubbed cotton sponges, of which the towel is constructed, knead and manipulate the pores and fissures of the skin, and free them of water, soap and impurities as no other towel will do.

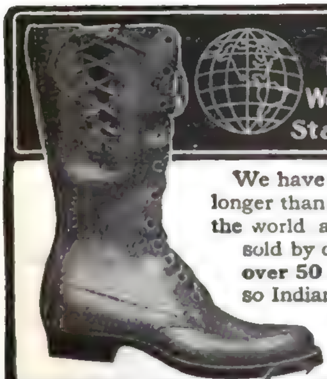
Get Rubdry Bath Towels from your dry goods man, druggist or men's furnishing store if possible.

But if not, send direct to us, and we will pay expressage and ship same day with privilege of exchange or refund, if you desire it. For two, three or six towels, send two, three or six times price here quoted for single towel. A present of "Rubdrys" is a present fit for a king.

Packages forwarded promptly to addresses furnished by giver.
Giver's card (Xmas or calling), if sent us, enclosed in the package.

One Rubdry Sample Washcloth sent for 4c to pay postage. Additional Washcloths, 10c

RUBDRY TOWEL CO., 175 South Angell Street Providence, R. I.



THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

The World's Standard

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

We have made boots for Sportsmen, Prospectors, Civil and Mining Engineers &c. longer than any other boot makers and KNOW HOW. Putman Boots sell all over the world and have justly earned the slogan, "The World's Standard". Where not sold by dealers we ship the Genuine Putman Boots direct to you. **Catalog of over 50 styles of boots at all prices, and self measurement blanks sent free.** Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins. Cut shows a 14 inch boot, hand sewed, water-proofed, black or brown color, made to your measure and delivered in the U. S., Canada or Mexico for.................... **$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO. 21 HENNEPIN AVE. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE
TEST PAPERS
For Diagnosing the Mouth Condition
LEHN & FINK, Sole U. S. Licensees, PEBECO
118 William Street New York City
With other tooth pastes you fill your brush
With Pebeco use only this much

Have You "Acid Mouth," the Forerunner of Tooth Destruction?

The enamel of the teeth is among the hardest of substances, yet it fairly *crumbles away* under the attacks of "acid mouth," and unless professional aid is resorted to, the result is *tooth destruction,* for when the enamel is pierced the way is open for bacteria to disintegrate the interior tooth structure.

Tooth decay in 95 cases out of 100 is traceable directly to excess acid in the mouth. Have your teeth ever decayed? Do your gums bleed easily—are they "spongy" and sore? Is your breath unpleasant? In other words, HAVE YOU ACID MOUTH? Neutralize this abnormal condition and remove its ill effects by using

We invite you to try Pebeco at our expense. See below.

PEBECO
Tooth Paste

This perfected dentifrice which has been used by dentists and people who know for seventeen years has a definite scientific action on the teeth and gums, overcomes the mouth acids of digestion and of fermenting food particles and keeps the mouth healthy, germ-free, acid-free, wholesome and *preserves* the teeth.

At the same time Pebeco is an ideal *cleanser,* whitening and polishing the teeth, dissolving tartar deposits and even removing most obstinate discolorations.

Pebeco hardens delicate, bleeding gums, and it does away with foul breath by removing the *cause.* Its prophylactic and revitalizing influence extend to the entire oral cavity, the effects of which are manifested in an unmistakable feeling of freshness and vigor.

Please Write for Ten Day Trial Tube

and receive the TEST PAPERS which will enable you to determine scientifically whether you have "acid mouth"—and to prove that Pebeco removes it.

Pebeco Tooth Paste originated in the hygienic laboratories of **P. Beiersdorf & Co.,** Hamburg, Germany, and has since found favor in every corner of the globe. It is sold everywhere in large 50-cent tubes. Most economical, because so little is necessary. Sent on receipt of price if dealer has none.

LEHN & FINK, 118 William Street, New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

who owes her clear, fair complexion o Lablache, anticipates with pleas ire the social functions of winter No boudoir equipment can be omplete without **Lablache,** *he* great beautifier, *invisible,* ough *adherent.* **Lablache** omplexions retain that smooth, elvety appearance of youth ind refinement.

Refuse substitutes They may e dangerous Flesh, White, Pink or Cream 50c a box, of druggists or by mail *Send 10c for sample box*

BEN LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 5 125 Kingston Street Boston, Mass.

Important to Health and Comfort
DRESS & CARE of the FEET
'Tis a Feat to Fit Feet

FREE

An illustrated 50-page linen-bound stiff-covered book on the

Dress and Care of the Feet

By Dr. P. Kahler

A study of foot-comfort—how to secure it—with practical instruction in the care of the feet, the kind of stocking and style of shoe to wear.

It covers the treatment of Ingrowing Toenails, Bunions, Corns, Callosities of the Sole and Distortions of the Feet.

This book is presented to those who apply—if by mail send 2c stamp for postage.

DR. P. KAHLER & SONS
Surgeon Chiropodists
Established 1868
1160 Broadway
New York

In Consultation Doctors Say Toilet Paper

should be soothing, healing and absolutely free from the possibility of catching dust or germs, and that

Sani-Tissue

is the only balsamized toilet tissue possessing these qualities. The chemical treatment with Canada Balsam makes it soothing and healing, and, combined with the long vegetable fibres entering into the manufacture of the paper, "Sani-Tissue" presents a smooth, cloth-like surface that cannot collect impurities. It costs no more than the ordinary cheap, splintery toilet papers. Ask your dealer for a carton containing

3 Parchment-Wrapped Rolls for 25 cents

Sani-Tissue

This Porcelain Holder FREE

for 8 of these Balsam Trade-marks

and 50 cents for Packing and Shipping Charges

SANITISSUE

THIS HOLDER is made of the finest quality white porcelain to match the tiling and aseptic fittings of modern bath-rooms. Simple in construction—just twist the end and insert the roll. Absolutely sanitary and, if you could buy it, would cost you $1.00 anywhere.

Tear the trade-mark (Balsam Sani-Tissue) from each side of a carton of Sani-Tissue (containing three rolls); send us eight (8) of these trade-marks, together with 50 cents in cash to cover the cost of packing and shipping, and we will send you one of these Porcelain Holders *absolutely free of cost* by express, all charges prepaid to points east of the Mississippi River.

The 8 "Balsam Sani-Tissue" Trade-marks and 50c. must be sent direct to us.

Scott Paper Company, 623 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia
Makers of ScotTissue Towels

By Way of Introduction to the

Outlook

Weekly Newspaper and Illustrated Monthly Magazine in One

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor **HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor**

NO other periodical has ever held exactly the position in the life of the Nation which The Outlook now occupies, and no other journal gives in the same efficient way the service which The Outlook renders to busy men and women who wish to keep accurately informed concerning the world's doings. As a Weekly Newspaper, The Outlook presents in paragraphs and editorial articles a concise record and interpretation of current history and current problems. Its contributed articles discuss those problems and that history in terms of human experience. As a Monthly Magazine, The Outlook presents in the fourth issue of each month a large and varied group of illustrated articles, each tested by standards of literary workmanship and each having a vital editorial reason for its selection. Those who read The Outlook regularly soon become its enthusiastic friends. Ask them what it is that makes The Outlook different from anything else, and why it is that The Outlook is so often quoted in politics, in business, and in the home.

Theodore Roosevelt

is actively associated with The Outlook as a member of its editorial staff, and those who wish to know what he really has to say on matters that concern the Nation's welfare will find his views fully expressed in The Outlook over his own signature. His writings on current topics do not appear in any other newspaper or magazine. Under the title "American Workers in Town and Country" Mr. Roosevelt will contribute three or four articles early in 1911 dealing with the social and industrial problems of the miner and farmer. The articles are based on his visits to the Pennsylvania coal mines and to the abandoned farms of New York.

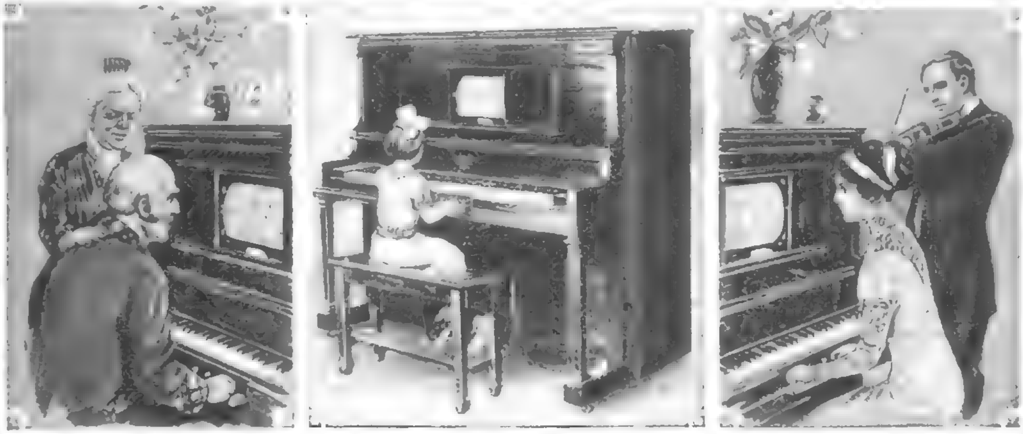
"The New Nationalism" is the title of an attractive volume containing the important addresses of Theodore Roosevelt's recent Western Tour, carefully revised by the author, with a descriptive introduction by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, who accompanied the party. It includes all the speeches that have aroused such insistent discussion throughout the land—the Osawatomie speech, the Denver address on the Supreme Court, the Columbus address on Oppression and Mob Violence, the Chicago speech on Public Honesty, and the speech on Conservation. This is a book of lasting value and National importance.

The price of The Outlook is Three Dollars a Year. In order to introduce it to new readers we offer to present to any one not now a subscriber who sends Three Dollars and mentions this advertisement, a prepaid copy of "The New Nationalism," besides sending The Outlook until the first of January, 1912. Send your order promptly, addressing

THE OUTLOOK - - 287 FOURTH AVENUE - - NEW YORK

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 1.

Solve the Gift Problem for One and All



INSTEAD of a separate, short-lived trifle for each member of the family, give one real, permanent gift that everyone can enjoy—individually or in common. You can thus combine a worthy and practical acquisition to your home with an investment paying steady dividends in hours profitably and pleasantly spent.

Such a family gift you can best make by purchasing the player without peer—

Krell Auto-Grand

With the exception of the Krell Auto-Grand all other player-pianos are very much alike and built on lines similar to our new 88-note low-priced Pian Auto, mechanically the equal of any ordinary player-piano and in many respects, *superior*.

But if you want the finest player piano that money and skill can produce, and a player-piano that outclasses any other made at any price, you must get the Krell Auto-Grand.

The possibilities of the Auto-Grand are beyond comprehension. It must be seen to be appreciated. This is the only player that produces the full staccato touch of hand-playing, as our patented striking principle gives exactly the same stroke as when the piano is hand-played and consequently the same results.

This is the only 88-note player in which the pneumatic system is placed where it belongs—close to the bellows and *below* the keyboard.

The Krell Auto-Grand Pneumatic System has the further advantage of being removable in one piece or individually so that the owner can himself adjust or clean it should that ever be necessary.

The Krell Auto-Grand has the only bellows that is accessible—placed at the back.

The Extra Storage Reservoir for air enables the performer to increase or decrease volume without changing tempo simply by the force of pedaling.

The Graduating Tone Device, noiseless motor, metal tubes, aluminum alloy tracker board, and other material details found only in the Krell Auto-Grand, illustrate the finesse attained in the construction of this superb player.

Write for "How to Select a Player-Piano"

It tells more about the **individual pneumatics** below the keyboard, **bellows at back, extra storage reservoir for air, human touch striking principle,** and other features that make the Krell Auto-Grand the player without peer.

Learn how players differ and how you can enjoy one in your home on convenient terms.

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Company

Makers of the Celebrated Krell Pianos *Dept. E.* **CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA**

All Care Takes Wing at The Battle Creek Sanitarium

HERE, where the very air you breathe is filled with health and optimism, you forget all care—social or business.

If, at the approach of winter, you feel your vitality ebbing, set yourself right by four weeks of the active health-training provided by the Battle Creek Sanitarium System.

The Sanitarium offers all the conveniences—all the luxuries of any other first-class hotel—with plenty of cheerful companionship—or all the restful seclusion you desire.

Seven acres of indoors, where outdoor air purity and Florida temperature is maintained—spacious walks, a great palm garden, sun parlors, rest foyers and cozy nooks invite relaxation.

The beautiful dining-room overlooks fifty miles of picturesque scenery. Here, from the Model Kitchen, is served a variety of delicious, sustaining and health-building foods, which play an important part in the Battle Creek Sanitarium System.

The great gymnasium and swimming pools offer an opportunity of combining delightful exercise with the greatest health benefits.

A careful study of each case is made upon the patient's arrival and a special and interesting program is arranged. Each patient gets exactly the amount of exercise, the number of baths and the diet he requires.

The psychological methods employed by the Sanitarium include 200 or more kinds of baths—Nauheim, Electricity, Electric Light Baths, Massage, Manual and Mechanical Swedish Movements, etc.

The rates are very moderate. The entire expense, including room and board and the necessary medical attention, bath attendants, etc., is less than what you ordinarily would pay for room and board alone at a first-class resort hotel.

We will gladly send you a copy of a beautiful portfolio of views and other interesting literature about the Battle Creek Sanitarium on request.

The Sanitarium, Box 131, Battle Creek, Michigan

DAISY AIR RIFLE

"JUST what I wanted, Uncle Ben," said Bob, as he took the handsome "Daisy Special" in his hand Christmas morning. "I like my single shot Daisy, but this "Daisy Special" is the handsomest gun I ever saw."

"It's the finest air rifle made," said Uncle Ben. "The blued barrel and the fine polished walnut stock, the trim lines and perfect balance make it look just like the high-priced hunting rifles that your father and I shoot with. And it shoots just as straight, too."

"I'm glad you gave it to me, Uncle Ben. I like it so much better than a lot of cheap toys the other boys are getting for Christmas."

"And it will do you more good too," said Uncle Ben. "This is a present that I know will lead you out in the open, that will develop your keenness of eye, steadiness of nerve, and quick, alert action. Every manly boy should have a gun, and learn how to use it. And a Daisy is the right gun to learn with because it is harmless."

Don't Make a Mistake there's no Air Rifle as good as the Daisy

The leading hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to our nearest store and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you whether you are ready to buy or not.

"DAISY SPECIAL" 1000 shot Repeater

the finest air rifle made. Finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot-retaining device; one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of rifle. **$2.50**

Other Daisy Models, 50c. to $2.00 **Little Daisy Pop Gun, for children, 25c.**

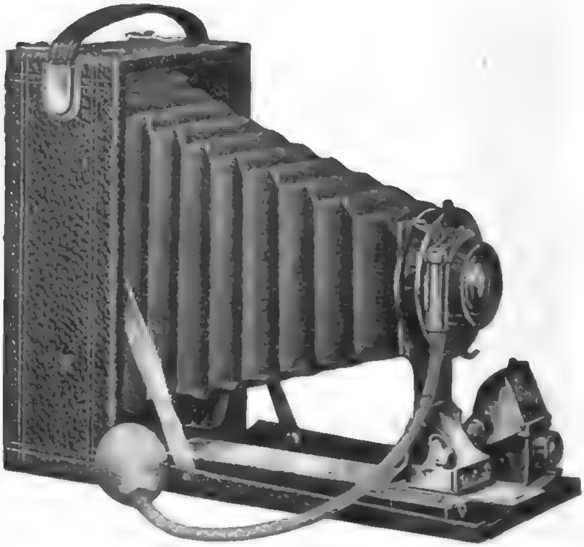
Don't let anyone sell you an inferior air rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line we will send you any model prepaid on receipt of price.

Send for our free book "The Diary of a Daisy Boy," containing complete rules of drill, hints on marksmanship and directions how to join the new National boys' drill corps, "The Daisy Cadets."

Daisy Manufacturing Co.
284 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.
The largest air rifle factory in the world, making each year more air rifles than all other factories combined

Pacific Coast Branch
Phil. B Bekeart, Manager
717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The gift
that
anybody
will be
glad to
get for
Christmas



Film Premo

The
smallest
the lightest
the easiest
to load
and operate
of all
cameras—
and the
nearest
dealer
will prove
it to you

SUITABLE for a boy or girl, a man or woman of any age.

It's a beautifully finished, thoroughly efficient daylight loading camera, which will make photography a real pleasure and which will be a lasting reminder of the donor for years to come.

It has an excellent lens and shutter equipment and is furnished to make pictures of the most popular amateur sizes.

3¼ x 4¼,	$10.00	4 x 5,	$12.50
3¼ x 5½,	12.50	5 x 7,	20.00

Get our catalogue. It describes fifty styles and sizes of Premos at prices from $2.00 to $200.00. It explains the wonderful Premo Film Pack system of daylight loading films, used in the above camera, and the Premo Film Pack Developing Tank. Free at the dealer's or a postal request will bring it to your door by return mail.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co. **Rochester, N. Y.**

At Home with

THE KODAK

Make Kodak your family historian. Start the history on Christmas day, the day of home gathering, and let it keep for you an intimate pictorial history of the home and all who are in it. Make somebody happy with a Kodak this year—the pictures will serve to make many people happy in the years that follow.

Unless you are already familiar with Kodakery, you will find the making of home portraits much simpler than you imagine—so simple, indeed, that the novice often gets the credit of being an expert. To make it still simpler we are issuing a beautifully illustrated little book that talks about home portraiture in an understandable way that will prove helpful to any amateur. Whether you already have a Kodak or not we would like you to have a copy of this book.

Ask your dealer or write us for a free copy of "*At Home with the Kodak.*"

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE YACHTSMAN

THE AUTOIST

A Graceful Gift to Your Host

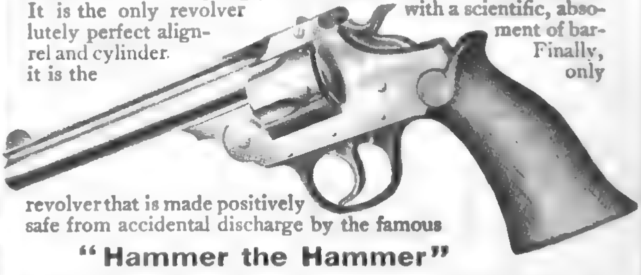
of that hunting, yachting or motoring trip; to a traveling companion or friend whose occupation is attended by responsibility and danger.

The superb model shown below—long barrel, heavy frame, beautifully finished Western Grip, carved from one piece of gnarled Circassian walnut—is guaranteed to give any man an emotion of untamed, masculine delight. It's got range, penetration, smashing power and wonderful accuracy. It's unquestionably the finest revolver in the world—in fact the only modernized revolver.

THE NEW MODEL

Iver Johnson Safety-Automatic Revolver

is the only revolver with a full equipment of permanent tension, unbreakable wire springs, such as are used in U. S. army rifles. It is the only revolver with a scientific, absolutely perfect alignment of barrel and cylinder. Finally, it is the only revolver that is made positively safe from accidental discharge by the famous



"Hammer the Hammer"

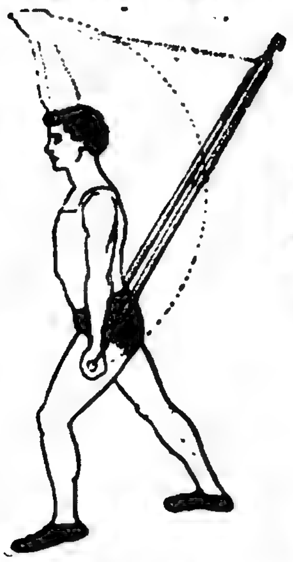
safety device. The only way it can be fired is by a purposeful pull on the trigger. There are no external safety catches to adjust—or forget. No extra parts to break. Our catalogue lists other models, large and small; also single-barrel shotguns.

Iver Johnson Revolvers are covered by United States Letters Patent. To prevent substitution of obsolete models, insure proper treatment for our customers, and confine the sale of our revolvers to proper persons, we limit the distribution of the New Model Iver Johnson Revolver to reputable resident dealers who are licensed under the aforesaid patents. If unobtainable locally, please send to us direct, for mail-order houses are not licensed to sell this New Model.

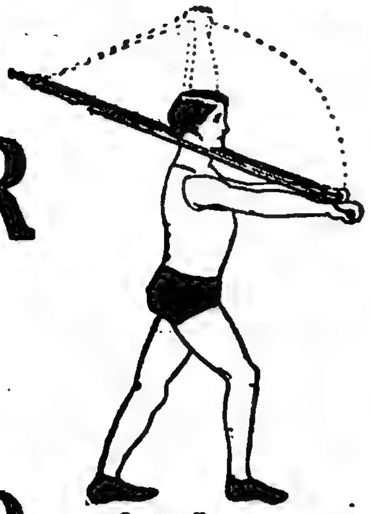
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers Street.
Pacific Coast: 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
London, Eng.: 40 Queen St., Cheapside, E. C.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickuben 4.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single-Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss-Bridge Bicycles

A VALUABLE PRESENT FOR YOURSELF OR FRIENDS—A $3 EXERCISER FOR ONE DOLLAR



SHOULDER EXERCISE.



CHEST EXERCISE.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER'S

HERKULES

MUSCLE-BUILDER

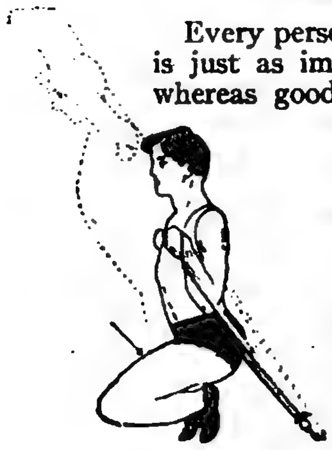
(TRADE-MARK)

STEEL SPRING EXERCISER

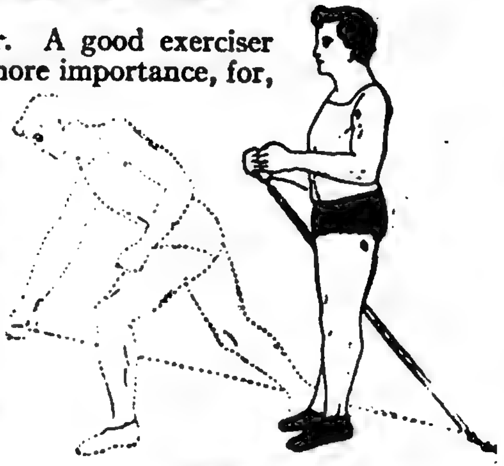
For Men, Women and Children
(Two Exercisers in One)

Price, - - $1.00

The Best Exerciser on the Market at Anywhere Near the Price.



LEG MUSCLES.



BOWLING.

Every person—**man, woman** and **child**—needs an exerciser. A good exerciser is just as important in life as good books. Perhaps it is of more importance, for, whereas good books assist materially in developing the brain and mental faculties, a good exerciser will just as materially assist in the development of the **physical powers** and, consequently, the **health,** which is our choicest possession.

There are as many different exercisers on the market as there are fish in the sea. A great many of these are almost worthless and are put together absolutely regardless of the requirements of the people for whom they are intended. I would not offer the **Herkules** to the public if I did not know that it is all I represent it to be and the **best exerciser** that can be had at the price.

THE HERKULES WILL LAST.

It is not made of cheap rubber and cloth to wear out in a few days or a few weeks' time, but is built from the very best of steel and is **exceptionally durable.** It is never in the way, because, when not in use it can be lifted from its hook and placed in a small drawer or box.

FOR THE WEAK OR STRONG.

The **Herkules** is equally adapted to the weak or strong for the reason that the resistance can be increased or decreased to suit the requirements of the user. In order to increase the resistance it is only necessary to lengthen the distance between yourself and the wall to which the exerciser is fastened. The further away you get the greater the resistance. Consequently, you **cannot outgrow** the usefulness of the **Herkules.**

TWO EXERCISERS IN ONE.

An **extra handle** is furnished with each machine. This extra handle makes it possible to convert the **Herkules** into a **Chest Expander** for use in developing the **chest** and **lungs** and the **muscles** surrounding the **Heart** and **Vital Organs.** This is done by merely lifting the machine from its hook and fastening the extra handle to the end which hooks on the wall. This gives you a **perfect Chest** and **Lung Expander** and adds 100% to the effectiveness of the **Herkules.** No charge is made for the extra handle.

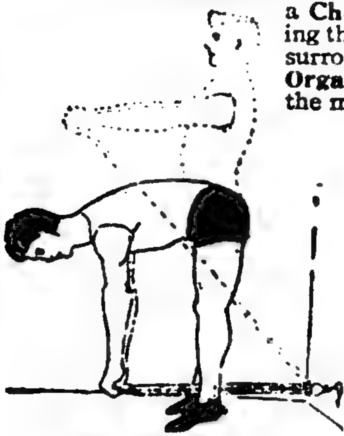
THE HERKULES IS VERSATILE.

It will develop a strong neck, broad, powerful shoulders, strong back and stomach, well shaped legs, and gain great strength in your arms, wrists and hands.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION FREE WITH EVERY ORDER FOR A HERKULES.

I include a complete chart of instructions, giving every exercise necessary for a thorough development of the entire body. In getting up this chart, I have used the knowledge which I have acquired in my many years' experience of building **perfect men** and **women.** I am operating the **largest school** of physical culture in New York City, in which hundreds of students are constantly enrolled.

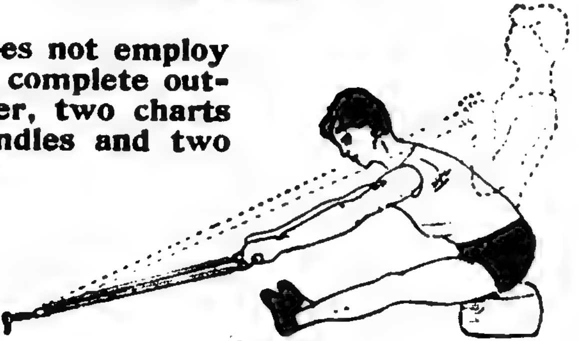
If you will follow the lessons which I give in the chart you cannot fail to obtain **satisfactory results.**



SPINE AND STOMACH.

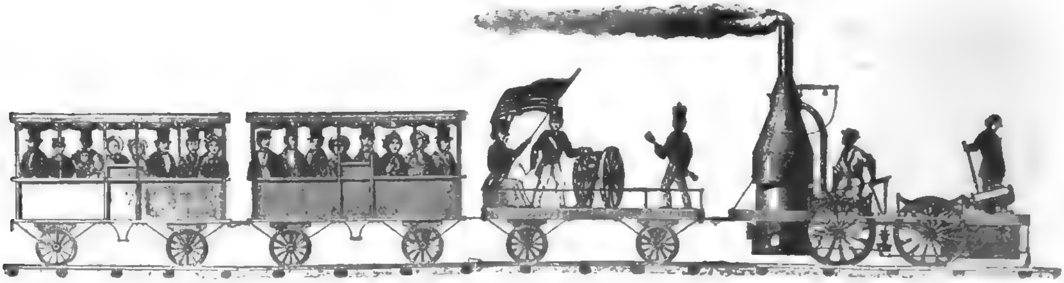
NOTICE—As Professor Barker does not employ agents, it is necessary to obtain the complete outfit, consisting of the Muscle Builder, two charts of instructions, three separate handles and two screw attachments to send $1.00 to

Prof. Anthony Barker,
8 Barker Bldg.,
110 W. 42d St., near 6th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.



ROWING.

Individual instructions for Health and Strength at my select Gymnasium or by mail. Particulars on request.



From an old print.

When the Iron Horse was a Colt

your grandparents were wearing shoes—but they were crude, ungainly, ill-fitting—or very expensive.

The phenomenal development of the locomotive has been apparent. The change in the manufacture of shoes is equally marvelous. You have not realized it because, unlike the engine, shoe machinery is not conspicuous; yet, until the Goodyear Welt System of shoe machinery came into use, shoemaking was carried on with implements about as primitive as those employed three thousand years ago.

The Goodyear System is the fruit of the American genius for invention and organized efficiency. It duplicates on machines the process of sewing shoes by hand.

By reason of its use you can buy the best shoe today for one-third the price which your grandparents paid.

The shoe manufacturer is not obliged to buy his machines, and is thus saved from the necessity of tying up his capital in a costly plant. He can lease his machines on the royalty basis, paying a trifling sum on each shoe made. He is left free to devote his time and thought to improving the quality of his shoe and making it economically. The United Shoe Machinery Company builds the machines, leases them, looks after them and keeps them in tip-top condition all the time.

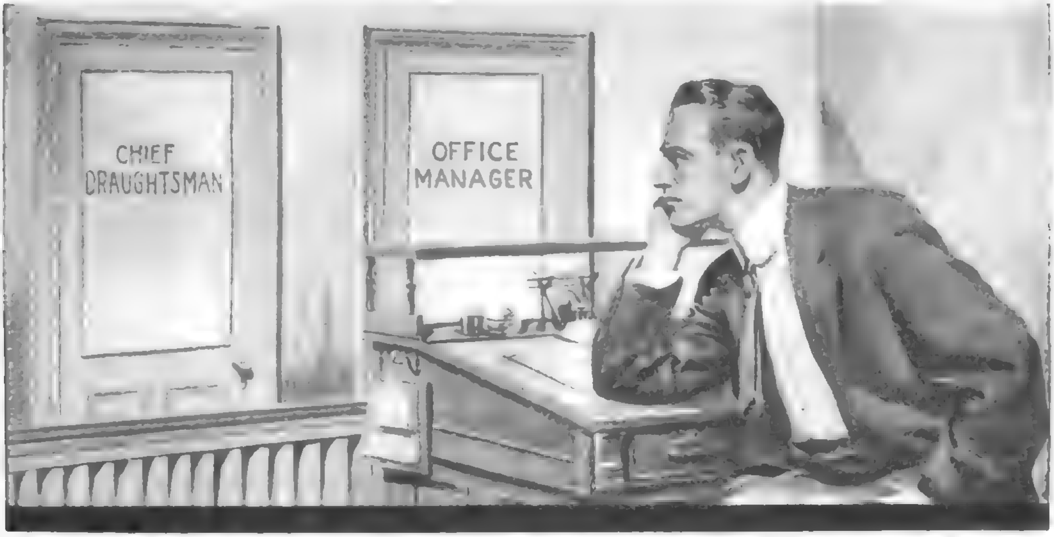
The Goodyear System has been brought to its present high state of perfection during the past ten years.

It consists of a series of more than fifty costly and intricate machines through which every shoe must pass in making. They are used by every manufacturer who makes a good welt shoe, no matter under what trade-name or trade-mark it may be sold.

Ask the shoe-salesman, this fall, if the shoes he offers you are GOODYEAR WELTS—and remember that no matter where they are sold, or under what name, every really good Welt shoe for man or woman is a

GOODYEAR WELT

The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass., has prepared an alphabetical list of all Goodyear Welt shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark. It will be mailed on request, without charge, and with it a book that describes the "Goodyear Welt" process in detail and pictures the marvelous machines employed.



The **Man** O. K.
But **Not** The Job

Able to do the work—but the work uncongenial. Thinking what he "might have accomplished" in his chosen line of work. A case of "general" training gone wrong.

If you do not "fit in" with your work, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton can train you for a good position where you *will* fit in. An I. C. S. training will make you an expert—will enable you to step out of the "generally useful" ranks—will raise your salary—will make you contented and successful.

If you will mark the attached coupon the I. C. S. will then tell you how you can be helped—regardless of your age, place of residence, occupation, or income. If you can read and write ***there is an I. C. S. way*** for you that entails no buying of books, leaving home, or stopping work. The I. C. S. ***goes to you,*** trains you in your spare time and ***for the position that most appeals to you.***

MARK THE COUPON

Mark the coupon. Join the army of well-paid I. C. S. men and women who, at the rate of 300 every month, are reporting advancement in salary and position ***won through I. C. S. help.*** During September the number heard from was 316.

Mark the coupon. Doing so costs nothing and is in no way binding. Get in line for the ***right*** position—the ***right*** salary—the ***right*** frame of mind by ***marking the coupon.***

SUCCESS COUPON

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1269 SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

- Automobile Running
- Mine Superintendent
- Mine Foreman
- Plumbing, Steam Fitting
- Concrete Construction
- Civil Engineer
- Textile Manufacturing
- Stationary Engineer
- Telephone Expert
- Mechan. Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Electrical Engineer
- Elec. Lighting Supt.
- Electric Wireman
- Civil Service
- Architect
- Chemist
- Langua[redacted]—
  - Spanish
  - French
  - [redacted]
  - Italian
- Banking
- Building Contractor
- Architectural Draftsman
- Industrial Designing
- Commercial Illustrating
- Window Trimming
- Show Card Writing
- Advertising Man
- Stenographer
- Bookkeeper

Name________________________

Street and No.________________

City________________ State________

Spend a Summer Christmas

Revel in the golden sunshine—enjoy the oranges fresh from the trees—roam thro' fields of brilliant blossoms—and breathe atmosphere redolent of roses in the glorious Golden West.

Escape the bleak monotony of the city—enjoy the glowing variety of California.

The very journey is a joy—less than three days of perfect happiness aboard the all year 'round, de luxe

Golden State Limited
via Rock Island Lines

—exclusively for first-class travel. The luxuries of perfect Pullmans and the comforts of the train—newly equipped throughout this season—make the trip a treat. There is a barber and a valet to do your bidding and a chef whose dishes you'll be loath to leave. There is a library, a buffet, and a new surprise in every mile of the shifting panorama.

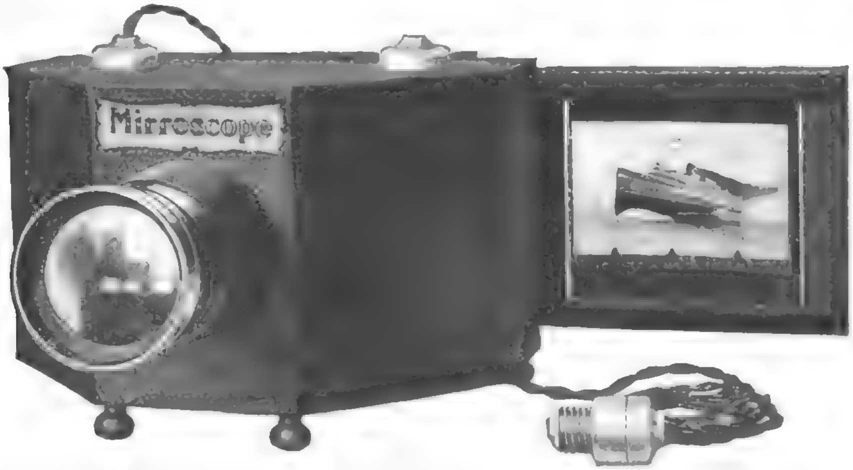
Daily from Chicago and St. Louis to El Paso, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Del Monte—the Golfer's paradise, and San Francisco via **the route of lowest altitude.**

The new Californian, and other good trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis, with choice of routes.

Better send today for our beautifully illustrated book on California.

L. M. ALLEN, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 243 La Salle Station **Chicago**

Rock Island



Mirroscope Model 99 shown as equipped for electricity but is also made for gas and acetylene. Has double lens system, shows pictures clear to the edge, doesn't get hot, focuses perfectly; covered with leatherette. Price $15. Other Models $3 to $20.

No Christmas Gift will give greater pleasure. None can provide so many forms of entertainment all the year round for grown-ups or children as the

Mirroscope

IMPROVED 1911 MODEL

EVERY Christmas shopping list should include a Mirroscope. It is an instrument for reproducing post-cards, kodaks, photographs, sketches, and other objects, greatly magnified, on a sheet or screen by means of a strong light, reflected from the object itself and directed through a powerful lens. It is very easily operated, needs no special plates, slides or films, and has endless possibilities for amusement, entertainment and instruction of both adults and children.

A Few Ways to Use the Mirroscope

To illustrate a great number of guessing-games, such as "Autograph Ghosts," advertising trade marks, popular proverbs, names of books, etc.

To show Kodak, post-card and other collections; to burlesque familiar songs; to illustrate vacation experiences; for plays and charades in miniature.

Unlimited possibilities for amusing and instructing children, such as:—Geography lessons; history lessons; illustrated folk-lore; fairy stories, Mother Goose; natural history talks; etc.

How the Mirroscope enlarges a small picture

Mirroscope Styles—6 Sizes in Each

Styles: Gas and Electric for town or city; Acetylene for farm, country home, camp or seashore.

Sizes: Four Standard Series: $7.50, $10, $15, $20 (80% of our sales are in the $15 and $10 sizes.)

Two Toy Sizes: $3 and $5. While not as large or elaborate as the standard sizes—these instruments are reliable, well constructed and a great source of enjoyment to the youngsters.

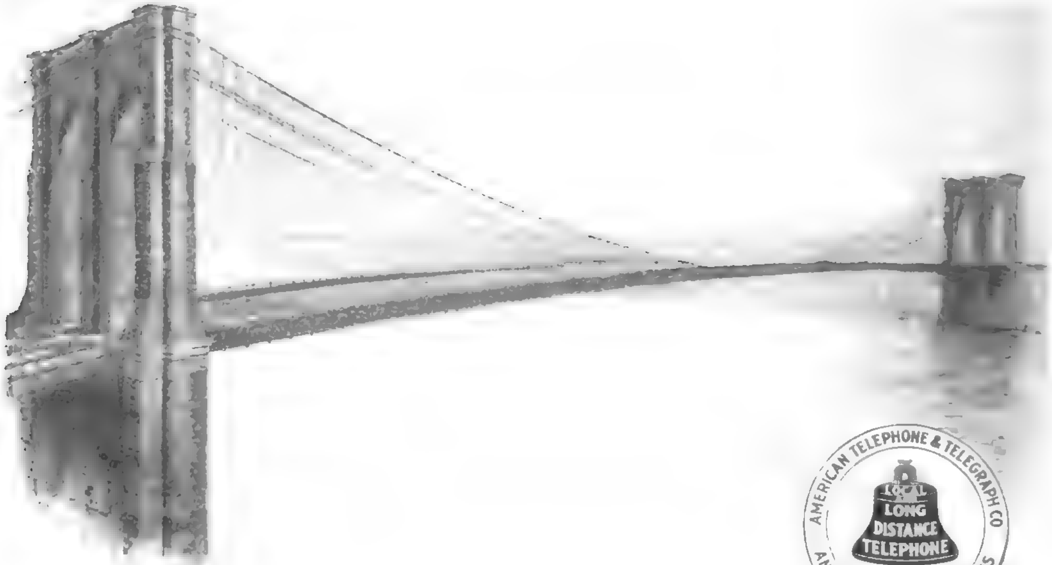
For your protection, every instrument is plainly stamped with the word "Mirroscope." If your dealer does not handle, accept no substitute, as we can readily ship the Mirroscope you select, express prepaid, on receipt of price. In Canada add one dollar to cover duty and express prepaid.

Write for Free Booklet: "Mirroscope Entertainments." Many forms of Mirroscope entertainments described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts. Many other suggestions, several never before published. Complete catalog and price list of all 1911 Mirroscope Models.

THE BUCKEYE STEREOPTICON CO.

Manufacturers of Mirroscopes and High-grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes.

503 Sackett Avenue **Cleveland, Ohio**



AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
LOCAL
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Neighbor-Maker

SAVAGES built rude bridges so that they might communicate with their neighbors. These have been replaced by triumphs of modern engineering.

Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each other as readily as if they stood face to face.

Such a service, efficiently meeting the demands of a busy nation, is only possible with expert operation, proper maintenance of equipment, and centralized management.

The Bell System provides constantly, day and night, millions of bridges to carry the communications of this country.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

THE "WATER-MARK" OF QUALITY

About 84% of All Goods Sold in This Country

today are sold—directly or indirectly—through the influence of correspondence.

Letter-heads, then, must be necessarily impressive and productive.

If YOURS are to gain recognition for your goods or services they must reflect your integrity, and measure up to your business standards.

A Bond Paper with the "Eagle A" Water-mark is the maximum of quality in business correspondence paper at its price.

This Water-Mark indicates 100% of actual paper value. Thirty-four Bond Papers are quality Water-Marked with the "Eagle A"—and each produces substantial, productive stationery, according to your needs.

LOOK FOR THE "EAGLE A"　　*IT'S A GOOD HABIT*

But to have absolutely the most effective and productive stationery—specify

COUPON BOND

(Fac-simile Water-Mark)

—THE CONSUMMATE "EAGLE A" BOND PAPER—

COUPON BOND is of so high a quality—is so impressive and commanding in appearance—prints and lithographs so perfectly—and costs so little more than the paper you are now using—that not to adopt it is to lose 50% of the effectiveness of your correspondence.

Our new portfolio of COUPON BOND Specimen business forms demonstrates the truth of this argument. Send for it, and also ask for samples of Berkshire Text—the best "Eagle A" Paper for fine booklet work.

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Largest Manufacturers of Commercial Paper in the World.　　*Twenty-nine Mills.*

A PRIVATE TALK

With Men Only

ARE you doing your duty by your family? What would happen to your wife and children if you were taken away? Would your wife have what she has now? Would your children be educated? Would they be dependent on others? Would your wife have to earn her own living? ❧ These are most serious questions which every good man should answer to his own satisfaction. ❧ Life Insurance is the one sure way to make provision for your family after you are gone. ❧ There is no other luxury in the world like the thought that whatever happens to you your family is provided for. ❧ Get some Life Insurance before you become disqualified.

"Strongest in the World"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES—Paul Morton, President—120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Agencies Everywhere! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

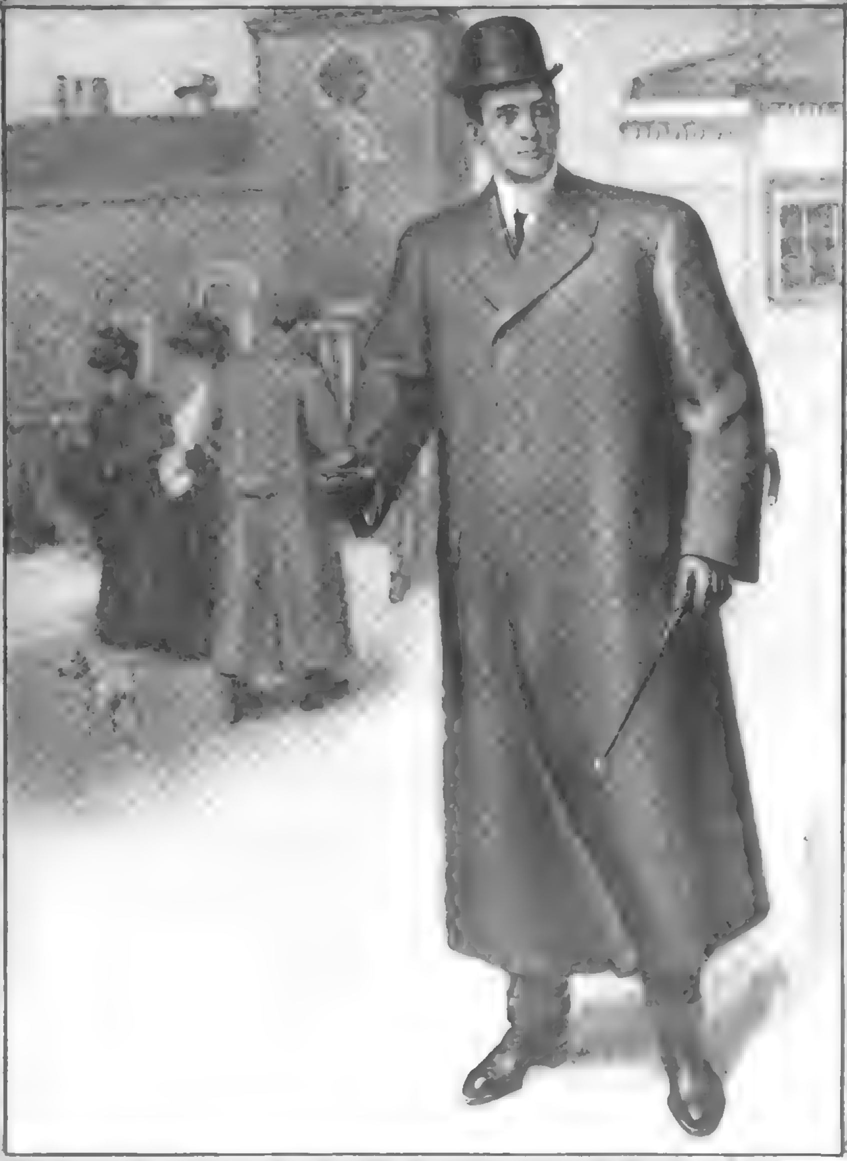
THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY,
120 Broadway, New York

Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to secure an Equitable policy for

$ .... issued to a person now .... years of age.

Name ....

Address ....

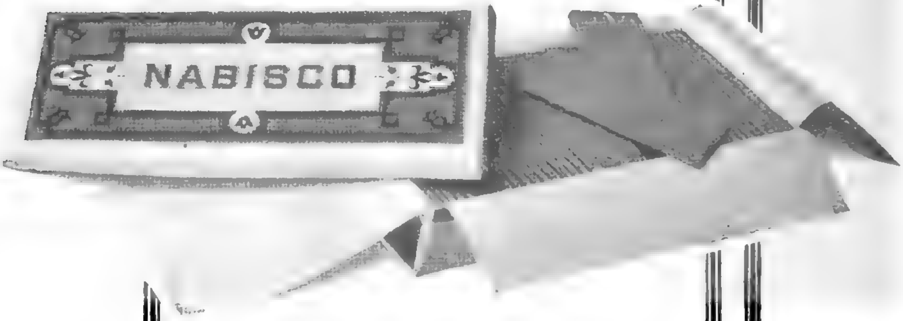


"Brimstone Corner" Park and Tremont, Boston

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU see here illustrated our ulsterette, a long, roomy overcoat, with adjustable collar; lapels or military style; wear it either way.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York



A dessert confection with delicateness of flavor and sweetness that delight a taste for the exquisite

NABISCO

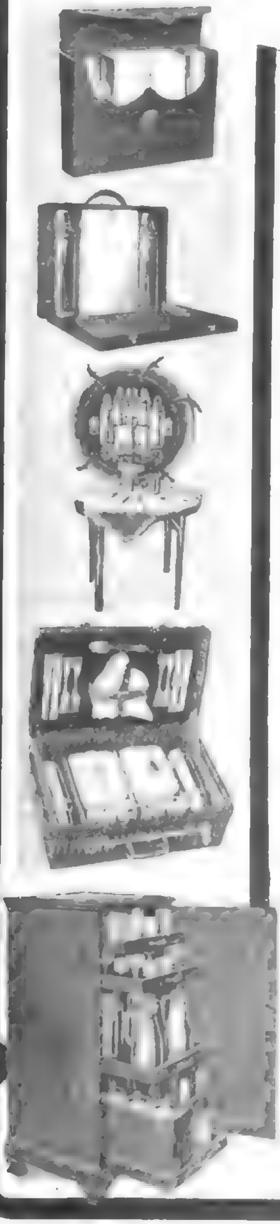
SUGAR WAFERS

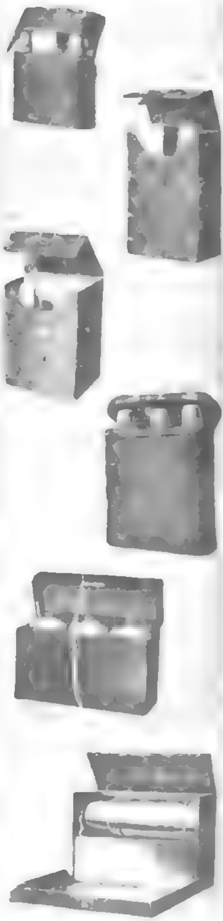
In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

Try CHOCOLATE TOKENS—the enticing goodness of Nabisco enclosed in a shell of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





THERMOS

Is Preeminently the Wanted and Most Distinctive Christmas Gift

THE giver is assured of conferring supreme pleasure on wife, husband, mother, father, grandma, grandpa, aunt, or uncle, niece or nephew, baby, friend or sweetheart—ON ANYBODY you desire to please.

THERMOS UNITES SUMMER AND WINTER as it keeps any liquid or solid hot without fire, or cold without ice, until wanted for use.

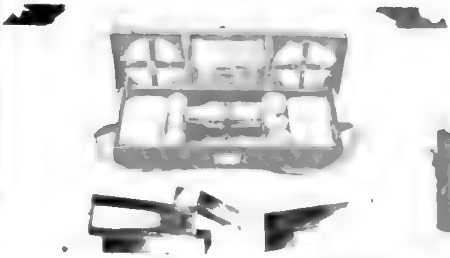
Thermos is necessary to EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY from infancy to old age; IS NECESSARY IN THE HOME for nursery, kitchen and sickroom; IS NECESSARY AWAY FROM HOME at work or play, for the PLUTOCRAT and the WORKINGMAN, to the house-wife and physician, to automobilists, yachtsmen, travelers, campers, to EVERYBODY.

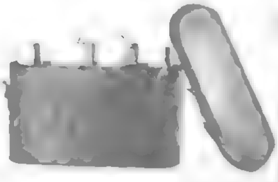
Thermos bottles, tea and coffee pots, decanters, jars, humidors (for preserving the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original aroma of cigars, tobacco, etc.), motor restaurants, cellarettes, luncheon sets, English made travelling cases, wicker baskets, drinking cups, etc., in complete assortment.

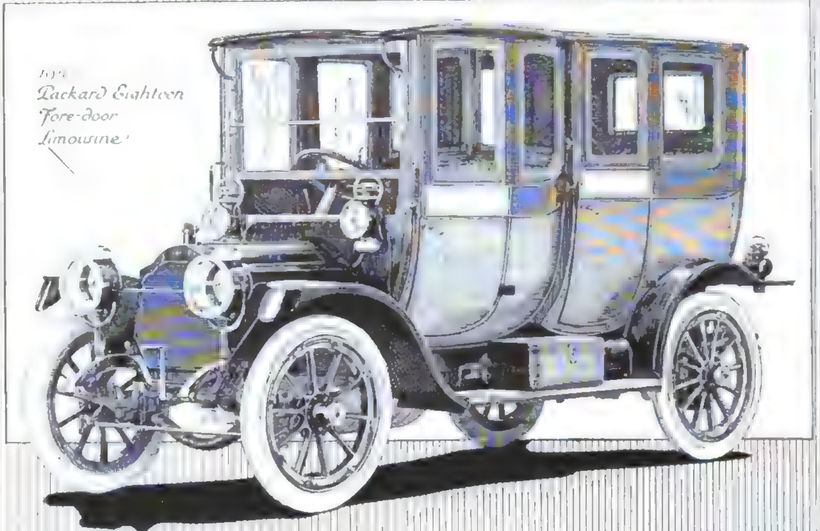
THERMOS IS SO NECESSARY TO YOU that we have prepared a 34 page booklet full of interesting Thermos facts *which describes every Thermos article herewith illustrated, free on request.*

THERMOS IS SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD BY ALL GOOD STORES, BUT PLEASE BE CAUTIOUS, THERE ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS—LOOK FOR THE NAME "THERMOS" IT'S ON EVERY THERMOS ARTICLE.

American Thermos Bottle Company
Thermos Building
New York







1911
Packard Eighteen
Fore-door
Limousine

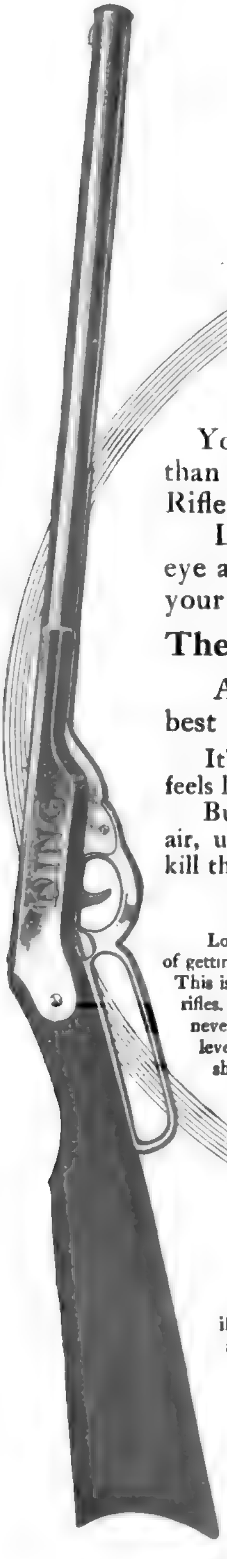
Ask the man who owns one

Packard

MOTOR CARS

1911

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit



KING
AIR
RIFLES

Hold Steady
and Aim True, My Boy!

You can't get a better motto for a true American boy than that. Looking over the sights of a KING Air-Rifle has helped many a boy to make it his motto for life.

Learn to shoot straight, and you will develop the keen eye and sure, steady nerve that is worth even more than your ability to hit the bull's-eye.

The KING is the Best Christmas Present of All

Ask for a KING for Christmas and you'll find it the best present you ever had.

It's a gun you can keep and be proud of for years. Looks and feels like a real gun, and shoots accurately.

But it isn't a dangerous powder-rifle. It shoots by compressed air, using air-rifle shot.* It is made for target-practice—not to kill things.

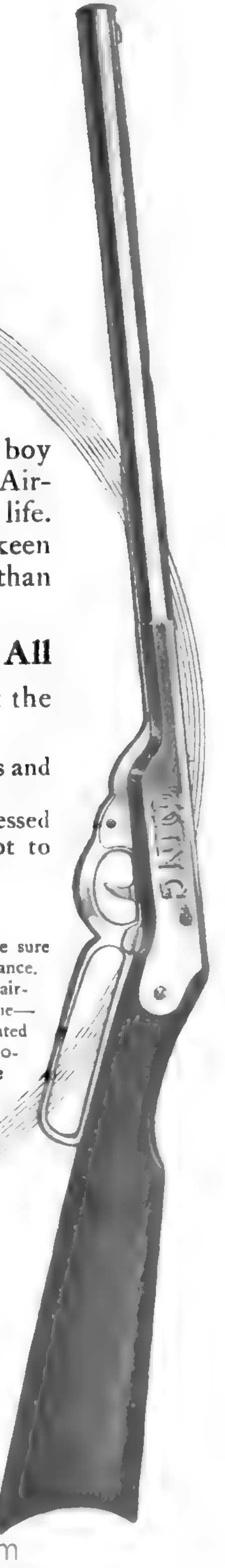
Be Sure You Get the Genuine KING

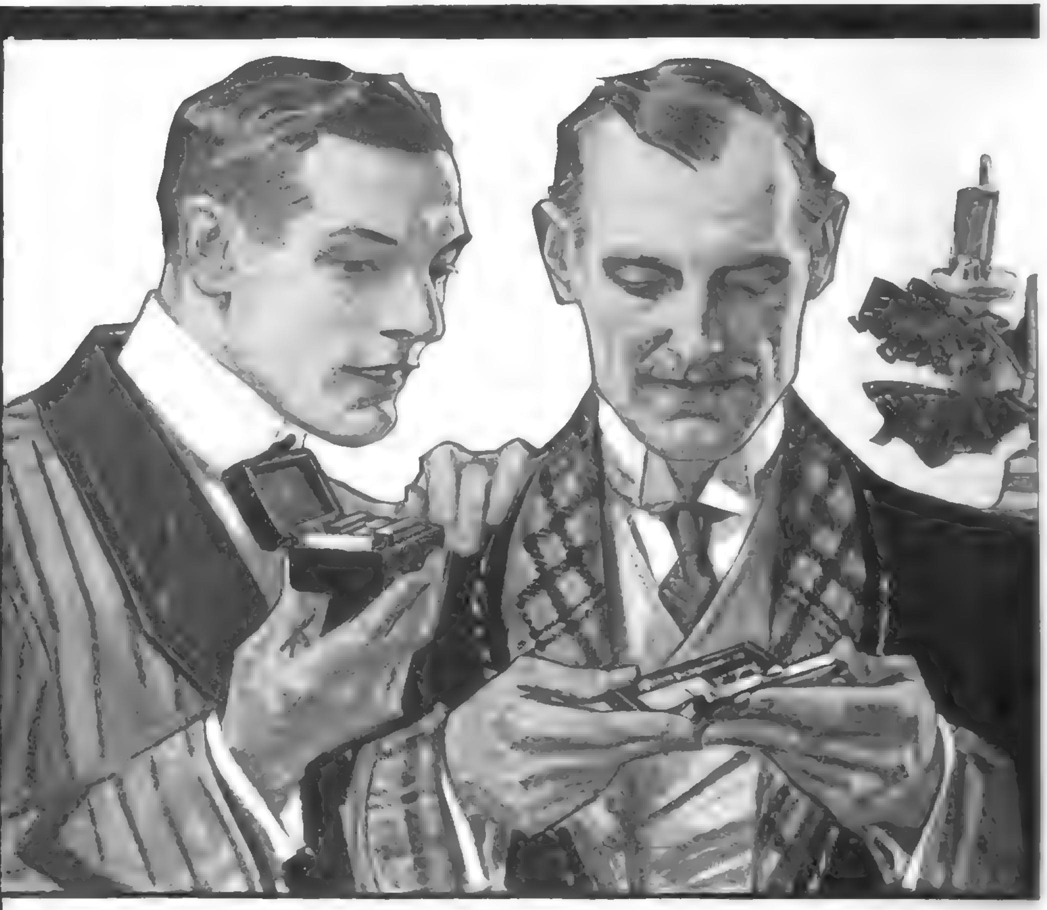
Look for the word "KING" on the side-plate. It's the only way to be sure of getting the latest and best styles—the famous "thousand-shootin' air-gun," for instance. This is the KING No. 5, 1000-shot, lever-action repeater, the "Winchester" of air-rifles. It loads automatically with 1000 shot and shoots them out one at a time—never clogs or sticks. Barrel and frame made in one piece to stand strain of repeated lever-action. Price $2.00 (gun-metal finish $2.50). The KING 500-shot (No. 4) resembles No. 5 in style and appearance, but is a little smaller; price $1.75. Many other models from 50c to $1.25, and the KING Pop-gun for the little fellows, 25c.

*BB shot can be used with KING Air-Rifles, but it is not as satisfactory as air-rifle shot, being less uniform in size

Send for the KING Catalog today. All models handsomely illustrated. Then go to the nearest sporting-goods, hardware or toy-store and see the guns. If you can't find the KING in your town, send money to us direct and we'll ship, express prepaid.

The Markham Air-Rifle Co.
The Original and Largest Air-Gun Factory in the World
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.
Pacific Coast Office, 717 Market St., San Francisco
Phil B. Bekeart Co., Managers





A GILLETTE

Give him a Gillette Safety Razor and you will see him as interested as a boy on Christmas morning. It is a man's gift that never fails to please. You know he usually feels rather silly over his Christmas presents. He takes the will for the deed.

If you want him to enjoy the gift as well as the intent give him a Gillette.

The Gillette appeals to his sense of the practical—the mechanical. It is so compact, workmanlike, efficient. It is so all-there and all right.

Give him a Gillette and watch his face when he opens the package.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 38 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

CHRISTMAS

There are all styles to suit every need and every purse. The case made of metal, morocco grain leather, real seal or English pig skin; the razor silver or gold plated.

You can buy a standard set at $5.00 and a pocket edition at $5.00 to $6.00. Combination and travelers' sets at $6.00 to $50.00. There are now two sizes of blade packets—12 double-edge blades, $1.00; 6 double-edge blades, 50 cents.

Write and we will send you an illustrated pamphlet.

King C Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 38 W. Second Street, Boston
Factories. Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

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Make it an EDISON because—

1st—The Edison Phonograph has just the right volume of sound for the home. It is not loud enough to be heard next door or loud enough to echo to the farthest corner of the dealer's salesroom, but in your home its sweet, modulated tones will entertain you and your family in a way that never grows tiresome.

2d—The Edison Phonograph has a Sapphire Reproducing Point that does not scratch, does not wear out and never needs changing, and which travels in the grooves of the sensitive Edison cylinder Records, bringing out the sweet tone for which the Edison is famous.

3d—The Edison is the instrument that plays Amberol Records —records playing twice as long as ordinary records and giving you all of all the world's best music.

4th—The Edison Phonograph permits of home record making

Christmas Instrument PHONOGRAPH

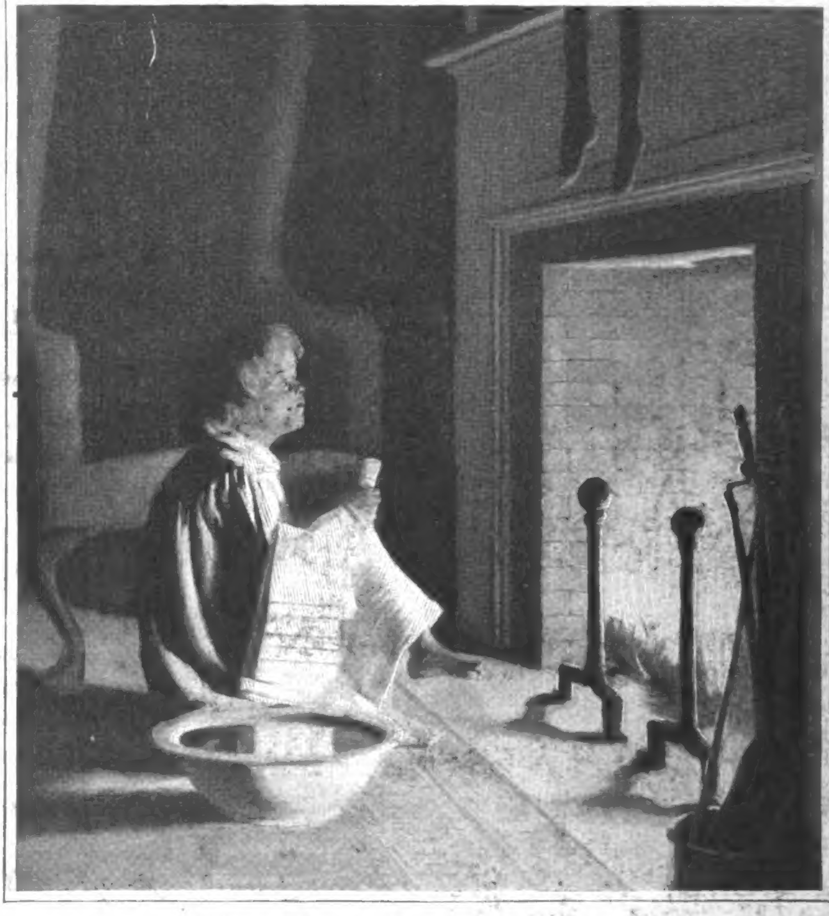
—a most fascinating form of entertainment. It will record what you or your friends say, sing or play and then instantly reproduce it as clearly and accurately as it reproduces the Records of Edison artists.

These are a few of the Edison advantages. You want them in the instrument you buy. So go to a dealer's—there are Edison dealers everywhere—and insist on hearing an Edison—the instrument that has been perfected and is manufactured by Thomas A. Edison.

Edison Standard Records	**$ .35**
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long)	**.50**
Edison Grand Opera Records	**$ .75 to 2.00**

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at **$15.00** to the Amberola at **$200.00.** Ask your dealer for complete catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records, or write us.

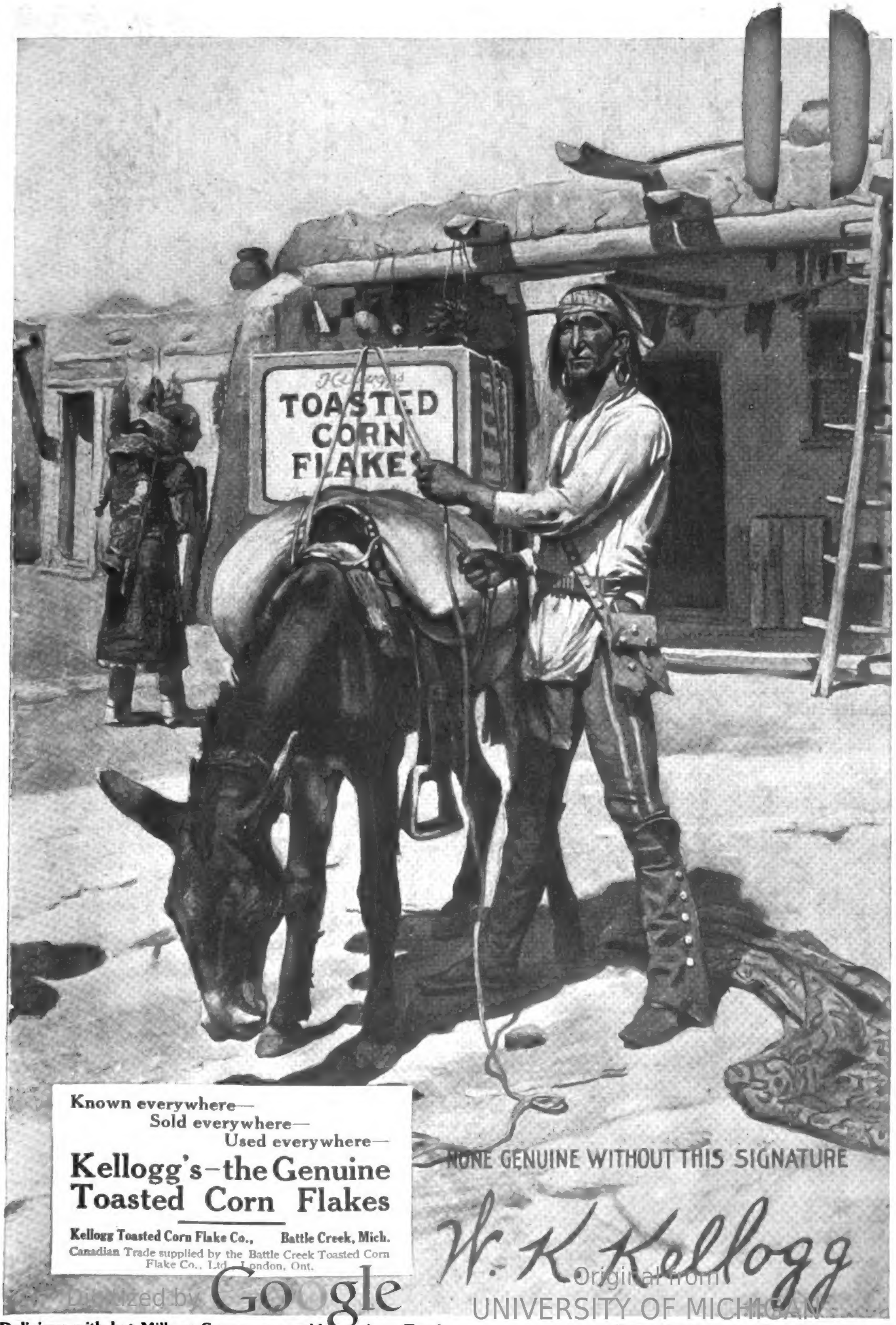
NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 18 LAKESIDE AVENUE, ORANGE, N. J.



"Santa Claus will get very dirty coming down the chimney. I'll leave a bowl of water, a couple of towels and a cake of Ivory Soap in front of the fire-place—so he can wash up."

Our little friend has discovered what a great many older people have known for a great many years, and that is, that when one is "very dirty," the best way to "wash up" is with Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap . . 99$\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure



Known everywhere—
Sold everywhere—
Used everywhere—

Kellogg's—the Genuine Toasted Corn Flakes

Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

Delicious with hot Milk or Cream on a cold morning—Try it.

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Williams' Holiday Packages

Williams' Trio
Shaving Stick
Talc Powder
Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap
Williams' Trio For My Lady's Dressing Table
Talcum Powder
Tooth Powder
Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap
Williams' Quartet

Christmas presents that will delight everybody—everywhere

Williams' Trios and Quartet are the names given to the very beautiful packages containing different assortments of Williams' famous Shaving Stick, Talc Powder and other toilet luxuries, especially designed for holiday gifts for both men and women.

Get these useful and artistic packages from your dealer. If he fails to supply you, write us immediately for full information and full-color illustrations.

Williams' Trio for the Man who Shaves Himself contains:

One Williams' Shaving Stick
One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box.

Williams' Trio for My Lady's Dressing Table contains:

One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
One can Dentalactic Tooth Powder
One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box.

Williams' Quartet—for anybody, anywhere—contains:

One 6-oz. bottle Toilet Water—Rose, Violet or Lilac
One can Dentalactic Tooth Powder